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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Life Eternal.
- SECOND PAGE.—The Temple at Boston and the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists. General Grant and Heaven. Spirit Prediction Verified. Religion and Socialism. A Seance with Mr. Eglington.—Matter Through Matter.—A Crematory Temple.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Magazines for November not before mentioned. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Irresistible Progress of Free Thought. The Yearnings of a Child. American Woman Suffrage Association. Evangelical Zeal too Unanimous. "Girl Don't Dance." An Egyptian Amulet Peddler. Another Georgia Wonder. Rev. Heber Newton on All Saints' Day. J. M. Roberts Gullies. General News.
- FIFTH PAGE.—General News. Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation. Mediumship and Adepts. Hawthill and Vindicty. Take Notice. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—A Dream. Believers in Witchcraft. Man's Duty. Arbitration vs. War. The Quaker Origin of William, Delaware. Revelation by Dickens. Let Truth Prevail. The Allen Map in St. Paul, Minn. The Wife's Side of a House. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—A New King on the Throne. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—New York Letter.—Reception to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse—Report of Mr. Morse's Platform Teachings on Sunday, Oct. 25th. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

LIFE ETERNAL.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

(A Paper Read Before the American Akademie.)

In the sacred books of the Persians is the account of the journey of the pure soul from this world and its reception by the holy ones in the eternal regions. Before setting out, it holds a vigil for three nights at the head of the body which it has abandoned, during which period it experiences as much bliss as all living creatures enjoy. Upon its arrival at the Bridge of Judgment, it is at once divested of the consciousness and other qualities of mind which it had derived from the material world. Immediately there appears to view the figure of a maiden, beautiful and radiant with celestial light, powerful, perfectly developed in form, noble of mien, vigorous like a youth of fifteen, fair as the fairest ones on the earth. The purified one in transports of joy and wonder salutes her as guardian, declaring with admiration: "Never beheld I one so charming." She replies: "I am thy immortal life, thy pure thought, pure speech and action, the goodness which is the law of thy whole being. Thou art seen by me in my own likeness, great, good and beautiful, as I seem to thee. I had been beloved, and thou hast made me yet more beloved; I was beautiful before and thou hast rendered me yet more beautiful. Thou makest delight more delightful, the fair yet fairer, the desirable yet more desirable; and me who sat on high thou hast exalted yet higher by thy resistance to evil, thy goodness, thy pure thought, speech and action." Then guided by her the soul enters paradise.

This vision of beatitude, this concept of the eternal life is attainable by all who rise above the illusions of sense, which like clouds and exhalations from the ground shut the heavens from our view. The eternal world of abiding reality is not afar off from any one of us. The soul, our Psyche, is able, by the power which the true philosophy has revealed, to strip off her caterpillar-shell and unfold her wings, and thenceforth become the denizen of a higher sphere. In this way, the new and more glorious existence begins. The universe then appears in a transfigured form. It had been contemplated when the clouds hid away the sun; but now our view is from an altitude far above the vapor and mist. Instead of an inert matter filling and choking up space, there is now witnessed an eternal stream of life flowing everywhere—the original, infinite, Divine life. "Pure and holy," says Fichte, "and as near to the infinite essence as anght to mortal apprehension can be, this life flows forth as a band which binds spirits with spirits in one; as air and ether of the world of Mind, inconceivable and incomprehensible, and yet lying plainly revealed to the spiritual eye. Conducted by this light-stream, thought flows unrestrained and the same from soul to soul, and returns purer and transfigured from the kindred breast. Through this arcane communion the individual finds and understands and loves himself only in another; no isolated thinking, loving and hating, but only a thinking, loving and hating in and through one another. Through this arcane communion, the affinity of spirits in the invisible world streams forth into this corporeal nature and represents itself in two sexes, which, though every spiritual life should be severed, are still constrained, as natural beings to love each other. It flows forth into the affection of parents and children, of brothers and sisters; as though the souls as well as the bodies were sprung from one blood, and the minds were branches and blossoms of the same stem. And from thence it embraces, in narrower or wider circles, the whole sentient world. Mine eye discerns this eternal life

and motion in all the veins of sensible and spiritual nature through what seems to others as a dead mass. It sees this life forever ascend and grow, and transforms itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The universe is spiritualized to my contemplation, and bears the peculiar impress of the spirit—continual progress toward perfection in a straight line which stretches into infinity. So I live, and so I am; and so I am unchangeable, firm and complete for all eternity. For this being is not one which I have received from without; it is my own only-true being and essence."

These words of Fichte are abundantly corroborated in our own experience. "It was found," says Professor Tyndall, "that the mind of man is capable of penetrating far beyond the boundary of his free senses; that the things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon things unseen;—in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws and principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which need be and can be spiritually discerned." In this way, accordingly, we become cognizant of our spiritual nature. In more immature periods of life when the corporeal structure seemed to include everything about us, this was not so plain. But as the years accumulate and the interior faculties become more acute, the body, with all its curious organism, seems to be in some respects a thing detached from us and a little interval away. We contemplate it like any other object. It has been necessary all the while to us, and is yet able to make us keenly sensible to the discomforts of cold, pain and fatigue. We need not imagine, however, because of these susceptibilities, that our life is purely, or even chiefly, a thing of the body, or a mere corporeal existence. The psychic nature is distinct from the bodily environment, and in due time will ripen and become individualized apart from it. We witness the analogy to this in the vegetable kingdom. When the grain of wheat is sown in the ground and springs up, the grassy blade and stalk are vitally important, as also the ear with its growth of chaff. In due time the blossom appears and the kernel forms. All, so far, has taken place for the sake of this result. The office of stalk, leaves and chaffy receptacle comes now to an end. They do not belong any more to the grain, now that it is perfected, and are discarded as rubbish. In a corresponding manner, the human soul is sown in the corruptible body and rises from it in an incorruptible form. We perceive this in ourselves as our spiritual faculties extricate themselves from the physical envelope, and so we become clothed upon with immortality. "I am immortal," says Fichte, "so soon as I form the purpose to obey the law of the spirit; I do not become so."

The faith in immortality is our noblest possession. It is rooted in the care of our being, and can never be taken entirely away from us. It is necessary in order to afford us a criterion by which to judge and determine what is right. I would shudder at the wreck which that individual would be, mentally and morally, who should really suppose that from the moment of bodily dissolution, he would totally cease to live and be. A human being, in case that such utter extinction was his destiny, would not differ essentially from a brute, or have other ethics than the wild beasts of the forest. They know no restraint upon rapacious desire, except that of bodily inability; and there would be no adequate reason apparent why he should not do like them. Mankind would thus be left without moral incentive or the wisdom which exalts the nature above the dead level of selfishness and bestiality. I have no confidence or belief in any sentiment of justice, which is solely the outgrowth and result of human experience. We lose sight entirely of our true selfhood when we can perceive no higher motive than selfishness, and so occupy the imagination with senseless ideas. When Death is thus made the only reality, existence is very certain to become a burden. No matter what treasures of mind and rich jewels of character may be possessed, they can not be enjoyed, because there is no just conception of their value. The proprietor is really as poor as the beggar at his door. There is no room for love and the other virtues in a man or a world, except there is faith in immortality. Love creates and prepares the place in human hearts for the virtues to fill.

If we would attain to the higher wisdom, it will be necessary for us to discard the limitations of superficial and empirical knowledge. The narrow understanding can comprehend no perception that exceeds its own dimensions. Some such reason as this seems to have induced many to presume that life is purely or chiefly corporeal, and limited by bodily sensibilities. This habit of reasoning, doubtless, instigated the conjecture that there can be no soul or intellect, except as the brain and corporeal organism exist for its development and maintenance. We may not concede to them this magnified importance. They exist solely from the life and energy which pervade them. Even the protoplasm or initial organism which we hear so much about, is such by virtue of its inherent vital principle, and even then it is not of uniform character. There is a protoplasm for every kind of vegetable production and for every species of animal. Even though it should be demonstrated, therefore, that all protoplasm had like chemical and organic constituents, and that we perceive no form of life till we have first obtained the protoplasm, nevertheless, this diversification of

kingdom, race and species, disposes of the whole matter. We may relegate the entire series of phenomena to the background. The principle, the inherent energy, must transcend manifestations.

Everything that exists has its origin from a cause above and anterior to it. Its material basis is not altogether as certain and unequivocal as may be imagined. There is a great probability that the carbon, the iron, silica and potassium which are found in plants, were formed by them from elements derived from the atmosphere; and that lime and flint are animal productions, created by transforming other substance. Beds of flint exist underground at Berlin in Prussia and Petersburg in Virginia, which were the secretion of Infusoria. All our lime, chalk and marble are the creation of minute animals. The corallina will deposit more lime in a single season upon their reefs, than ever existed in the broadest or deepest sea. There are aerial plants which contain potassium, and there is good reason for believing that the carbon which composes our meat and coal as well as vegetable fibre, was not merely absorbed from the air, but was also derived from certain principles which scientific exploration has not yet been able to detect. I am ready to learn that gold itself is solidified sunshine, which had been attracted and enwound in a matrix of quartz. Eminent savants have assured us that all matter, in its last analysis, would be resolved into points of dynamic force. All the interminable series of material existence are then so many products of force under the direction of an omniscient will. Force, being absolutely without dimension, can be nothing else than spiritual substance, and what are termed Properties of matter are really so many manifestations of spirit. Accordingly when the elements of our corporeal structure shall have been dissolved, which once performed the office of tissue and brain, thus serving as the vehicle of mind and understanding, it does not follow that our psychic nature must perish with them. In fact, this very process of disintegration is constantly going on. The particles which are forever made up our bodies and brains, were afterward eliminated, and their places taken by others; the vital principle which had attracted and made use of them, surviving their departure. While they change and pass away, this abides and never loses its identity. It thus manifests itself the greater as well as older; and we have good reason therefore to believe that it will continue when all the corporeal elements have parted from it. As the kernel of wheat does not perish when its chaffy envelope bursts, and it abandons its receptacle upon the stalk, so its counterpart, the soul and personality, does not cease to be, when it has withdrawn from the body.

In one of the *Upanishads* it is related that a father, whose son was frivolous and skeptical, commanded him to bring a fruit of the sacred fig-tree. "Break it," said the father: "what do you see?" "Some very small seeds," replied the son. "Break one of them: what do you see in it?" the father asked again. "Nothing," answered the son. "My child," said the father, "where you see nothing, there dwells a mighty banyan-tree!"

A reply like this may be made to those who profess to doubt the truth of immortality. Perhaps it will be difficult to prove it by logic and mathematical demonstration, so that the reasoning shall appear conclusive. We are unable to cast a measuring line over the infinite. The creations of the understanding must of necessity fall short of comprehending the faculty of the understanding itself. The fact of such inability, however, does not warrant disbelief. The Australian savage has no developed capacity for mathematical science, yet this does not disprove the existence of mathematics. The child in embryo has lungs, but does not breathe, and unweaned infants cannot rear their kind; yet in both are the rudiments of the powers and functions of adult life. We, too, can enlarge the scope of our mental vision, and may yet develop faculties which we do not now suspect to exist. We are not excluded, therefore, from the hope of a more perfect knowledge, nor from a hearty faith in the Infinite and Eternal, and in our immortality as participants in the Divine nature.

Goethe has aptly remarked that one who thinks can never quite believe himself likely to become non-existent—that he will ever cease to think and live. Thus spontaneously does every human being cherish the sentiment of an unending life. We are conscious, during the latter periods of our earthly existence, that our higher ideals are yet unrealized. The conviction, the prophecy, the moral consciousness hang over the mind that there will yet be a field and opportunity in which to accomplish them. That was a true as well as beautiful saying of Charles Fourier, that every desire which God has implanted in a human soul, is his promise of its fruition. We may rest content, therefore, in the persuasion that the scope of our understanding embraces only ideas which we can yet realize.

The highest evidence of immortality, nevertheless, is of a nature too exalted and arcane to be uttered in any form of words. It is a knowledge which each may possess for himself but it may not be imparted. That which is personal and subjective can hardly be rendered obvious to the perception of another individual. Thus I am unable to show to another that I am suffering pain. He must admit the fact from my own testimony solely, as interpreted by his own cognizance of like sensations. In fact, there must be a joint participation of spiritual life in order to be certain of anything beyond the evidence of

one's own senses. I may know thus that my conjugal companion loves me, but I am not able to prove this to another by any kind of testimony or reasoning. Yet I am warranted in staking all my earthly future upon the fact.

It has been sagaciously affirmed that one must love before he can know that the object is lovely. By a kindred analogy, it may be declared that in order to perceive our immortality, we must possess it first. Our own interior consciousness or supraconsciousness is thus an abundant and sufficient assurance of the fact. This illustration, however, may not necessarily be extended to the individual who doubts or denies. He may not have become sufficiently matured in his interior perception to enable such cognition, or from some other cause his spiritual faculties may be dormant. It is not my province to judge him for this. He stands or falls at another tribunal; while my works as well as his, must undergo the test of fire.

What, then, let us ask, is Life? The accepted explanation represents it as a principal that coordinates forces. The problem, however, is not unfolded, except we go further. All force is evolved from being, and only that which subsists from itself can employ any form of coordination. Life is correspondent to light, which in its absolute purity is both invisible and incomprehensible, and can only be perceived after a manner by our corporeal senses, when it has become tempered by intermingling with material substance. The inherent principle of Life is Love, and the tenacity to live is correlative with its energy and intensity. The human soul is a mixture of qualities and affections. What we usually denominate *sentiments* are so many elements of our being. Our affections, thoughts, wishes and impulses are not accidents of our nature, but are indeed our very selves. We do not possess souls, but are ourselves souls in very actuality. Goodness, virtue and all the nobler incentives, are not mere idealities, void of essential vitality, but are essential fact and substance. Life is no mere problem of mental and physical endowment, but includes within its volume all our qualities of heart and soul. The moral nature constitutes the very substance and marrow of our being. We live by the will to live. Our desire and sentiment of a continuous existence are ardent or cold, as accords with our hope, our love, our confidence in ourselves and each other. "It is to that sense of immortality with which the affections inspire us," says Henry Thomas Buckle, "that I would appeal for the best proof of a future life."

So we live, so we are, such we have always been and shall always continue to be. Immortality has its origin and foundation in the soul itself. It is no boon extended to the inhabitants of this earth, but by its inherent nature, is beyond the sphere of the transitional universe. It pertains to our essential being in the eternal region, rather than to our phenomenal existence in Time. We do not receive it, because it was always an essential of our spiritual nature. By the knowing of this we perceive and are cognizant of the Infinite Verity. We apprehend our true relations as having our citizenship in the heavenly world. By this knowledge we are made pure and holy; we are enlightened and led to live and act as immortal beings.

Thus I may understand why I am to love my neighbor. We are of a common origin, alike in nature and destiny. He is as my own self, my individuality extended to another. Whatever pertains generically to me belongs likewise to him, and the Divinity which arranges my conditions also superintends his allotment. Nor do we part company at the grave, for our relationship and affinities of spirit continue as they were from before Time. Thus my faith and cognizance of immortality endow me with a right understanding of what is due to others. "It is an indispensable condition of morality that is efficient," says Jacob, "to believe in a higher order of things, of which the common and visible is an heterogeneous part that must assimilate itself to the higher."

Our individuality, as we exist in this sub-lunary world, does not constitute the whole of our being. Much that pertains to us essentially has never been developed in this life. Hence we are differentiated rather than integral, a grouping of qualities and characteristics rather than a complete essence. We are influenced by others and imbued more or less by their peculiar nature and disposition; while on the other hand, those with whom we company and whom we love and esteem, take somewhat from us in their turn. The traits which are peculiar to us are chiefly accidents of our individual mode of existence, and very often are the heirlooms of races and families to which we belong. Indeed, we have, all of us, become more or less the continuation and bodying anew of ancestors. The umbilical cord is not really divided, so long as we exist here; and we are nourished from the life and permeated with the thought of a thousand generations. We are shoots and branches of the great World-Tree; and derive sap, all of us in common, from its root.

The unexplained operations of the mind, nevertheless, may by no means be all imputed to heredity. The Rabble tell us that several souls, human spirits, may adjoint themselves to an individual, and at certain times help, strengthen and inspire him, dwelling with and in him. They generally leave him when their work has been accomplished; but in some instances, an individual receives this aid all the days of his life. Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks in one of his works, that

there are times when our friends do not act like themselves, but apparently in obedience to some other law than that of their own proper nature; and that we all do things both awake and asleep which surprise us. "Perhaps," he adds, "we have co-tenants in this house we live in." John Bunyan also has represented his Pilgrim as being on one occasion infested by a malignant spirit that whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. We witness something like this in the mesmeric phenomena, and in the contagious enthusiasm of popular assemblages. It is but a step further to acknowledge unqualifiedly the presence and agency of invisible beings. Milton assures us that millions of these are constantly walking the earth. We may not reasonably doubt, when the physical world abounds with innumerable races and genera of living beings, that the invisible region is no less densely peopled; nor that we are all surrounded by spiritual entities, bodied and unbodied, that are capable of transmuting their thoughts, impulses and appetences into us. We observe something like this in our mental operations. What we denominate *reasoning* is the conscious endeavor of the understanding to trace out facts, their relations and correspondences. Beyond this region of the soul there is that of the intuitive intellect, more occult and apart from this world. It is not limited, like the other, to matters of experience, but is manifestly in communication with beings and intelligences that are outside of the acknowledged realm of physical existence. Such intercourse is of the eternal world, of which this material universe is but a colony. "Not when I am divorced from the connection of the earthly world," says Fichte, "do I first gain admission into that which is above the earth. I am and live in it already, far more truly than in the earthly. That which they denominate *Heaven* lies not beyond the grave. It is already here, diffused around our nature, and its light rises in every pure heart."

I am convinced that what is commonly recognized as insight, intuition and inspiration, is this faculty of supraconscious intelligence. It is a remembering, the reproducing and bringing into consciousness of what we knew and possessed before we became sojourners in the region of limit and change. It belongs to that sphere of being to which we are now in a manner, oblivious and alien. There can be no mental activity without its aid, any more than there can be muscular action without the exercise of the will. This declaration is by no means absurd or irrational. The soul and mind, as indeed the brain itself and the entire nervous system, are antecedent to sensation; and in perfect analogy to this, the faculty of intelligence is not by any necessity a matter of consciousness. It has little to do with the brain-matter, and does not oxidize or wear away its tissues. The individual is not wearied, but actually refreshed and invigorated by its exercise. There is an ocean of mind about us, quick and electric with life, which brings and keeps all souls in communication with each other, like the innumerable drops of water in the ocean of our sublimity world; and its currents make individual understanding, when under peculiar conditions of exertion, receptive of ideas and thoughts which are not, in any common way, original to it. The attempt has been made to set forth that this is a physical operation performed unconsciously by the cerebral organism; but it should be cognized as being the cerebration of the Great Universal Brain, which the writers of *New Testament* characterize as the Holy Spirit. "Take no thought what you shall speak," said Jesus; "for it shall be given you in that same hour by the spirit within you."

True spirituality consists in being like God, pure and holy through righteousness, and not in wonderful and extraordinary communication with denizens of the invisible region, or even with the angels of the highest heaven. Nor is it well to boast or to be elated with such experiences. To see is better than to be seen. Indeed, it is very questionable whether they may with propriety be spoken about at all. The true spouse rejoices in the possession and society of the conjugal mate, rather than in the boons and endearments that are bestowed, but speaks of none of them to any other person. Greater modesty than this is becoming in regard to these interior associations with the superior world. They should be kept close and sacred from those who have no heart to appreciate them. They are subjective and interior, supraconscious facts of the supersensuous world, which are known only as we know God, and hence may not be converted into images for others to gaze upon with empty curiosity. We are cautioned against such profanation by the assurance that swine will trample stupidly upon our pearls, and dogs will turn upon and rend us, after we have given them the holy bread that might not be thus desecrated. "The psychic man," who cognizes matters of sense, Paul declares, "doth not receive the things of the spirit, for to him they are foolishness; besides, he cannot know them, because they are discerned spiritually."

For this reason we may not attempt, nor can we properly delineate the eternal world. We may cognize and be comprehended of it; but we are not able to preconceive it fully. It is above and beyond us, and yet is present with us; like the heaven which transcends and at the same time, nevertheless, contains the earth within it. It is spiritual and di-

Continued on Eighth Page.

The Temple at Boston and the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The beautiful and commodious Temple, about which so much has been written and spoken, and toward which the eyes of all the spiritual world have been turned during the three years of its inception and erection, is completed and formally dedicated. But where is the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, under whose auspices it was to have been occupied, and who were to have carried on within its walls the work so harmoniously and successfully inaugurated in the hospitable parlors of its President, whose noble enthusiasm and generosity prompted the costly gift?

Alas! the organization has virtually ceased to exist. Ambitious spirits, announcing themselves as "Ancient of Days," to whom had been delegated the task of bringing before the world the phenomena of etherization and spiritualization, and so establishing the work of Spiritualism upon a firm scientific basis, have quietly and persistently ignored every phase of mediumship except that of their chosen mediums, and the only work done for months has been that of producing forms more or less illuminated, tricked out in all the insignia of royalty or mystic regalia, differing in glory like the stars, and as far away as they for all practical purpose of recognition; the only "Union" that of a favored few, carefully chosen for their real or supposed credulity or receptivity, who sit, night after night, in darkened rooms, "making conditions" for these to appear; the only "progression," that of an added star or two, a new dress, an independent voice, a power to advance a little nearer to the front row of sitters, if these latter are covered and held down by a long slip of cloth, or their own hands are clasped together, "to confine their magnetism within themselves."

Meantime, the spacious rooms of the Temple, so admirably adapted for all phases of spirit manifestations and mortal co-operation, stand bare and deserted. The hungry multitude who are admitted to it only on Sundays go away with an unsatisfied desire to hear something elevating and uplifting; unable, in fact, to hear anything, for the sweet but powerless voice of the present mouthpiece, for these spirits cannot be distinct heard a dozen seats away from the rostrum, though the acoustic properties of the hall are said to be admirable. The hearts of the faithful few who have watched and prayed for the success of the work of harmonizing and spiritualizing the world, are heavy within them, while the outside world, both Spiritualist and skeptic, points in derision to the huge monument of what seems to it a dead society. Indeed, the whole situation is an apt illustration of your remark in a late JOURNAL, "that those who have become enamored of this phase and followed it persistently, have deteriorated in all the qualities which make men (and you might have added societies) useful."

But out of all this, we feel and believe good will come. The work laid out for the true Spiritualist, set forth in the little Declaration of Principles first issued by the society (which, with all its tiresome verbosity and assertion, gathered from the various channels through which it reached the world, still bore upon its pages greater evidence of far-seeing, benevolent spirit force, than any apparition can do), is too broad and comprehensive to be narrowed down to any one point, or carried out by any one band of spirits, through any one speaker or medium. For that work the Temple was designed and adapted, and we believe will eventually be used. When these mystic fogs have been burned off by the clear sun of truth and common sense, and the "wonderful power" of these real or pretended mediums, of which we hear so much, is shown, in some practical work for all mankind, or, stripped of all pretense, "becomes conspicuous only by its absence," and mortals and spirits of all degrees of development unite in one common desire to convince the world that there is continued life and labor, and above all, atonement for wrong doing, and opportunity for growth beyond the grave, the real work of the SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY, as the former society is to be rechristened, will have begun, and the beautiful and costly gift of its President will stand in the clear light of that new day, a veritable Temple, "whether the tribes go up to give testimony," and thanks for the blessed certainty of the truth, that though a man die, he shall live again.

Let every faithful, honest Spiritualist watch and pray without ceasing, that the ranks of mediums may be purged from all pretenses; that all so-called cabinet spirits may be uplifted and taught that no deception can be brought forward by them with impunity and tolerated by any sifter; and that no spirit, embodied or disembodied, which is moved by a selfish or ignoble motive will be allowed to act as guide or teacher. Then, in every meeting for manifestation or investigation of spirit power, from the faintest rap to the most beautiful illuminated etherized form, shall be gathered and centralized a force, which shall, indeed, move the world as it has never been moved in any era of which we have a record, for the millennium will be at our door, the kingdom of heaven within us.

BOSTON, MASS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

GENERAL GRANT AND HEAVEN.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

One of the Methodist pastors, in the town of Iredell, formerly had charge of the Centenary Church of Long Branch, which General Grant attended. The reverend gentleman, in delivering an address on the day of Grant's funeral, among other things, said:

"It was with fear and trembling, that I first heard of his coming to my church. He was a great man for me to preach before, and I felt nervous and chilly. But there he sat with all his family. I did the best I could, and after my first experience, I always felt that I had at least one in my congregation, who appreciated all I said. He never made any profession of religion—never formally joined church; but I believe that some people who do not belong to church, go to heaven, while there are some in church who will have a hard time to get through the pearly gates."

When great men die, theology gets genial and mild. It is a terrible strain on the creeds to send such men as Lincoln, Peter Cooper and General Grant in to endless woe. Possibly the churches would make such men exceptions to prove a rule. If their claim, in the past, that all the unconquered pass to an underground world, from which there can be no redemptive, is a veritable truth, then it is still true that national heroes, and great philanthropists, who are not devotees of the church, are lost in endless ruin. But this claim now shocks the moral sense of the people; it mocks their intelligence, insults their judgment, consequently we have the admission from the clergy that some men go to heaven that do not belong to any church.

Some fifteen years since, I stepped in to a store and found the merchant and a Methodist clergyman conversing about religion. I reminded the clergyman that the merchant, though attending his church, and strenuously advocating the Methodist doctrines, still he was not a member. I asked the clergyman, if God had provided any means by which such men, continuing to stand outside the church could be saved. The reverend gentleman confessed that he knew of no way it could be done. But the clergy know several things now that they did not fifteen years ago, and fifteen years hence they will be wiser than they are now, for the people are advancing, and pastors must keep somewhere within bugle call. Intellectually, it may be far more convenient for their profession to have all things fixed and rutted to a certain round of thought, and ceremonial forms. They would not gather up their tents, and move on, if it could be avoided. But the Ruling Power has not created the world of thought to stand still. Stagnation is death. The human soul must keep in motion, slow, or imperceptible, it may be, to many an observer, still there is action, and progress. The public teacher who would insist upon only looking back in the past, will feel obliged to face about—look upward and forward. When Lincoln departed, the clergy had too much prudence to claim that so good a man had gone to that very tropical country. A man who had signed a proclamation, giving freedom to millions of human beings, whose heart, through all the turmoil and strife, had kept sweet and tender as that of a child. It would not do to outrage public sentiment by sending such a noble soul to a sulphur pit, or any place of endless torment, so they sent him to heaven—it was wondrous kind to give their consent, but it was not needed, he would have gone all the same, as untold millions have done in the past, and will in the future.

When Peter Cooper left the outer temple, again the cobwebs of theology gave way, and let him through in to paradise. This man had gathered up a fortune with the express purpose of laying it down at the feet of the humble and lowly of his fellow beings, and in spirit, how noble! How like a God he was, his heart always going out in tender sympathy and compassion for the lowly laborer. If theology should in the future become regenerated—repent of its sins, and seek salvation, it may conclude to lift Stephen Girard out of the country of lost souls in to the elysian fields. Girard used to say that his property was not his own—he was saving it for humanity; and now, so long as government lasts, grass grows and water runs in this land of ours, from four to five hundred orphans will ever be the annual recipients of his gracious bounty—his love and good will to the born, and unborn generations. And yet theology sent this grand, far-seeing, and noble acting man to a place of endless woe. If theology could blush or be ashamed, there would be a loud call for sack cloth and ashes.

The nearest General Grant came to joining a church, seems to have been the time that Dr. Newman baptized him in New York. At the time the General was not conscious. He was thought to be dying. When he revived, and found what had been done, he thanked the Doctor, and remarked that he should have attended to it himself. It would be a nice question for an Ecumenical Council to discuss for three weeks' time, more or less—whether baptizing a man either dead, or supposed to be dying, and unconscious of the transaction, would save his soul. Politely accepting the act after it was done would make an interesting point in the debate. For nearly a quarter of a century General Grant stood in the broad glare of public criticism. His qualities, whether good or bad, have been thoroughly canvassed in this country and among other nations, and the general judgment declares that he was honest, brave, just, generous, forgiving and loving. Does God throw away such noble souls. If they have not formally given their assent to certain doubtful statements of creedal churches? Will He send a great, and good man to hell for not seeing his way quite clear among so many theological conundrums as the churches present? Is any man so very much greener than grass as to believe that he is, himself, in a perdition of darkness, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition that he should pray to be delivered from?

Spirit Prediction Verified.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The readers of the JOURNAL are aware that I am a very poor believer, especially in spirit predictions; therefore my testimony in the present case must be of as much value, at least, as that of the credulous who never pause to consider the why, or trace the relation between cause and effect. For nearly half a century I have been investigating the occult in nature, and as a result am firmly convinced that there is scarcely an exception to the rule that indications are given in advance of the occurrence of the event. Clouds of different kinds denote a shower, a storm, a tornado, etc. In like manner nature gives notice in all directions, but because man has not learned to read these indications he is disposed to dismiss them as idle chattering judgment upon what he does not know.

Augusta Hoff, of this city, has been a client of mine for nearly a year, and of my law partner, P. O. Christman, for more than a year. She has long been an earnest Spiritualist. Two weeks ago a medium said to her: "You are going to have some trouble and will lose your life."

Mrs. Hoff laughed at the prediction. She was a native of Norway and was preparing to return to her own country. A week ago she saw the medium again and informed her of her intentions. The medium replied: "You will never go; mind me, you won't."

Mrs. Hoff kept the Capital Lodging House, corner of C. and First Streets, this city. On the morning of September 28th her house was discovered to be on fire. She was rescued after being severely, but not dangerously, burned. She was naturally very nervous and excitable. The fright and exposure brought on acute congestion of the lungs, attended by a failure of the heart to perform its functions, and she lived but fifteen hours after the accident. The *Portland Daily News* of this morning publishes the foregoing prediction with the comment, "The prediction was fulfilled." The editors are not Spiritualists.

The reader will naturally desire to ask: "On what philosophical basis do you account for the ability of the medium to make this prediction?" I answer that I can account for it on two rational hypotheses.

I. I have found that the positions and configurations of the heavenly bodies indicate all the important events of mortal life, if properly understood. There are thousands of scientists on the other side who studied these indications, and could calculate planetary directions while in the form, and I

hold that they can do the same now, only far better. I naturally attract these spirits, being in constant practice of the science. This leads to their acquaintance with my friends, and when my friends visit a medium they often control and make astrological predictions. In the case of Mrs. Hoff there was evidently an evil direction of Mars (a fiery planet) to the hygie (giver of life), which the spirit saw would prove fatal. I have had many such tests.

2. Spirits have a range of vision far wider than that of mortals. They perceive causes which mortals cannot, and are thus enabled to foretell events in a most natural way, although the ignorant deem it supernatural. To illustrate. All are born with a germ that will in time develop and terminate life. There may not be the least development until the man is past sixty. Hence, there being no symptoms, no physician could possibly prognosticate the fatal disease. Suppose the disease is to have its seat in the kidneys; the clairvoyant might perceive the germ, and the astrologer might know its location, especially if he found Saturn in the sign Libra, but a spirit, without any knowledge of planetary indications would clearly perceive the germ that must eventually terminate life. In a similar manner the spirit can perceive causes that are hidden from mortals which must, by common course of nature, produce certain events. But I wish to be clearly understood as protesting against the popular idea that the planets cause events, for they merely indicate, like the hands of a watch.

THE BURIAL OF MRS. HOFF.

I have just returned from attending the funeral. Mr. Bradley, a trance speaker, addressed the friends. I read the poem, "What the Dead Said," and briefly explained the philosophy which Spiritualists have adopted in the place of religion; that we denied the vicarious atonement and held that sin is punished; that faith and belief avail nothing; that salvation depends alone upon good works, and that in proportion to our good deeds in this life shall we take a high position when born into spirit-life.

W. H. CHANEY.

Portland, Oregon, Sept. 30, 1885.

RELIGION AND SOCIALISM.

The Rev. Mr. Newton Discusses the Plans of Social Reformers.

War on Individualism—Why Socialists Drift Away from Religion—Bismarck Putting Socialistic Theories into Practice.

"The Religious Aspect of Socialism" was the subject of a lecture last evening by the Rev. R. Heber Newton of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church before the New York Section of the Socialistic Labor Party in the Labor Lyceum, at Forty-ninth street and Broadway. The hall is a long, narrow, plain room furnished with yellow chairs in rows, a platform a foot high at one end with a table and chairs. Every seat was taken, and the aisles were crowded. Louis F. Post presided. The Rev. Mr. Newton was not applauded until he was introduced by the Chairman. Then the handclapping was loud and long. Mr. Newton was in street dress. He read most of his lecture, sometimes with a thumb in his vest pocket, sometimes with one hand in his trousers' pocket, and with no gestures. He was frequently interrupted by applause. This is the substance of what he said:

"Socialism presents itself to many minds as the direct outgrowth of the decay of religion. Dr. Draper in the *Princeton Review* asks, 'What is it that has given birth to the Nihilist, the Communist, the Socialist?' It is the total extinction of religious belief. There can be no question," continued the Rev. Mr. Newton, "that as socialistic ideas spread, workingmen experience an alienation from recognized forms of religion. There is even apparent on the part of socialistically inclined workingmen a positive antipathy very often toward every traditional form of religion. A socialistic editor writes: 'Religion, authority, and State are all carved out of the same piece of wood—to the devil with them all!' Such language does not prove any real anti-religiousness, or even any real irreligiousness. It may simply signify a needlessly violent reaction from the false forms of religion, and it may be a shockingly coarse protest against the corruption and perversion of the faiths which it would sweep off from the earth."

"There is often manifested a feeling as of suppressed bitterness toward a supposed friend proven faithless, as when a certain Socialist said: 'We are not atheists, we have simply done with God.' The fading out from so many minds of the belief in immortality seems to rob them of the one hope of reward for the toils and the privations of the life on earth. When Paradise looks to such sufferers like the hope of a future held forth to keep them patient under their present hopelessness, it is not wonderful that the San Francisco *Truth* should cry out: 'Heaven is a dream invented by robbers to distract the attention of the victims of their brigandage.' But it is impossible that the religious sentiment in man shall be exhausted."

"The earlier forms of modern socialism were very strikingly characterized by a real, religious spirit. One who visited the communist organizations of Paris in 1850 would have found in many of their halls a picture of a sacred form labelled, 'Jesus Christ, the First Representative of the People.' Whatever success has attended the little communist societies on our own shores, which were mostly founded in a spirit of simple and devout piety, has been due to the force of the religious inspiration working in them. The members of Brook Farm felt, as one of the community wrote, a more exquisite pleasure in effort from the consciousness that we are laboring not for personal ends, but for a holy principle. The German, who is naturally religious, has created socialism out of social science and thrown his whole soul into it. Henry George in his 'Progress and Poverty' glows with the passion of justice. The book is a cry of the soul as much as an argument of the mind."

"Thus socialism must be identified with any special form it assumes. Common to all the forms of socialism is this. It seeks an industrial order that shall be a real Commonwealth founded on social rather than individual action; it finds the evil of our present system in its excessive development of individualism, and proposes to correct that evil by a larger mutualism; it would inhere private property within a vast body of common property, whether vested in huge co-operative societies or in the State itself; it would guard against the evils of our present system by holding the raw materials of wealth, land, and the means of producing them, as the common property of the labor which is to create that wealth. [Applause.] Socialism is not anarchism, neither is it communism."

"The leaders of socialism do not expect to find a speedy realization of their aims, though the rank and file of their followers may do

so. A sane socialism expects to realize its dream only through the slow evolution of society, and insane socialism I'm sure neither you nor I take any interest in. [Applause.] Socialism contemplates a perfected humanity. It is not alone wage workers who feel the force of this new enthusiasm. The leading spirits of nihilism are men and women of rank and wealth. In every land in which socialism is working upward through the lower social strata from the upper crust of society, as some would call it, there is motion upward too, though often unconscious of its aim. [Applause.] Men of high power and character are being irresistibly drawn into the currents of this movement. Among these are Renan, Alfred Russell Wallace, Ruskin, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris, now the champion of the rights of free speech in London. [Applause long continued.]

"There are amateur economists," some will say. But political science is now found to point in the same way. No conservative priest could feel more agitated at some of the utterances of your association than many learned professors must do at the wild radicalism that is broached in the name of political economy. Thorold Rogers from his chair in aristocratic Oxford, unmistakably reveals his profound interest in the essential principles of the socialist movement, challenging the very axioms of the Manchester school and denouncing the present state of things most roundly. Even Bismarck is already reducing some of Spöcker's and Wagner's socialistic theories to practice in an astonishing manner. In the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore is an able disciple of the new school. The fresh religious forces of our age are kindling the enthusiasm of social regeneration as a sacred passion, notably in the lines of orthodoxy."

"How delicate and difficult the mission of religion to transform society! Traditional notions, conventional theories, social prejudices, vested rights, sacred rights of property—these well nigh omnipotent forces of society form an abject alliance and array themselves against the transformation. The institutions of religion are maintained by the very classes whose interests are identified with the existing order. Religion may in good faith encourage an unjust conservatism and thus abet wrongs and endanger its own hold on the workingman. On the other hand there is danger that religion may lose itself in the socialist movement out of sympathy with it. The secret of safety in society is slow, steady motion." [Applause.] *N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 19th.

A Seance with Mr. Eglinton—"Matter Through Matter."

BY J. FRED COLLINGWOOD, F.G.S.

On the 7th inst. I paid a visit with my wife and two nieces, Misses Mary and Lizzie Johnson, to Mr. Eglinton, at his residence, 11 Langham street, Portland place, for experiments in psychography; and as I met with much success and obtained some evidence beyond the immediate object of my visit well worth recording, I submit the following brief account for publication in *LIGHT*.

I may premise that the conduct of Mr. Eglinton's seances is so well known to your readers that I forbear to enter into familiar details, such as position at the table, the holding of the slate, etc., especially as they have been so well set forth by Mr. Rolph in the current number.

After several questions had been asked and replied to very pertinently in each case, I wrote, as hitherto, on one of my own new slates, the following question: "Is it right for Lizzie to sit for physical manifestations?"—wrote it away from the table so that nobody should know. The slate being held as usual, we heard the writing and received this reply: "Yes, it is quite right for her to sit for physical manifestations, Mr. Collingwood."

Mrs. Collingwood then wrote (also out of our sight) on Mr. Eglinton's double Braham lock slate; and after a bit of pencil had been dropped in, locked it, placed the key upon the table in sight of us all, and handed the slate to Mr. Eglinton, who with Mary held it upon the table. No reply was immediately obtained and the slate was left upon the table.

I then produced my own book-slate, already tied with string, and with a bit of pencil inside, and it was held by Mr. Eglinton under the table. The string was removed from it while so held. Mr. Eglinton's left hand being grasped by that of Mary, and this sentence was written:

"I shall take charge of Mary."

"JOEY."

No question was asked.

Here we made an experiment with the intention, if possible, more completely to exclude the "thought-reading" element. I went to the bookcase, placed my back against it, and took a book at random. Mary wrote on a slate the number of a supposed page known only to herself, while Lizzie wrote the number of a line on the unknown page. The book was put by me on the slate containing the numbers, strict care being taken that it was not seen by anybody, and held under the table by both Mr. Eglinton and Mary, a request being made that the line indicated by the number might be quoted. The following was written:

"There is no such page as 59 in the book."

On opening the book it was found that the pagination began at 55. The number chosen had been 59, and the forms of the figures were exactly imitated—a manifestly conclusive answer!

Mr. Eglinton, embodying an expressed wish of mine, asked whether "Ernest" would give us any hints as to the further development of "power" in my nieces. The following long answer was given:

"You may rest assured that we shall do all we can to aid the development of your niece, and that you will soon observe how we have been able to do this. There are not signs wanting that she will make a capital instrument for us to work through, but she will need careful development and in this you must trust us to use our judgment. Try and feel in regard to yourselves that we will help you in all our power, as also to a further elucidation of the truth which we propagate. And now God bless you."

"ERNEST."

The above message was written within two slates held by Mr. Eglinton on the shoulder of Mary, her hand also grasping the slate and one of his two hands that held it. The writing was very distinctly heard by all present in this experiment, as in the others.

I asked, "Which niece is meant?" The reply was written in two different hands:

"Mary I look after."

"JOEY."

"Ernest means Lizzie."

It was remarked while the writing was being done that a pause occurred in the middle of the message. And now the locked slate, having remained untouched in the meantime, was again taken up from the table by Mr.

Eglinton, and held by him and Mary upon it. Writing was heard by us, and on the slate being opened by Mrs. Collingwood, a pertinent answer to her written question was found, and we saw lying inside the slate the piece of string that had been removed from my book-slate.

Finally, I asked whether my presence on a seance was in any way a hindrance. The reply, written in my book-slate was—"No, good-bye."

While these experiments were going on, I had in my mind the grave aspersions which appear in *Truth* of January 1st. It is there stated that Mr. Eglinton, like all Spiritualist humbugs, is not prepared to perform his feats under conditions which render jugglery impossible. The stock-in-trade of all Spiritualists consists in evading such an inquiry. And the writer further remarks: "I wonder that a few people of sense do not go to Eglinton and expose him. Probably he changes the slates when there is a long message, and writes the message with a piece of slate pencil on his nail when there is a short one. To do the former is not difficult; a common slate can be taken out of its frame and another substituted in about one minute."

I ask that a careful comparison be made between the actual conditions as described in my account of our seance and the supposed methods of a totally ignorant or clumsy imitator of the real thing as expounded in the above quotation. Considerations of space forbidding me to enlarge, I can only hope that it will be patent to all who read this how vast is the difference.

Our sitting extended over an hour with scarcely an interruption in the phenomena, the chief of which I have here faithfully recorded. The interest in such results is great to most of us; the facts to some of us are enormous in their importance; and the advantage which undeveloped psychics may receive through contact with Mr. Eglinton will, in my opinion, be precious to them if they go to him with earnest, careful, patient, diligent search after truth, and reasonably accept in this matter, as in others of high concern, the teachings of nature.—*Light*, London.

A CREMATORY TEMPLE.

Cremation is gradually coming into favor in this country, and it will not be long, probably before every large city in the United States will have a crematory. The *Brooklyn Eagle* gives a lurid description of the Crematory Temple at Fresh Pond, L. I. The spot has been christened Mount Olivet. The site is bounded by Olivet, Evelyn and Summit avenues respectively on the east, south and west. It is reached from New York by the Long Island Railroad to the Fresh Pond station, and from Brooklyn by horse cars from Grand street and Broadway ferries, as likewise from Roosevelt, Houston, Tenth street and Twenty-third street ferries. The company is incorporated as the United States Cremation Company, Limited.

This crematory, of which Messrs. Cleverdon and Putzel are the architects, is of marble and brick, and is a modification of the Grecian temple, the front being two stories, entirely of white marble, while the body of the building is of brick with marble trimmings, and patterned after the Grecian temple or basilica. Its dimensions are forty feet by seventy-four. In the front are the office and reception rooms on the ground floor, and a *contergerie* above, where the superintendent will live. The main hall or chapel occupies the body of the building, and is severely simple in its interior finish, the walls being tinted and the ceiling finished in square half timbered panels. The side and rear walls within the chapel are utilized as a columbarium, wherein, in niches, may be placed the ashes of the deceased. There is a dais at the rear, with lectern, where all creeds will stand on an equality. In front of this stands the catafalque, a permanent fixture, within which the body will be placed as it is borne into the chapel. After receiving the body the catafalque will be closed. The section of the chapel floor under the catafalque constitutes the floor of an elevator, by means of which, as soon as the catafalque is closed, the body descends, noiselessly and imperceptibly to the incinerating chamber in the basement. The service and the incineration will proceed simultaneously, and an hour or less after the body has been placed therein the catafalque may be opened, and the urn containing the ashes of the deceased taken therefrom.

Descending to the basement of the building, in the front on the one side is a hot and on the other a cold receiving vault. The former is intended for cases of possibly suspended animation or coma. Here the temperature will be so high that if there is life in the body it must speedily manifest itself, and if not, the evidences of death will quickly reveal themselves. This hot vault is called the calidarium and is a well lighted and airy room, albeit the air will be of a high temperature. The frigidarium, or cold vault, is for the preservation of bodies awaiting the arrival of distant friends and relatives. There will be a moderate charge for placing and keeping bodies in these vaults. The basement throughout is high, light and airy. Beyond the receiving vaults, on one side is the saliculatorium, or urn room, where adobe and vases for ashes may be obtained.

Beyond these rooms, and occupying the rear of the basement, is the incinerating apparatus, combining a producer and a Siemens regenerator, together with a duplex incinerating chamber, into which, when at a temperature of about 2,000° Fahrenheit, the body is borne in a metallic carriage.

The apparatus, in its essential features, consists of a gas producer and a furnace. The Phillips producer, which has been adopted by the company, uses as fuel anthracite pea coal, and is preferred, partly on this account, above producers which use bituminous coal, naphtha, or crude petroleum, because its operation is free from smoke and noxious or offensive odors, as also from deposits of coal tar in the flues. In this producer the coal burned under pressure, with the aid of a steam blast, which renders it independent of chimney draught, is converted into inflammable gas, and this gas is afterward consumed in the furnace proper.

An intensely hot flame thus produced plays upon and around the retorts, of which there are two. This flame with its intense heat descends into the opposite pair of chambers, the intercalated brickwork of which will speedily attain a white heat on top, which heat diminishes with the descent until the base is reached, where the "checker work" is almost cold. By reversing the feed valves the gas and superheated air are turned into the second pair of chambers, and the heat that has been therein stored is carried back into the furnace, upon and around the retorts, which are of fire clay, and which, after two or three reverses of the valves, have attained any desired heat, from 2,000° to 3,000° Fahrenheit. All that is volatile will be driven off, escaping through the flue at the rear end of the retorts, being conducted thence into

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 7, 1885.

The Irresistible Progress of Free Thought.

We hardly realize the great progress of free thought in the past forty years. Especially is this progress great in religious matters, touching which there has been little real liberty in the past, such as we now see dawning.

The anti-slavery movement, in its moral aspects, was a great emancipator. The strong words of Garrison not only helped to break the slave's fetters, but to break all superstitious reverence for priests and creeds. When the majority of the American clergy ranged themselves with the Bible defenders of chattel slavery as a divine institution "ordained of God and sanctioned in his holy word," they did more to destroy Bibliolatry than all the infidels from Paine to Ingersoll. As a liberal clergyman said in those days, after hearing a clerical defense of slavery: "To array a book, even the Bible, against the moral-sense of mankind is a great mistake." This was a soft way of putting the case. That veteran reformer, Henry C. Wright, had a plainer way. He said: "If the Bible said my mother ought to be a slave I would put it under my feet and free my mother," and this feeling spread far and wide. The whole movement appealed to the moral sense within—deeper and older than all transient outward authority. It was, too, a plea for the sacredness of humanity, and the poet Whit-tier wrote:

"The one sole sacred thing beneath
The cope of heaven is man."

Lowell said:

"Man is more than constitutions,
Better not beneath the sod,
Than be true to church and State
While false to man and God."

Garrison illustrated in his own person the effect and result of these searching discussions. He began a devoted believer in the usual orthodox doctrines, and grew to look at the Bible as a human book, great and valuable, but not infallible, and to rest his faith in immortality, not on Christ's resurrection but on the soul's outlook beyond, verified and emphasized by the facts of Spiritualism. That great agitation cleared and purified the mental and moral atmosphere, as a thunder storm stirs the stagnant air and opens the way for the free passage of the healthful breeze. Theodore Parker startled the elegant conservatism of Boston Unitarians by his earnest words, warm from a heart full of heroism yet as tender as it was brave. Bishop Colenso echoed back his words from South Africa and Keeshub Chunder Sen caught their inspiration in Calcutta. Max Muller sat in his quiet study, in the classic shades of Oxford, writing on comparative religion, putting Brahmanism and Buddhism and Christianity side by side to give each fair credit for its truth, and let them stand or fall by that and not by any say of priest or clergy. The new impulse reaches everywhere, penetrates and searches as running quicksilver. Earnest men in Japan, scholars in China, Hindu pundits, German thinkers, American students—one and all—compare notes with the rest, not to build a creed but to get the truth from all quarters. Thought is wide but creeds are narrow.

Steamship and locomotive, telegraph and telephone widen and quicken our thought and give us a new sense of fraternity. They are results, and helpers also, of the quickened freedom of our day.

A correspondent in our columns lately told of that truthful word of a Unitarian minister, preaching to the alumni of Harvard divinity school: "Religion is always hurt by shrinking from investigation; always helped by fair and reverent investigation."

A late Episcopal pastoral letter rather discourages free investigation, but one of their clergy, Rev. W. Kirkus, of the Literary Churchmen, in Baltimore, makes an earnest

argument on "The duty of free thinking." Here are some of his strong words:

"When we exclude," says Mr. Kirkus, "any part of our creed from the play of free thought, we deprive it of all power over our lives, and we become incapable of imparting it to others." Again, Mr. Kirkus says: "The retreat of unbelief is the inevitable consequence of the cowardice and dishonesty of faith. Why should men readily accept on a mere first presentation a religion confessedly mysterious, when its own disciples for generations refused to permit and effectively prevented all genuine inquiry, and even put men and women to death for daring to read the very documents which they were taught to regard as the ultimate tests of truth and duty? We have ourselves to thank for the strength and growth of modern infidelity. Nobody is afraid of thoroughly examining or allowing other people to examine what he himself thoroughly believes. So far is it from being true that 'limitation of free thinking' prevents irreverence, that the very opposite is true; namely, that nobody will fetter his own inquiring spirit either through his religion for himself or can impart it to others."

Last but not least comes Spiritualism—world-wide in its spread and mighty in its power to emancipate and uplift and inspire; its genius transcendent; its spirit catholic and impartial and fraternal; its facts solid help for strong argument and heavenly manna for hungry hearts. Verily this is a good day to live in!

Yet we may well bear in mind that free thought is not always wise thought. We run wild in our new liberty sometimes. Poor men come here from Europe and rave in favor of dynamite and bloody vengeance, that some wild anarchy or selfish Socialism may rise up. They, or others wiser, will learn that peace and order come with liberty, and we can wait for excess reacting against old tyranny, to go by. So men get away from creeds and run into strange follies sometimes. To be free is not always to be wise, but freedom is the best path to wisdom and righteousness. It is a great thing also to be fair and just to each other. Hardly can it be expected that pagan and Christian, orthodox and heterodox, shall at once appreciate each other, try as well as they may; but time will help all this. Societies for psychic investigation cannot, in a day, see spiritual facts and all that pertains to man's inner life as it is. The glamour of our past things light and shade too strong for harmony of clear view. But we can all gain, if we will, in clear justice and fine insight, and we should all appreciate the growth of freedom of thought.

The Yearnings of a Child.

The Christian Register quotes from the children's column of an exchange the letter of a little girl who had spent the summer on the shores of Lake Erie. In the earnestness of her heart-hunger she writes:

Oh, how I did enjoy the loveliness of all around me! Sometimes I'd lie on the bank and look up to the sky, and wish I could see my papa; but that was a vain wish, if you are right for I saw his body put down in the earth, and if there is no spirit apart from the form, then I can never see papa again; but I can't help hoping that we shall live again, or continue to live in some shape after we have quit here; and would it be any more strange than that we lived before we were born into this world? Please, if you ever do find out Spiritualism true, will you please ask to hear from papa? His last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"; and then his breath left him. Does breath mean spirit, then? Or what is spirit?

To this the editor—a woman—replies: Mamie may be assured that, should I ever believe in Spiritualism, I will do my best to put her in connection with her father, and the same with all others who are bereft of loved ones. But I see no prospect of my believing in this than I do in the story of "Jack and the Bean-stalk," or the fairy tales that charmed my childhood. When Mamie finds that one plant, insect, animal, or other living organism exists, has two lives, then she will find a miracle. Once dead and decomposed, not all the powers of the universe can make alive again. We may say the butterfly lived before in the worm; but kill the worm, and there will be no butterfly. The chicken lives in the egg; but boil the egg before the chick comes out of the shell, and it never lives again. If the "breath is the spirit," then our breath is spirit; and that is simply ridiculous. Our darling die, even as the flowers we love. We have only the memory of them to treasure up. No power can alter facts; and we must accept them, whether we wish to or not.

The Register well calls this reply cold. It is more than that, for it ignores intuition, flouts at the great fact that untold millions have believed in immortality—a fact more enduring than granite—and impudently puts the ipse dixit of one woman against the faith and facts which have fed and convinced this great cloud of witnesses.

This brazen self-assertion deserves rebuke. It is not only cold, but arrogant and ignorant. We would suggest to this woman, and to the Register as well, that the facts of spirit-presence are the chosen helps of our age, by which we can be lifted to clearer height and broader view, standing on solid rock while we look skyward and hear the voice of angels.

American Woman's Suffrage Association.

The 17th annual meeting of the American Woman's Suffrage Association was held in Minneapolis, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of October. It was a very large and enthusiastic meeting, many representative women and men from a large number of the States and Territories. Able speeches were made by Lucy Stone, H. B. Blackwell, Julia Ward Howe, Maj. and Mrs. Pickler, Mrs. L. B. Stearns, Mrs. M. W. Campbell, Rev. Ada C. Bowles, Dr. Martha Ripley, Mrs. Tracy Cutler, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway and others. Many interesting reports from the different Vice-Presidents were read, showing activity and progress made during the year, in the different State organizations. The spirit of the meeting was earnest and hopeful. Prof. James G. Clarke, the poet singer and occasional contributor to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, enlivened the meetings with his music, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That a cordial vote of thanks to Prof. James G. Clarke, the sound of whose sweet songs will linger with us after we return to our several fields of service for our good cause."

The foregoing is condensed from the Woman's Journal of Oct. 24th, which contains a

full report of the convention. All interested in Woman's Suffrage should subscribe for this paper; price \$2.50 per year. Address, 5 Park Street, Boston.

Evangelical Zeal too Unanimous.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has for a generation or more provided board and lodging free for all attendants at its annual meetings. Church members who could entertain visitors sent their names and the number for whom they could provide to the committee, who assigned visitors as they arrived. This opportunity to have a good time free of cost was a great temptation to Evangelical folks, and each year has seen an increase in the number of those who had the souls of the poor heathen deeply at heart. This year the army of visitors numbered 4,000. Six bridal couples enjoyed their honeymoon free of cost by doing the zeal-for-the-heathen act. Ministers brought in all their sisters, cousins and aunts. Generous-hearted Bostonians found their homes over run with three times as many Christians as their houses would comfortably accommodate.

This state of affairs seems to have raised a suspicion in the minds of the Mission Board that all the heathen are not in foreign lands, and that all are not Christians to stand in the pulpit or wear the label; consequently a rule was adopted that will oblige attendants at these yearly gatherings to pay their hotel bills hereafter.

"Girls, Don't Dance."

Such is the heading of an article in The Christian Advocate (Methodist), of which this is a part:

"Those of you who are Christians cannot dance without breaking that solemn vow you made at the altar in the presence of God and his angels and the Church, to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world. And, surely, that which has ruined thousands, soul and body, is of the devil."

As you value your influence here, as you hope for a crown of immortality hereafter, I beseech you, girls, don't dance!"

We are greatly troubled about old King David. He did some other things not held reputable or decent among modern Christians, but he danced. If the Old Testament story be true. Has he gone to eternal perdition? Possibly he is saved and in glory, because he "danced before the Lord." That opens a way for our Methodist girls, and for the boys, too, who would move in measured tread to fine music.

If the pious elder reproves a Methodist girl who partakes in this innocent and beautiful amusement, she has but to reply: "I danced before the Lord as David did," and the elder will be puzzled and flee.

An Egyptian Amulet Peddler.

Some time since, the JOURNAL received a letter from a leading English Spiritualist and writer, inquiring about a certain man who goes by the name of J. Commodore Street. Our English correspondent spoke of him as a "blatant donkey." This description, more correct than elegant, tells enough, possibly; yet it does not do entire justice to this ignorant adventurer. He claims to be a Spiritualist and a Theosophist; and assumes to teach Occultism. His game is to impose upon the credulous and superstitious and to secure a living by false pretenses. One of his advertisements contains evidences of his true character in the following words:

"AMULET EGYPTIAN, A Sure Protection from all Contagious Diseases, Cholera, etc.... The ARAB-EGYPTIAN SECRET of Ingredients that proved so effectual against the Great Plague in Europe of 1665 to 1775.... One Dollar and Fifty Cents...."

As this pseudo Occultist has returned to America and is likely to continue his vocation, the JOURNAL gives him and the public the benefit of this notice. For his present address readers are referred to the advertising columns of our esteemed Boston contemporary.

Another Georgia Wonder.

A paper published at Macon, Ga., says that city has developed a mind reader of remarkable powers. This phenomenon is not a crusty man, but a young and pretty woman who, by kinship, is closely allied to the pre-Miss Mattie Pound is the lady to whom the secrets of men's minds, it is claimed, are revealed. She is the sister of Jerome and Eugene Pound, of the Evening News. She is entirely too modest to give public exhibitions of her wonderful powers, and but few of her friends are aware of them. Exhaustive tests have been made, which prove beyond doubt that Miss Pound possesses the powers which are claimed for her. She does not require to touch the person whose thoughts she wishes to divine, but simply fixes her eyes on the person's face and quickly tells of what the person is thinking. She does even more than this. She tells the thought in exactly the words the person would use if he told it himself.

J. M. Roberts Guilty.

On Wednesday of last week Jonathan M. Roberts was tried before the Court of Sessions in Brooklyn, on an indictment found against him by the Kings County Grand Jury, for criminal libel. The charge was for a gross attack in Mind and Matter upon Thomas S. Tice. The publication complained of was made in Philadelphia, December 3rd, 1881. The jury, after a half an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation for mercy on account of the age of the offender. Sentence has been postponed until Monday, the 9th.

Rev. Heber Newton on All Saints' Day.

Every sermon delivered by Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, bears evidence of his progressive nature and enlarged views. From the report of his sermon on Sunday last, we learn that he calls himself "A Broad Churchman." Strangers who heard him preach then had a fair opportunity of learning from his own lips the wide extent of his broad church sentiments. Taking his text from the one hundred and forty-ninth Psalm: "Such honor have all His saints," he pointed out how Protestantism, Romanism, Christianity—even religion in its more comprehensive sense—each and all narrow the true idea of this festival of All Saints. He looked beyond ecclesiastical and conventional ghostly types to find in the wide world secular roll-of-honor men and women whose noble and useful lives and lofty characters have made secular life sacred, and who, as members of a holy humanity, must come within "the communion of saints." Mr. Newton set forth that every one who goes to Rome makes sure of seeing the Pantheon. As an outward and visible sign of Rome's Catholicity, this splendid building was made a shrine, not for any one god but for all gods, and hence its name—Pan-theon. When the gods disappeared, man arose. Each local church had its martyrs to keep in reverent memory, its teachers and saints to honor. Near to the Imperial Gardens, wherein Nero had turned Christian slaves into living torches to illumine his fete, and not far from the huge Colosseum, wherein tender women, guilty of trying to follow the life of Jesus of Nazareth, had been thrown to the lions, was crowned to the memory of the martyr. The church which converts a Pantheon into a temple of holy men is, it true to its own ideal, the church of humanity. Is the Christian Church true to the lofty ideal which is shrined in this festival of All Saints?

PROTESTANTISM NOT BROAD ENOUGH.

The eminent divine claimed that Protestantism narrows this festival of All Saints. It will open its Pantheon for all reformed saints, but will have none of the Papistical saints come in. The stalwarts of the Reformation never could think of desecrating their calendar with the name of men who believed in the mass and of women who went to confession. The lives of many of the church-made saints are much better left in the distance which lends enchantment to the view. The odor of sanctity was too commonly, in early times, one that suggested disinfectants. The saints had joyfully renounced that work of the devil—culture. After watching a saint stand on a column for a score of years one is apt to grow weary of sainthood. Some of them were religious liars. Among all the saints of God we cannot refuse to recognize a God-intoxicated Spinoza; a Channing, walking the earth like an angel clothed upon with flesh; a Theodore Parker, storming in righteous wrath against injustice and oppression; a Froebel, verily becoming as a little child and thus entering into the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth; a John Woolman, walking always in the light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. As a matter of fact the Christian calendar does not include a single name of an outside saint except where it may have crept in by stealth despite the lynx-eyed watchfulness of the priest and prelate, as in the curious transformation of the Buddha himself into the good St. Josephaphat. Whether he followed Moses or Mohammed, Zoroaster or Buddha, the saint is the true Christian, if the Christian be the highest style of man. Our Pantheon must hold a niche for Socrates and Epictetus, for Marcus Aurelius and the Buddha. The calendar of the coming church will have a day for Montefiore, the philanthropic Jew, as well as for Shaftesbury, the philanthropic Christian. To be a true saint a man needs have far more than the goodness of the old-fashioned Sunday-school model man; he must be strong in some quality of active human life, having some real power of mind and using it nobly for the world.

THE TRUE TYPE OF SAINT.

The great preacher set forth under the above head that the abiding value of the Old Testament is that it forever forbids the notion that the ghostly ecclesiastical is the true type of the saint; that it carries us out of the Church into the State, down from Mount Zion to the busy city, away from the temple to the home, the farm, the shop, and shows us the Bible saints in the field and street, in the camp and palace, busied in the secular tasks of the shepherd, the soldier, and the statesman. Where was the supreme saint found in the Bible? At the carpenter's bench, making furniture for the homes of the villagers of Nazareth and plows for the peasant farmers of that lovely mountain valley. The saints of the Church were the pioneers of civilization, masters of men in the simple industries of the times, heads of schools, combining manual training with intellectual and moral culture, leaders whom the shiftless poor followed to clear forests, and drain swamps, and reclaim waste lands to agriculture, builders of towns and founders of cities—practical men of affairs, such as Carlyle has charmingly portrayed; men whose secular services were so conscientiously and ably done that they themselves won the title of saint. And most of these saints of the Bible and the Church were not only men and women busied in secular affairs, but they were men and women of our own flesh and blood; feeble and frail, but whose spirit forms were turned and twisted by unfavorable conditions out of their ideal shapes, and whose ripe characters were soaked and flawed with the marks of dead sins. On our shores we have an honored representative of the noblest

temple of religion in all Christendom. In the name of God and Christ Westminster Abbey opens its doors to enshrine the memories not alone of the good of England, but of her great as well. The scientific discoveries of Darwin, despite of their supposed hostility to religion, deserved and secured that he should lie among the nation's great in the shrine of the Church's worship. The frailties of sweet Will Shakespeare and the errors of kind-hearted Dickens sufficed not to shut them out from this earthly Walhalla. Beautiful symbol, this national Pantheon, of the truth which we celebrate in this festival of a divine humanity; amid whose saints climb all unrebuked sinners whose genius has helped the race onward and whose faults and frailties have been redeemed by noble aims and unselfish service.

NEED NOT CHANGE THE NAME.

In concluding his sermon, Mr. Newton said that none the less we may not change the name of the church's festival of a divine humanity. We will thank God to-day for the fruitage of genius and for the services of imperfect men, but we will thank Him most for the lives of those who have won without dispute the crown of sainthood. Character is the end into which all gifts are but the means. Character represents the highest forcefulness on earth. Character is the supreme service to humanity, and to-day every real reform which is being agitated is but a protest of the weaker ones of earth against some selfish abuse of power by the gifted of earth, whose entail is in the oppression of our civilization. The saint's greatness lays no taxes on mankind. His glory is never sung in litanies of sorrow from orphaned homes and bankrupt households. Everywhere it is true. As Josiah Quincy said of cooperation in Boston, "The need is of good men." What is not a single stanch and sturdy man doing for the nation at Washington? Civil-service reform was already the law of the land, but it could not be a living law till a man came forward. In the providence of God who, as the leader of the opposition, finds his mission, not in helping his party but in carrying out the law at whatever cost. Every step forward in social reform is taken by following in the footprints of some greatly good man, some man who, without thought of posing as a great man, has in his simplicity of soul shown the world how to rule a factory or a nation in the fear of God and love of man. It is not theories of government which the world needs to-day so much as men who can be trusted to use power unselfishly; not systems of political economy, but men who can make of the relationships of employer and employed a human bond; everywhere not laws, but lives. The greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been a hero.

GENERAL ITEMS

The Dream Investigator, published by Jas. Monroe, Peoria, Ill., has been discontinued.

Mr. C. A. Lounsbury, editor of the Bismark, Dakota, Journal, called at this office last week.

Archdeacon Farrar recently put himself on record as favoring the higher education of women. He says it has made great strides in England in the last ten years.

We regret to learn that The New Era, published at Grand Rapids, Mich., has suspended. Its editor, Daniel G. Garney, has removed to Muskegon.

General and Mrs. E. F. Bullard of Saratoga, have given thanks for an invitation to unite with them in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Nov. 4th.

It is said that many of the clergymen of the Episcopal Church in England are on the verge of starvation. Some of them receive less than \$500 a year. Relief measures are proposed.

In RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Oct. 31st, page 6, a contribution, "The Old Woman," is signed El Gleda. It should be Elleda, an old Saxon name used as a nom de plume by an occasional contributor.

Francis Woolford claimed to hold the keys of heaven and because he would neither give them up nor tell where they were, he was adjudged insane in Judge Prendergast's court, Chicago, a few days ago.

We have received the Scientific American Hand-Book, published by Munn and Co., New York. It is a treatise relating to patents, caveats, designs, trade-marks, copyrights, labels, etc. It contains much information and will be found a good reference book.

Mr. Gerald Massey, having returned from Australia, called at the JOURNAL office last week en route to New York, where he was to take steamer Oct. 31st for England. He reports a growing interest in liberal thought.

A ghost, after frightening a number of people almost to death at Derby, England, was arrested by a policeman and found to be a sixteen-year-old boy. He had been employed by a landlord to personate a spirit in order to drive away an undesirable tenant.

A paper devoted to liberalism, and called the Polymathical Investigator, has been established at Little Elm, Texas. The first number presents a very creditable appearance, and we hope it will meet with abundant success.

Under date of October 31st, J. Simmons writes as follows to us from Boston, Mass., with reference to the work of Dr. Henry Slade: "Last Sunday he delivered two lectures in Williamette, Ct. He is to speak twice in Haverhill, Mass. Nov. 15th. He is to be at Horticultural Hall, and say a few words after the lecture to-morrow night; at Eagle Hall the next Sunday evening; and may speak at Berkley Hall in the afternoon, one week from to-morrow."

21. Portland, Maine, Chicago

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

A Dream.

I dream'd an angel came to me and said:
"Thou art mortal, dost thou know that all who live
Upon the earth, in every age and clime—
From proud, imperious kings upon their thrones,
Down to the humblest tiller of the soil,
Begin to build, while here, with their own hands,
A house in heaven or hell, where they must live
To all eternity?"

I laughed and with
A touch of scorn replied: "This cannot be.
That which is immortal we know
Cannot be touched by the material.
How is it possible for mortal hands
To build a house in heaven or in hell?"
"Nay," said the angel, "come with me, and soon
I will conduct thee where all doubt will fade,
And proof be given my statements to confirm."

I hesitated for an instant. Then
Instinctively I followed my strange guide.
We seemed to float in mid-air for a time,
So swiftly and so gently did we glide.
At last we paused upon a verdant plain,
Adorned with trees and vines and flowers rare.
While birds of gorgeous plumage caroled forth
The richest melody.

Lambas gambled on
The grassy sward, and white-winged doves in pairs
Spouted amid the foliage, cooling soft.
Near by, a rippling stream of water pure
Meandered through the plant waving grass
And wound its course among the daisy tufts.
While now and then, by zephyrs swayed, a bough
Bent gracefully and kissed the purring tide.
And further on, upon a sloping hill,
There stood an edifice most beautiful,
Like unto naught I ever had seen on earth.
Of polished stone 'twas built, and here and there
A sparkling gem upon the surface shone.
The lofty windows and the spacious doors
Were framed in purest gold.

I stood amazed,
Lost in the contemplation of a scene
That mortal language never could portray.
As if in answer to my wondering gaze,
The angel spoke:

"The house thou seest was built
By one who once lived on the earth, like thee,
A man. But few who saw him knew his worth—
His life was measured by the golden rule.
He cared not for the praise of men, but led
A blameless life of pure, unselfishness.
Each man as mine, from whomsoever evil thoughts
And deeds as mine against the good they fell.
But thou to fully understand, must know
That all thou seest here doth correspond
To principles which form the mind of man.
The principles which form his inner life.
The stones of which this building is composed,
Each correspond to truths. To the gems
And gold to love, to the pearls to the good.
To thoughts forever flitting through the mind.
By doves, the holy principles of faith.
And lambas denote interior innocence.
Water, pure truth divine doth represent.
The fragrant flowers, trees and trailing vines
All have their correspondence."

"And, besides
These things which represent the good and true,
There are as many on the other hand
That correspond to evil and to false.
Man is thus kept in equilibrium,
And free to choose between the right and wrong.
If he has said of old that 'Charity
Begin at home,' and that 'Love the Lord
With all thy heart and mind and might and strength,'
The second, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'
The architect who built this mansion fair
Obeyed these two commandments and hence thou
Seest
The great result. Go thou and do likewise."

The vision faded from my sight. I woke
Once more to face life's dull realities.
But since that time my mind doth oft revert
To the bright scene in heaven's beauty rare.
And softly through the hours of daily toil
The angel's words are wafted back to me
In accents clear: "Go thou and do likewise."
—B. R. in New York Mercury.

BELIEVERS IN WITCHCRAFT.

A Swedish Woman Tried for Bewitching her Niece and Found Guilty.

The following particulars of the recent case of alleged witchcraft in Belgrade, Minn., are vouched for by several leading citizens of St. Peter. Mrs. John Solomon has been sick for the past three years. She was attended for the first two years by reputable physicians, but to no present avail, so that she wrote to parties in that country, and afterward sent a lock of her hair and a fragment of her clothing, as requested, with the amount of money called for by the witchcraft doctor. In response she received the information that her sickness was brought on by the manipulations of an old witch, who frequently came to her house. Thereupon she wrote to her nephew, John, an aunt living in Hebron, Nicollet County, who had frequently visited her, must be the one, and she and her husband began to talk in public that Mrs. Johnson was the woman who had bewitched Mrs. Solomon and caused her long sickness. They received further information from the witchcraft doctor in Sweden that Mrs. Solomon could only be cured by bringing the woman publicly before the sick woman, according to her and slapping her on the mouth until her mouth bled. The Solomons then made complaint to the Swede preacher, A. Anderson, who ordered Mrs. Johnson brought up for trial.

The trial took place after the service in the Swedish Church. In the house of John Solomon, and in the presence of his sick wife, the preacher acting as Judge and the deacons as jury. Mrs. Solomon testified that thirteen years ago, while riding in a wagon together, Mrs. Johnson touched her back and it tickled when she touched it, and that about three years ago, just before she was taken sick, Mrs. Johnson was visiting at her house, and while there she saw her take hold of the quilt on the bed, and ever since that she has felt tickling in her back.

Charles Lind testified that he knew that Mrs. Solomon's disease was caused by witchcraft.

Mrs. John Peterson testified that she had seen the witch send the craft off, and had seen it fly in the air and strike the persons who were soon afterward taken sick.

Mrs. Johnson was found guilty, but at last accounts sentence had not been pronounced upon her.

Another case somewhat similar happened some time ago in West Newton. A three-year-old child of Joe Beile was lost and could not be found, although two hundred neighbors joined in the search. As a last resort the parents sought the aid of Minneapolis clairvoyants, and were informed that an aged couple knew of its whereabouts. The parents and friends finally decided that the aged couple were Mr. and Mrs. Hokanson, Norwegians, who lived in Severance, Sibby County. One night Hokanson was called to the door by a man who wished to know the road to Stewart. As Hokanson stepped out he was seized by six masked men and placed in a wagon. Mrs. Hokanson was also thrown into the wagon, although she was only clad in her nightclothes. They drove a short distance and stopped under a tree. A rope was thrown over a limb, and Hokanson was told that he must tell where the child of Beile was. Of course he could not tell, as he did not know. The six men then pulled on the rope, and he was drawn up and left hanging until nearly dead. He was finally let down, and when he came to he was again asked the question. Four times did these men hang Mr. Hokanson, and then they drove back to the house, where they left the aged couple, more dead than alive. The next morning Hokanson was called, and several days have followed. About a year ago the bones of the missing child were found in a marsh near the residence of its parents, where it had wandered and died. —New York Sun.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MAN'S DUTY.

From Whence and to What End?

BY W. H. WHITWORTH.

In a recent sermon by the Rev. Charles Conklin of Chicago, on the subject of duty, the text was given: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts, vi, 9. From which he opened:

"The word duty has a smooth sound, but it stands for something rugged. It had little to exact of the alphabet; it had much to exact of man."
This depends on conditions. Primarily man's duty is very simple. His duty can only be to himself in the attainment of his own best welfare. It becomes more or less complex in accordance with his environment. If he is cast on a desert island, he can have but the one purpose in life to subserve—the procurement of his own maintenance. That object fulfills his whole duty. If he has a companion in his loneliness, his duty is enlarged to the measure of humanity presented by his companion. This other has equal rights with himself in whatever is within reach for their joint maintenance. He must now repress self by so much as is required by his companion; and this simply as a duty; the very necessity of the case imposes upon him; as, should he seek to aggrandize to his own exclusive use the rightful share that belongs to his brother, he but paves the way for retaliation in kind, wherefrom is first evolved the great law of doing unto others as you would have them to do unto you. Even in another light this primal duty is evolved. Should one being the stronger absorb the needed subsistence of his companion, the latter must die, and thus leave the robber to the horrible fate of absolute loneliness from human brotherhood.

A step farther and man's duty increases. He has a wife. To her he is bound by all that is manful in his nature to her for her support and best welfare, as well as for his own. Should children come, the duties by which he is beset become still more complex and exacting. By the voluntary act of bringing them helpless into the world, he is bound to exert his every effort to maintain and educate them to the highest and best possibilities their future career will demand, nor relax his efforts until they become placed in condition to accomplish for themselves. And in exact proportion as he becomes educated to a knowledge of what is best for himself and all others with whom he is linked, his duties become more numerous and exacting, more complex and difficult to fulfill.

But I am firm in the belief that man can owe no duty outside of his humanity; first to himself, next to those dependent upon him, and afterwards to the whole human brotherhood. If these are fulfilled, how is it possible there can be duties to anything beyond? I am aware of the claim that he owes duty to God; that that is a duty paramount to all others; but it is not true, that if he has fulfilled every duty to himself and others in his life-sphere his duty to God is thereby fulfilled. How can he stand against God except in sin committed against humanity?

Thou shalt not lie, nor steal, nor bear false witness, nor commit adultery, nor covet thy neighbor's goods. These are the prime sins of the commandments, and they are wrongs committed by man against his brethren. Almost the entire cry of Jesus was against the wrongs and oppressions committed by men against their brethren. The thought of duty to God is the constant exemplification of the great truth, that only by repression of self and love towards human brotherhood, can man's duties in life be fulfilled.

If we come back to our man on the desert island, how can he possibly commit sin except against himself? Of what need has he for what is termed change of heart? How perform what is called works meet for repentance? Change of heart can have no use save as it may aid a man to the right fulfillment of his duty. Here his duty is necessarily to himself, and his inherent selfishness is certain to impel him to its full accomplishment.

A man's duty is rugged and difficult of accomplishment in accordance with his environment, and in great part this environment is beyond his control. But I do not think with Mr. Conklin, that duty offers no emolument or spoils. Spoils, perhaps not; if, however, there is nothing more, delicious than the feeling of a day's work well done, and that in consequence much-longed-for rest has been gained, is there not here large recompense of emoluments for the duty performed? What can bring sweeter reward to the heart of man than the thought of duty well done to the satisfaction of all? How the plain duty of manfulness in support and loving tenderness given to wife and children dependent on our best exertions, brings sunlight and comfort, as well as exquisite happiness to their grateful souls, and which falls with double blessing of enjoyment on our own. So with all our duties; they bring their own cheering recompense in peace of mind and the curbing of our highest passions. Even as we have done unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me. There is assurance that the accomplishment of our duty to humanity is fulfillment of our duty to God. It will be of small avail to cry, "Lord, Lord, we adore Thee and desire to do Thy bidding." If our duty to human brethren is left undone; little better than the mockery of a tinkling cymbal to tell our eyes and lips words that we shall never see the life of the text demand: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

He has already told us in such imperative mandates of immutable law as needs no second wording. Every wrong committed is duty shirked or broken, and gives a mortgage on the future that no power can evade. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." The man who fills his young days with riotous living paves the inevitable path to a wrecked old age. Every undue pleasure, each wrongful indulgence, writes down a coming rack of pain and disability, and the terrible torture of past "might-have-beens" now gone for evermore. The man of gluttony will die as the best die after long years of suffering—the inexorable penalty exacted for his sins. While he who can afford to rest his head on the pillow each night, with knowledge that the day's duties have been well accomplished to the full measure of his abilities, can feel assured that he has done his duty to God and man.

Arbitration vs. War.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A prominent paper, devoted to human progress and reform, one, whose aims are the world, like those of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, must be interested in this subject, "International Arbitration as Opposed to War," and no doubt is willing to lend its powerful aid in advancing a cause which has been so long desired and prayed for, namely, "Peace and good will amongst men."

There are, doubtless, thousands of your readers who would wish to identify themselves with a national movement of that character, but who do not know, perhaps, to whom to apply for information on the subject. To them I beg leave to say, that a report of the September meeting of that powerful body of reformers, appeared in the columns of the *National View* of Washington, D. C., September 19th, and that John Tyler, Jr., is the president of the Arbitration League. I present his address in Washington, D. C. He might be addressed in care of the *National View*. The secretary's name was not given; he, being absent, another gentleman served pro tem.

We should not permit this opportunity to pass unimproved, for, of all proposed reforms, there is not one which more imperatively demands the co-operation of thoughtful citizens who possess a single drop of "the milk of human kindness;" nor is there a movement to which fewer objections can be raised. Surely we except in defense of liberty and the right, is most barbarous and inexcusable. In this age of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment the war spirit ought to be regarded as a public nuisance, and the good sense of civilized nations should be appealed to in opposition to all such remnants of barbarism.

Branch Arbitration Leagues are about to be established in the different states to co-operate with the parent society at Washington, and your readers will be pleased to hear that, at present, the movement is fast spreading throughout the world. Let us wish them all a hearty "God speed!"

Sturgis, Mich. THOS. HARDING.

W. H. Cole writes: I am well pleased with the *JOURNAL*, and I hope it may continue in its fearless course of exposing frauds and holding up our just and true medium. Long may it prosper.

The keepers of the cozy winter taverns in Florida are getting ready to entertain no fewer than 200,000 Northern guests during the coming season of snow.

The Quaker Origin of Wilmington, Delaware.

Dame Elizabeth Shipley had a dream. She was living at the time, which was in the year of grace 1750,—at Ridley Township, near the good town of Philadelphia. Her husband, William, who was of honest, plodding, English descent, was not one of those who were laid upon for such notions as his are of hard, dry substance, in which flowers of imagination do not bloom freely, and from which the dew of night falls readily in the open daylight. But Elizabeth's dream lay upon her mind the next day, and she told it to her husband. It was thus: She was travelling on horseback along a high road, and after a time she came to a wild and turbulent stream, which she forded with difficulty; beyond that stream she mounted a long and steep hillside; when she arrived at its summit, a great view of surrounding beauty spread out before her. The hill whereon she stood melted away in the distance into a broad savannah, treeless, and covered with luxuriant grass. On either side the hill ran a stream, and upon the wild water-course she had just crossed; upon the other, a snake-like river that wound sluggishly along in the sunlight. Then, for the first time she saw that a guide accompanied her, and she spoke to him.

"Friend, what country is this that thou hast taken me to?"
"Elizabeth Shipley," answered he, "beneath these hills, new land and a fruitful, and it is the design of Divine Providence that thou shouldst enter in thereto, thou and thy people, and ye shall be enriched, even unto the seventh generation. Therefore, leave the place where now thou dwellest, and enter into and take possession of this land, even as the children of Israel took possession of the land of Canaan." He finished speaking, and she was turned to look, he vanished, and she awoke.

William Shipley bade his wife think no more of her dreams, for if one pulls up blue beans after they have sprouted, one's pot is like to go empty. So, meeting with no encouragement, after some days, the sharpness of her dream became dull against the hard times of every-day life.
A year passed, and Elizabeth received a Divine call to it, and to the meeting of the Society of Friends, held in that peninsula that lies between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. It was in the spring-time, when the meadows were clad with bright green, when the woodlands were soft with tender leaves, unfolding timidly in the generous warmth of the sun, when the birds sang, when the cocks crowed, and when the wren chirped under the eaves, and all the air was braced with the sweetness of the apple blossoms, among which the bees swarmed with drowsy hum. So she set forth on her journey, jogging southward along the old King's Road. She passed many streams of sweet water, untainted with lime, where the little fishes darted here and there as the grey farm horse went splashing across their pebbly reaches. After a journey of sixteen or eighteen miles she came to a place where the road crossed through tree-covered highlands, and came raging and rushing down over great rocks and boulders. The cawing of crows in the woods, and a solitary eagle that went sailing through the air, was all the life that broke the solitude of the place. As she hesitated on the bank before entering the rough-looking ford, marked at each end by a sapling pole to which a red flag was fastened, the whooping seemed strangely familiar to her. After she had crossed the stream she began ascending a hill upon which the highway led, that feeling strong upon her which one has at times of having lived through such a scene before. At the top of the hill she came to a clearing in the forest where an old Swede had built him a hut, and began to till the land. Here the woods unfolded like a curtain, and she saw the hill melt away into a wide meadow that spread far to a great river, sparkling in the sunlight away in the distance. Upon one hand ran a sluggish river, curving through the meadows; on the other, the brawling stream she had just crossed. She sat in silence looking at the scene, while the little barefoot Swedish children gathered at the door of the hut, looking with blue-eyed wonder at the stranger; even clasping her hands and crying out in the land of my vision, and here will I pitch my tent!"

Over the wooded hill-sides and across the grassy savannah which Dame Shipley saw first in her dream and afterward in the reality, now spreads a busy and populous city of which she and her husband were the chief founders. The smoke from factory chimneys streaks the air with black ribbons of vapor, and the hammering of the clatter the rattle, and the hammering of the great ship yards that now lie along the banks of the slow-running, snake-like river that she saw in her dream; while beside the other brawling stream stand cotton, woolen, paper, flour and powder mills. Everywhere is the busy excitement and teeming rush of close population. That was the power, that the smoke, and the fruit that grew from the trees of the Wilmington metropolis of Delaware.—Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Revelation by Dickens.

In the second chapter of Little Dorrit there is a contest of Dorrit, in the light of later knowledge, from the Spirit-world, reads like a revelation. Mr. Meggins has been telling his friend Gremmon about his children, and informs him that Pet, who is his grown up daughter,—"had a twin sister who died when we could just see her eyes above the table as she stood on tiptoe holding by it." And he adds: "A result has gradually sprung up in the minds of Mr. Meggins and myself which, perhaps, you may, or may not, understand. Pet and her baby sister were so exactly alike, and so completely one, that in our thoughts we have never been able to separate them since. It would be of no use to tell us that our dead child was a mere infant. We have changed that child according to the changes in the child spared to us, and always with us. As Pet has grown, that child has grown; as Pet has become more sensible and rational, our Pet and her baby sister have become more sensible and rational in the same degree. It would be as hard to convince me that if I were to pass into the other world to-morrow, I should not, through the mercy of God, be received there by a daughter, just like Pet, as to persuade me that Pet herself is not a reality by my side."

As this was written several years prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism, it is certainly a notable prediction of what Spiritualism now accepts as veritable fact. Previous to the revelations given through modern mediums, of the conditions of life in the Spirit-world, the doctrine of the growth of infants and small children deceased until they attained adult spirit stature, was not, I believe, anywhere taught or authoritatively enunciated. A mother, having lost an infant, believed that it would meet that infant in "heaven" such; and that all the children that died testified would eternally spread their little wings as immortal babies.

The fact of continued spirit growth is very significantly and distinctively set forth in the foregoing quotation. Where did Dickens get such a notion? It must be remembered, too, that such an idea would have been repugnant to many parents at the time. Little Dorrit was written before the dawn of education and belief. It is, therefore, introduced in a delicate and inoffensive manner, but so strongly as to arouse the mind. It would be of no use, says Mr. Meggins, to tell us that our dead child was a mere infant.

I remember of attending when quite young, the funeral of a little child at which the officiating minister to console the grief-stricken mother, misquoted the saying of Jesus—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven." He dwelt with such force upon the righteousness and propriety of children dying, that many mothers present felt how awful they were in trying to prevent the diphtheria and measles from adding recruits to the celestial kindergarten.

Discrepancy and at times serious and sensitive instrument in this world to record messages from the other side. And so more or less with all poets, who must also serve in part as prophets.

Denver, Col. C. A. MURRAY.

The humming of telegraph and telephone wires, so often heard, is generally considered to be caused by the wind. W. McBride, of Waterloo, Ind., who specially studied the matter for several years on his private wire, which had a strong gift of humming, is satisfied that the wind is not the agent, for he found the sound more likely to be heard on a dry, clear, cool and calm evening than at any other time. He is also convinced that the sound is not produced by electricity, for he could detect no signs of that agent when humming was going on, while at times when the wire was evidently charged there was no sound. The humming was accompanied by a rapid vibration of the wire. In fact, the matter is thought to be a sort of 13-115 puzzle of popular culture.

LET TRUTH PREVAIL.

Excellent Examples of Spirit Power and Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It seems strange to me that people who believe in Spiritualism do not stick to the one great central fact of their philosophy, and stick to it persistently; let all other things go, and insist upon that by word and deed, in the most consistent and earnest manner, and that the world must stop to investigate. But instead of that they dissipate their strength in a thousand vagaries which distract attention from their great truth—spirit existence—and weary and perplex many thoughtful people till they turn away altogether. For instance, a few weeks ago a gentleman in the south dated some very interesting manifestations which (if true) any logical, common-sense person must needs ascribe to spirit-return as the only reasonable cause. This he is not willing to do, but endeavors to account for them by "some peculiar mental quality in the medium which we do not understand."

It is strange how some people would always rather err on the side of a material cause than in her own simple and beautiful faith. No doubt there is such a thing as telepathy, and lots of other "patibles;" but they will not account for everything; and what is the use of bothering so much about them when there are other things more important to engage our attention? There are thousands of instances where thought transference or occult mental forces cannot be applied at all.

Being by nature skeptical, and not prone to believe anything I have not seen or cannot logically reason out, I was a very exultant skeptic when I attended my first Spiritualist séance, to which I was accompanied by a friend equally skeptical. It was held in two large parlors at the Arlington house in Cincinnati. Mrs. Belle Fletcher, now Mrs. Hamilton, of 885 West eighth street, of that city, was the medium. She is now a widow and justly celebrated test medium, and the best I have ever seen. Between sixty and seventy persons were present, and the medium was under complete control when we entered. Making our way back of the circle, we took seats behind the medium, in the front of the room. It was a very solemn affair, and hymns were sung at intervals. "Spirits, or 'influences,' called for by at least two-thirds of that large audience, by their Christian names, giving theirs in return, and designating these persons where there was any doubt; and in no one instance was there a mistake made. One case in particular I regard still as the finest test I ever saw: An influence, apparently unable to formulate a name, called by signs for some one present. Several responded, but were not wanted. The influence seemed to mean a handsome, well-dressed lady, who refused to respond because, she said, she "had no friends in the Spirit-world." But the influence insisted so emphatically that she finally went forward, protesting it was not she who was wanted. With much difficulty the spirit succeeded in telling that he had been killed in a mine disaster in Colorado five months previously, "I'm Edward!" at last said the spirit in a loud voice. The woman grew pale and, wringing her hands and sobbing, cried out: "My God! Edward, is it you?" After a little she somewhat regained her composure, and turned to the audience and said: "It is but right that I should tell you I am convinced that I have spoken to the spirit of my husband. He went to the mines in Colorado two years ago, and I have heard nothing from him for thirteen months. Subsequent investigation verified the communication in every particular. Where was thought transference or some queer mental quality in this case? This same medium speaks German fluently under trance conditions, but in a normal state she is obliged to have some one act as interpreter to German visitors who cannot speak English.

The medium then came out of trance condition, and in a clairvoyant state described various spirits present. I was still skeptical, and laughing at the puzzling "chickney," when she came to me. With her back to me, she described me perfectly, and also three dear ones of my own family who had departed this life, more vividly than I could have done myself, and gave their names; and of my sister she said: "Her name is Mary; but in life she was called 'Minnie,' which was a nickname, besides other things." To my skeptical friend she gave equally definite tests.

To my mind the only logical cause of such manifestations is an intelligent, personal power entirely outside the medium or any person concerned; for it is a well known fact that spirits will utter things of which the medium is undoubtedly ignorant, and which the medium is unable to utter through the medium. Let us "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." The evidences of spirit return (genuine) are too precious to be sent masquerading under a false name.

K. G. WALKER.

The Allen Boy in St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish I could write you something encouraging relative to the status of Spiritualism in St. Paul. There are a good many here who hold to the faith, but for a long time they seem to have been enjoying a kind of "letting alone" as the word is used in some symptoms now of an awakening. The Allen boy (formerly known as the Allen Boy) has been here and held several sances. I attended a few. The friends were generally satisfied with what transpired, and what they received they regarded as coming from their deceased friends. The manifestations consisted, in part, of independent writing, a kind of "writing" of hands and feet, speaking, and many other things. The only thing that exceptions could be taken to, was the fact that the sances were held in total darkness; yet when the writer attended, conditions were such as to entirely preclude the possibility of fraud. The persons composing the circles when the writer was present, were all neighbors and friends, and were there to get the truth. Each one in the circle during the evening sat next to the clairvoyant, and held his hands. The writer had several communications from his mother, sister and brother, written in total darkness, their names being given, of which the medium had no means of knowing. A communication was also written in pencil upon the writer's shirt bosom, in which his sister refers to the last conversation she had with him upon the subject of Spiritualism, previous to her death, to his life. She was at that time devoted Methodist. At this séance, she produced a light, showing me one hand. She clasped my face with both hands, and kissed me good night. Music was also produced upon three instruments at the same time.

Had the medium been left free, he could not have produced the manifestations witnessed in his presence. He would have been unwilling to make test conditions.

In our sister-city of Minneapolis, the friends seem to be more active than we are here, and it is hoped that a little of their energy may be wafted this way, though some of them seem to enjoy being humbugged, as the *Banner of Life* says, and there is some reason to believe that they are. The *Banner* until it became the supporter and apologist for the most contemptible element of humanity that ever disgraced Spiritualism. If there is one thing more than another for which true Spiritualists should hold up the hands of the editor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, it is his uncompromising warfare upon such a base and unworthy element.

I read the *JOURNAL* attentively and with pleasure, and, I hope, also with profit; yet I find ideas (or what the writers advance as ideas) by occasional correspondents, which seem to me to be written without thought upon the subject, of which they treat. As an instance, I would refer to the communication of Mrs. Gault, in the issue of Sept. 19th, 1885. He writes of the power of God, and of what God does, and what he has done, etc.

St. Paul, Minn. M. T. C. FLOWER.

The Wife's Rule at Home.

Good old Martin L. Townsend says this is the best thing Josh Billings ever wrote:

Any man who accepts the office of first lieutenant in his own household, and looks for promotion. The idea conveyed by that look of thought is that the man who once places his wife in command of his household need never expect to rise above a subordinate position in his own home. There is neither wit nor wisdom in the saying. It is a cheap bid for a laugh. If Josh Billings wrote nothing better than that, heaven shame to dignify him with the name of writer at all. But Josh Billings has written many sensible things, and we are of the opinion that were he alive to see the above paragraph quoted as his best he would feel greatly mortified over it.

For no married man who has been fortunate enough to win a true and faithful helpmeet will try to curb her authority in the household. He will rather encourage it. The more control she has over it the better for him and for his children, if he is blessed with any. The sensible, manly man is not ambitious to be a commander-in-chief of the hired girl, bell-boy, and scrub-woman. Neither is he ambitious to be known by the grocery-man, the butcher, the milk-man, and the egg-woman as chief officer in post commandant. He is contented to attend to his household duties, to supply his wife with money to meet her household expenses, to keep his nose out of the kitchen stove, and his hands off the kitchen prowl. The man who hangs around the house, peeps into the closets, examines the flour-barrel, scrutinizes the bread-basket, and makes a general nuisance of himself may be the officer commanding, but as a rule his home is hardly worth the attention of a wife, and seldom a girl.

The woman's kingdom is the home. It is the one place where she should rule with unquestioned authority. If she is a good woman her rule is so gentle that it is never felt. Most women are good and most homes are happy, because most men are sensible enough to let their wives rule.—Chicago Mail.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The original name of Massachusetts was the Land of Codfish.

Turkey is the only state in Europe that is not Christian.

Freight trains in England run at twenty-five miles an hour.

There is only one store in Strongtown, Indiana County, Pa.

Grenoble, France, is the greatest glove making city in the world.

Drummer's licenses in North Carolina amount to \$5,000 per year.

An apple tree at Java, N. Y., produced fifty bushels of good fruit this year.

An engineer running a train near Reno killed forty sheep out of a flock of 500.

One ton of dumb-bells has just been ordered by the Ann Arbor students.

There are sixty-six almshouses in Pennsylvania, half of them having insane inmates.

A living man in a recent issue directs that his body is to be burned and used as a fertilizer on his farm.

A Philadelphia professor says fast dancing will be popular this winter. He predicts a revival of the polka.

A number of colored men at Annapolis have organized an order packing company—the first in the state.

Every manager who has run the new Grand Opera House at Paris has thereby incurred financial failure, despite the government allowance.

A mackerel schooner recently took 82,500 fish, 900 barrels, in half an hour. This is the largest catch on record. The fish brought \$2.38.

Tomatoes are now almost as much in use in London as in New York, and there is so considerable an artificial growth of mushrooms that a good sized basket is often to be had for 12 cents.

Two young men of Confluence, Pa., one day last week made a wager as to which of them could "suck" the most eggs. One of them disposed of forty and the other forty-one. This breaks the record.

Bull fights and bull races, introduced into Southern France from Spain, are denounced by the Catholics.

The number of co-operative societies registered in Great Britain is 1,914, with a membership of 677,910, and a capital of about \$32,000,000. In Germany there are 3,658 societies and 257,000 members.

The Norwegians are so honest that even an umbrella left out of doors is perfectly safe. A lady left a fur-lined silk cloak hanging on a tree, the day being very warm, and found it undisturbed on returning several hours later.

The condition of the landowners in East Lothian, Scotland, is most unenviable, and the prevailing depression is making itself felt all over Scotland. One nobleman with a rent roll of \$350,000 per annum has received just \$20,000 net.

James Strawbridge, living near Driftwood, Pa., raised 17 potatoes on his farm this season which are eleven inches in length and having six others of large size attached, making a combined weight of nearly five pounds. It is considered a great curiosity.

The depreciation in land has resulted in diminishing the revenue of Guy's Hospital, the wealthiest endowment in England, by \$50,000 a year, and a small payment is now exacted from those occupants of beds who are in a position to give it.

An ingenious method of sheep stealing is being practiced in Oregon. It consists in suspending a rope made into a loop and slip-ring from a tree branch, and attaching a shackle to the rope. The animal puts its head in the noose and are held till the thief can come in the night and carry away the game.

Cycling is giving to the present generation of England a remarkable knowledge of their own country, which railroads were causing them to lose, and has infused fresh life into many once famous inns on the old post roads. The most popular cycling ground is the great Bath road, and men frequently go 150 miles and back.

The farose mode of disposing of the dead is very ancient. It consists in carrying the body in a coffin, by white-robed priests to the Towers of Silence,

In 1851, when Louis Napoleon was President of France, some coins were struck with his head upon them. He examined them, and said they were all right, and told the mintmaster to go ahead with them. A little later he noticed a stiff-looking lock of hair over the temple, which we call a cow-lick, and ordered a new die made. That was done, but in the meantime twenty-three of the pieces had come into circulation, one of which is said to be in the possession of Queen Victoria. One thousand dollars apiece has been offered for these rare coins, without takers.

A document that has come down from the middle ages, thus tells how to make thunder: Take one pound of sulphur, two pounds of willow carbon and six pounds of rock salt, ground very fine in a marble mortar; place where you please in a covering made of drying papyrus to produce thunder. The covering, in order to ascend, must float away, should be long, graceful and well filled with this powder; but to produce thunder the cover should be short and thick, and half full.

The origin of the phrase "Put a feather in your cap" is thus explained: Among barbarians it is the custom to add a new feather to the headgear for every enemy slain. The Caffirs of Cabul stick a feather in their turban whenever they kill a Mussulman. In Scotland the sportsman wears a feather in his cap—a feather from the first woodcock shot by him. The phrase belongs to no writer.

A New King on the Throne!
"Malaria," as a "popular ailment," has given place to a new potentate.
If you have Rheumatism now, the medical wise-ones exclaim—"Uric Acid!"
If you have frequent headaches, they sagely remark—"Uric Acid!"
If you have softening of the brain; they insist that it is—"Uric Acid!"
If Sciatica or Neuralgia make life miserable, it is—"Uric Acid!"
If your skin breaks out in Bolls and Pimples, it is—"Uric Acid!"
If you have Abscesses and piles, "Uric Acid" has set your blood on fire.

If you have dull, languid feelings, backache, kidney or bladder troubles, gout, gravel, poor blood, are ill at ease, threatened with paralysis or apoplexy, vertigo, are bilious, dropsical, constipated or dyspeptic—"Uric Acid" is the key to the situation, the cause of all your difficulties!

We do not know as madam Malaria will take kindly to this Masculine Urser, but he has evidently come to stay.

"Uric Acid," this Monster, is the product of the decomposition—death—constantly taking place within us, and unless he is every day routed from the system, though the kidneys, by means of some great blood specific like Warner's safe cure, which Senator B. K. Bruce says snatched him from his grasp, there is not the least doubt but that it will utterly ruin the strongest human constitution!

It is not a young fellow by any means. It has a long and well-known line of ancestors. It is undoubtedly the father of a very great family of diseases, and though it may be the fashion to ascribe progeny to it that are not directly its own, there can be little doubt that if it once gets thoroughly seated in the human system, it really does introduce into it most of the ailments now, per force of fashion, attributed to its baleful influence.

Man—Whence and Whither? By R. B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. The author of this work takes a bold stand against things taught by rigid preachers and teachers. He objects to the literal interpretation of many passages of Scripture and to certain dogmas. The work is carefully written and shows extreme study of the writings of eminent men in all ages. For sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

"The Slough of Despondency"
in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rosy-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

Marriage and Divorce. By R. B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. About all that one need to know of the History, Philosophy and Legal Aspect of Marriage and Divorce is here condensed in the pungent and fear-ful style of this popular author. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Gunn's Newest
(Revised) Home Book of Health or Family Physician, 210th edition. Just ready, gives nearly fresh hints; shows how to put in best sanitary condition house, premises or town, for fending off cholera and all infectious diseases, and present modern treatment with large experience in forty years successful practice, with all forms of disease, and in preventing ill-health. 1232 pages royal octavo, leather. See advertisement in another column.

In Jamestown, N.Y., they imposed so heavy a license upon Barnum's circus last summer that the show was excluded. This was done to satisfy the manufacturers of the town, who would have had to shut down for a day had Barnum been allowed to come.

Beyond the Sunrise, observations by two Travelers. This curious and fascinating book which has already excited great interest, treats of dreams, premonitions, visions, clairvoyance, clairaudience and kindred themes. Price, paper cover, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There has been a death every year for five years from consumption in the Lowman family in Indiana County, Pa.

Injury to the upper teeth may be regarded as the result of dryness caused by the passage of air between and around them, facilitating decomposition of any food present, and favoring the formation of acids capable of reacting vigorously. Fisher's Mouth-breathing Inhibitor keeps the mouth closed. See Adv.

Sixty million people speak the German language, 45,000,000 the French, and 100,000,000 the English.
I had suffered from Catarrh for ten years: the pain would be so severe that I was obliged to send for a doctor. I had entirely lost sense of smell. Ely's Cream Balm has worked a miracle.—C. S. HALL-LEYS, Birmingham, N. Y.

There has been very little wife-beating in Maryland since the whipping-post law went into effect.

For several years I was troubled with Catarrh, have tried many remedies. Ely's Cream Balm has proved the article desired. I believe it is the only cure.—L. B. CONNOR, Hardware Merchant, Towanda, Pa. See Adv.

Forest culture in Dakota has led to the appearance of birds that were never before seen there.

Do you score when you travel? Don't! Don't! Have some merriment on your fellow travelers and use Fisher's Mouth-breathing Inhibitor. See Adv.

In 15 counties of New York one-half of this year's potato crop has been destroyed by rot.

For delicacy, for purity and for improvement of the complexion, nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder. For sale by all druggists.

The Moravian female seminary at Bethlehem, Pa., has been founded 135 years.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Canned whale is a growing industry in Norway.

A new town in Alaska is Kiat-ol-kin, "Johnny's Village."

A gun has just been cast for the British Government that weighs two hundred tons and is forty-four feet long.

Important Discoveries

facts: That the greatest evils have often had their rise from causes which were deemed, originally, of too little importance to occasion solicitude; and that fatal results proceed from the neglect of trivial ailments. Philip G. Raymond, Duluth, Minn., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Kidney Complaint, from which I had suffered for years." The transmission of a message over a

are made by scientists, from time to time, which astonish the world, but there has been no discovery, in science or medicine, more important than that of Ayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, which has restored health and strength to thousands. Benj. F. Tucker, Pensacola, Fla., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Liver and Bilious troubles, when everything else failed." The usefulness of the

Telegraph

wire is not a more positive proof of the electric current, than are pimples and boils of the contamination of the blood by impure matter. Albert H. Stoddard, 59 Rock St., Lowell, Mass., says: "For years my blood has been in a bad condition. The circulation was so feeble that I suffered greatly from numbness of the feet and legs; I was also afflicted with boils. After taking three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my blood circulates freely, and I have no boils or numbness." Like an

Telephone

is enhanced by the fact that it can be used to order Ayer's Sarsaparilla from your druggist. Dr. John Hoffman, Morrisania, N. Y., writes: "In all diseases arising from an impure and vitiated condition of the blood, there is no relief so prompt and sure as that afforded by Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Dr. A. B. Robinson, Chapel Hill, N. C., writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have used it in my practice, in Scrofulous cases, with excellent results."

Electric

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Guarantees for patrons that sense of personal security afforded by solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed, smooth tracks of continuous steel rail, excellent appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes, and that exclusive service which makes the safety and operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are: Trains with all connecting points in Union, Depot, and the unsurpassed comfort and luxuries of the Passenger Equipment.

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Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Possessions. Over this route the Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, pleasure grounds, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the favorite route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

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SARAH A. DANSKIN.

PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL."

vine; but to give its attitude, its profoundness and extent is beyond our ken. We may not, however, for such reasons, circumscribe our thought and imagination within the limits of daily observation and experience. To withhold our eyes from the vision of the immutable and everlasting would be a suffocating of our higher nature. Nor would it be innocent or blameless to be willing thus to remain "of the earth earthy," when our nobler selfhood is from heaven.

Our existence in the material universe is the result of causes which we are hardly sufficient to comprehend. It may have been for the object of perfecting our individuality, and so constituting an essential means to establish our selfhood in a more complete identity. We may not doubt that it is necessary to us, and has its uses, which we may not safely forego. We should also bear in mind that it is the occupying of a certain sphere of being, rather than the mode of dwelling in it. We are really in it before our birth, or even our conception, and do not leave it by the dissolving of the body. That we seem to forsake it through this event is not enough; the condition which allied us to material nature must also be exceeded. Otherwise, like a weed which has been cut off by the hoe in one place, we will be likely to issue forth again in another.

Eternity is in no essential sense a Future-world or Future State. It is purely the unconditioned, that which always is, which changes not. The soul is native there; and its manifestation elsewhere is accomplished by shutting itself away, so to speak, from that mode of being, after a manner as we shut ourselves from every-day life in going to sleep. It thus passes into the transitional condition, and change, from being integral to being subject to qualities and faculties. It is differentiated into qualities and faculties, from being eternal it is thus transformed into a being of Time. In this condition, evil—the privation of good—and the contingencies of phenomenal existence, are incident to it. Thus the corporeal environment and the other consequences which it inherits in the world of Nature, are as death and the grave, and even as hell within them, to the essential principle of life.

This is not, however, an abyss of hopeless destruction. The soul, thus enveloped and entangled by the pains and affections of the body, is in a crippled and impotent condition, and in a manner alienated from the celestial home. Its interior rational principle is asleep. It does not, however, entirely forget. Our ego, the nobler essence, that which we are, is beyond this region of sub-lunary existence, immortal and imperishable. We have a superior consciousness, a spiritual sense which transcends physical sensibility, that awakens from this dormant state, as if for the purpose of reminding us of the celestial life. Our every conception of the Good and the True is of this character. These memories for such they are, now and then aroused, have often the vividness of present occurrence. We even realize the force of the words of Schelling: "Such as you are you have been somewhere, for ages."

It is true even in this world of sense that when we are in communion with a superior mind, we perceive ourselves passing after a manner beyond ordinary limits of thought, and coming into the All. In the longing of the spirit after that state of perfect knowledge, purity and bliss, in which it once abode, there is somewhat of the same experience. We apprehend in a degree where we belong. We attain a deeper perception and consciousness of that which really is. We become more profoundly cognizant of the eternal laws and reasons of things, which are behind as well as mingled with the endless diversity of sensible phenomena. We then find the Highest to be indeed the nearest—to be closer than the air which we breathe or the thoughts which we are thinking.

"Each Lord, appear" thy lips pronounce contains my Hopes and I.

A special messenger I send beneath thine every sigh: Thy love is but a girle of the love I bear to thee. And sleeping in thy "Come, O Lord" there lies "Hear, child" from me.

Many there are, however, who seem never to break the chain of illusion. They neither perceive nor understand anything which does not pertain to sensuous existence. It has been somewhat of a study with me whether the immortal principle in such persons does not return to the other world, as the raindrops merge with the waters of the ocean. It must seem as though a being possessing immortality would cognize the fact, and that by parity of reasoning, whoever does not is not so endowed with an unending life. Nevertheless, it must be supposed that no capabilities or experiences are ever in vain. A dormant faculty may appear to be extinct, and so remain unrecognized by us, till under circumstances which we do not well understand, it shall be roused from its lethargy. No word or outflow of Divinity will return fruitless and abortive.

Although, however, the souls which have been imprisoned in this world of sense have ceased to know about the higher life, and so are as though dead, yet this exile and death do not constitute a total separation from the heavenly world. They have some recollection of a former state of bliss, and yearn for a higher and nobler form of life. The interior spirit continues to live from above. It is no parentless evolution of physical nature, but a projection or outcome from the eternal region. Corruption is not an heir to incorruption, and that principle of our being which rises in glory, a spiritual essence, was first sown before it could experience any evolution. It was always immortal, without reference to the sensuous nature. Immortality has nothing to do with the accidents of the body. It is in no genuine sense a condition to be attained and enjoyed by reason of the phenomenal occurring of corporeal death. Such an immortality falls short of the eternal life, and is little better than a mirage of the imagination. The spiritual essence, the inward man that delights in the law of God, is the fountain of our life, and confers upon the corporeal structure all its significance. We are therefore immortal, imperishable and eternal, without becoming so. The supersensuous world is not a future state, in any essential sense of the term, but is now present and about every one of us. Our life in that sphere of being is by no means incompatible with living here on the earth. It is not necessary to lay the body aside in order to become free from the contamination of material existence. The soul may again turn toward its celestial source, contemplate it, and be at one with it, and so become spiritual and divine as partaking of Deity. Thus will it be delivered from the illusions of sense and the disturbances of passion which obscure its vision, and be exalted into the region of eternal truth, goodness and beauty. Here all things are perennial: the love of good, the enthusiasm of the right and unselfish motive exceed all the limitations of time and space. Whoever attains these and lives in the exercise of them, possesses life beyond the veil which separates

the visible world from the greater universe, and is in very fact a son of God dwelling in eternity.

We may now understand intelligently these sayings of Jesus: "He that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me hath life eternal; and he cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." "He that believeth in me, even though he may die, he shall live; and he that is alive and believeth in me shall not die." The living here denoted is that of angels and the various genera of celestial beings in the eternal world. Of that region this universe is but the effigy and shadow; and of the life of that world, this sub-lunary life is but the apparition and dream.

"The sense by which we lay hold on eternal life," says Fichte, "we acquire only by the renouncing and offering up of sense, and the aims of sense, to the law which claims our will alone and our acts; by renouncing it with the conviction that to do so is reasonable and alone reasonable. With this renunciation of the earthly, the belief in the eternal first enters our soul, and stands isolated there, as the only stay by which we can still sustain ourselves when we have relinquished everything else, as the only animating principle that still heaves our bosom and still inspires our life. Well was it said in the metaphors of a sacred doctrine that man must first die to the world and be born again in order to enter into the kingdom of God."

This sacred experience is prefigured by the meeting of the soul with its diviner self at the Bridge of Judgment. The resurrection from the dead to the life eternal is denoted. It is the converse of the apostasy or abandoning of the celestial home. The Ionic philosophers, after the custom of the ages of the farther East, designated it as the *metempsychosis*, which though usually interpreted as meaning the transplanting of the soul from one body to another, rather denotes the transformation from the sensuous and corporeal to the spiritual life. The Hebrew Psalmist gives the graphic description: "He brought me out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." The soul, having become immersed in the mire of sense, and lost sight of the celestial world, is brought again to the perception of the truth, and stands erect in its native divinity, ransomed and redeemed. It is now transfigured and changed into the image of the heavenly.

The resurrection is not to be understood as a restoration from physical accident. We can afford to disencumber this subject from the gross fancies and interpretations which originate in a sensuous conception. The dead who hear and obey the divine voice are not promised any renewed pulsation of arteries and stimulating of the nervous system, but a birth into spiritual life. The fatal sting of death is taken away and the king of terrors is dethroned when we cease to wander from the right. The victory thus achieved relates to moral and not physical dissolution. "The body is dead through sin," says the great Apostle, "but the spirit lives through righteousness." "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit." "You hath he quickened; ye are risen with him through the operation of faith." "God hath quickened us and both raised us up and made us sit in the heavenly places." These declarations shut us up to the direction: "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead to sin, but alive to God."

We have no occasion for apprehension or perplexity in regard to a judgment of the last day. The form of speech is Asiatic and highly metaphorical. The event may be regarded by those whose mental purview is bounded by time as relating to some physical crisis like the consummation of terrestrial existence, or perhaps the end of life; but in the world of mind there are no such limitations. The day of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, always at high noon, without sunrise or sunset; it has always been, it is now, and it will never cease to be. It is a "last day" to those alone whose life and thought are still involved in corporeal nature; it is a day of judgment to those only who live darkness rather than light, and are wrong-doers. But they who have attained the pure life and the true resurrection are living all the while in the divine, eternal day. They are in the heavenly places, in beautiful communion with spirits and angels, and are endowed with the perceptions, faculties and energies which pertain to the life of the eternal world. We are vouchsafed the assurance that as we live in family, neighborhood, and society upon the earth, we may likewise sustain analogous relations with those who dwell in the celestial region. The basis of this assurance exists in our own being, and we confirm it by living in charity and doing the right. "In all moral feeling," says Jacob, "there is a presentiment of eternity."

The life which we live as inhabitants of the eternal world is in no sense a continuance of the life which we live upon the earth. It is not a form or mode of existence, but a quality of being. It has no part in any action which is inspired by the consideration of a result. It consists solely of the moral essentials, love, virtue and goodness. It knows no going and coming as in a region of space; there are no words for divisible conditions in the language of the gods. We have no occasion to search for any one in the heavenly world. We are in and with those whom we love, and are permeated by them through all our being. We recognize rather than recognize them. There is no space or limit to the human mind, and hence our personality possesses indefinite extension over the world of spirit. The gladness of thought, the communion of love, the beatitude of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine, make up the life there; as they are felt and known here to be the highest of our employments.

The whole matter, however, transcends the sphere of common reasoning. It belongs to the universal faith which has been cherished alike by seers and sages. It pertains to the world of ideas, the prior realities which came with the spirit from the eternal home. Let no one, therefore, seek to intermeddle and exercise dominion over the faith and conduct of another in matters of the spiritual life. It may be our province to serve as guides and heralds of the eternal verities; but beyond that point each one must minister to himself. The truth, and not its exponent, will make us free. This liberty of the spirit, however, is no mere breaking of yokes and fetters, but an initiation and induction into the fullness of the divine life. We are not even made subject to the will of the Most High, but render to it a free obedience. Thus we are at one with the Divine Order which inspires and regulates the interior universe, and is supreme in all worlds. In this is the life eternal,—being without change, participation of the Absolute Good. The celestial maiden, our pure law and innermost spirit conducts us onward, not only into Paradise, but to the very foot of the Celestial Throne.

Jean Ingelow in one of her charming stories tells us that the owl's call is but two notes of music tied together with a moan.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Reception to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse.—
Report of Mr. Morse's Platform Teachings on Sunday, Oct. 25th.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

On the evening of Oct. 24th, members of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 123 W. 43rd St., to meet socially Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse. Mr. Morse has been serving the society as speaker during the present month, and this reception was tendered them ere their departure for other fields of labor. The large parlors were filled with those who have listened with pleasure to the utterances from the lips of Mr. Morse, all desirous of expressing to him and his noble controls, their high appreciation of the labor they are engaged in, and of themselves as individuals. Mrs. Nellie Brigham was present, and her controls voiced the sentiments and feelings of all present in appropriate remarks, which were responded to by Mr. Morse on the part of himself and wife, and then being taken possession of by his controls, they spoke both for their medium and themselves. It was a social, genial and altogether pleasant gathering, greatly enjoyed by all present. On the following Sunday morning Mr. Morse spoke to the Society, the first question presented being as follows:

Question.—The questions submitted consist of a series of five questions, each presupposing an affirmative answer to the one preceding: Does not consciously intelligent design presuppose a process of conscious reasoning? Is not the process of conscious reasoning, a mental contemplation of the relation and comparison of things? It being an admitted fact that the substance of being is self-existent, and that all forms of being are but expressions or manifestations of this substance, does it not follow that all states of being above the primal plane have a beginning or a first manifestation? This being true, would it not follow that a process of conscious reasoning is an impossibility on the primal plane of being; therefore, that the unfolded manifestation of being cannot be the result of consciously intelligent design? Nevertheless, intelligent design being manifest in all stages of developed being, does it not demonstrate that the primal substance of being is intelligent *per se* and knows and feels absolutely without any process of reasoning or consciousness, and that this absolute knowing and feeling directs and controls all manifestations for the development of a full and perfect self-consciousness in an individualized, personalized organism, that shall constitute a cosmic unit, evolved by and from primal self-existent substance, capable of an unending unfoldment?

Answer.—These are profound philosophical questions. We can but feel complimented that the compiler should consider us capable of grasping and satisfactorily dealing with questions that have exercised the greatest intellects that the world has produced—questions than which there are none more profound presented for the consideration of man. Time will not serve us to enter upon any extended consideration of these questions, but they may be resolved into two propositions: the primal consciousness of God, and the sub-consciousness of man.

We have, in answer to questions submitted on previous Sunday mornings, and also in our evening discourses, pointed out the gradual unfoldment and development of the sub-consciousness of being which is manifest in forms, its degree being governed by the development of these forms and their environments.

All things are parts of God, and hence developments of the consciousness of God. At the risk of being considered blasphemous, we will state a philosophic postulate: The development of the consciousness of God is always in exact ratio to the condition of the universe or world of the universe in which it is manifested. We must answer all the questions in the affirmative.

Q.—Do men who travel extensively while upon earth, and furnish the world with interesting books upon the subject of their visits to the various countries of this planet, carry the same roaming tendency to the spirit land? and is it possible for them to communicate through mediums material for the formation of written or printed narratives of their adventures there, giving an exact description of the manners, customs and mode of life of the people of the other world, and in such manner as to be easily comprehended by those still living here? Has anything of this kind been done?

A.—Travelers are the true missionaries of the race, much more so than the missionaries of the church or of science. An extended knowledge of mankind and their condition, their methods of thought and modes of living, their customs, laws, moral condition and mental development, all act as our educators. It is to be supposed that the man who loved to roam the round world over while here, in search of information, would be content on quitting this earth life to fold his hands and pass his time in inglorious inactivity; or that the power that endows him with the means of travel while here will curtail his movements in the spheres beyond? If such were to be his unhappy condition, then we might question his power and ask, Why did you not let him remain on the green earth yet many years where he could be a service to his fellow-men? But no limit is placed upon the traveler when he passes beyond the veil. They can, and if they desire, do continue to be great travelers still, and are missionaries still for those who stay at home, being eyes, ears and tongues for them. The information they gather might be and is transmitted to earth's inhabitants, are seldom or ever developed to that condition that their thoughts or the narrative of their experiences can be transmitted as they had prepared or expressed it. It is colored and distorted by the channel through which it flows to you, hence often conveys false impressions.

The time will come when mediums will be developed, through whose organisms spirits will be able to transmit their ideas without their taking false coloring from the medium, but we do not know that that has as yet been accomplished.

Q.—Do the guides who inspire the present speaker happen to know whether the "luminous cross" said to have appeared to the Emperor Constantine at the head of his army, with the device, "In this, conquer," was a myth or a reality? A spirit once volunteered to give your questioner a certain account of it, which I should like to have either confirmed or corrected.

A.—In the consideration of all phenomena that is considered miraculous, this difficulty arises. The accounts of such phenomena are almost always promulgated for the purpose of establishing the authority, the divine authority, of some particular faith or religion as the one and only faith or religion worthy of credence, or that has the divine sanction.

Hence the necessity for the caution necessary in accepting the account of such phenomena by the adherents of the faith it is used to substantiate.

It is a matter of spiritual history in the Spirit-world, that a section of the Spirit-world, whose inhabitants were interested in the promulgation of the Christian religion, and in the promulgation of the faith that was later developed as the Nicene creed, did cause a luminous cross with its inscription to appear before the eyes of Constantine and others in immediate and close sympathy with him, and while it may not have been seen by the whole Roman army, by their belief in the statement of their emperor, and his friends and companions, it was present to them in that way.

This was effected by a section of the Spirit-world through the control of forces with which they were familiar, and while it was accepted as a miracle and sign by Constantine and his followers, it was no wonder or miracle to the spirits that produced it, nor could it be in any way considered as a divine demonstration by God of the truth of the Christian faith and religion.

Q.—Is instinct as developed in animals, one of the intermediate stages between the primary condition of man's existence, and his advanced stage when we say he has a living soul?

A.—What we said in answer to the first question last Sunday morning, and in our address of the evening, and to the first series of questions this morning, will sufficiently elucidate this question. It is.

Q.—Is there such a thing as an innate *a priori* idea independent of all experience, individual and ancestral?

A.—Yes, there is an *a priori* existence of all things. That is, all things have a potential existence in primeval being or God, as *a priori* ideas, and all manifestations of being are but the manifest or objective expression of an *a priori* existence. To elucidate the question would be to elucidate the question of being itself.

Q.—Prophecy?

A.—Don't prophesy unless you know. If you do, you will get yourself into trouble. True prophecy is simply the telling by man or woman, spirit or mortal, of what they know and consciously perceive, to others who occupy a less advanced position in relation to the subject of the prophecy.

Life is a constant progression to higher conditions of conscious perception and as we advance, our horizon extends, and those who are on the side of the mount of life can describe what they behold from their standpoint to those who are yet in the valley below, or still below them on the mountain side.

True prophecy is simply proclaiming what the speaker knows, to those who are not in a condition to know it at that time of their own knowledge. Nothing more, nothing less.

Q.—Who was the spirit talking during the prayer or invocation?

A.—We do not as a general thing respond to questions of this character, as the question for consideration is not, Who gives forth the utterances, but what is the character of the utterances and the effect produced? If it so be that the one now addressing you did while in earth-life bear a name that has been honored among men, he would hesitate to subscribe it to his utterances, preferring that what he says should be received upon its own intrinsic merits, rather than upon the authority of a name, for the time for the worship of authority is past, its statue has been thrown from its pedestal, and lies shattered, its fragments scattered never again to be reunited, and tyrannize over the reason and conscience of man.

But we will reply to the question as to who gave utterance to the words of invocation on this and also upon the other occasions when we have addressed you.

Notwithstanding it has been said that in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but that you shall be as the angels, yet we have a beloved companion who accompanies us in our labors with this medium, and it was she who poured forth her loving aspirations through the lips of our medium in the invocation.

There were other questions answered, but space will not permit us to refer to them.

In the evening the subject was

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

An invocation, purely vocative in form, expressed with pathos in words eloquent, tender and earnest, was addressed directly and only to our ascended brothers and sisters who have attained to high conditions of life, beseeching them in their love and pity to draw near and aid us in our search for truth.

The control spoke for nearly an hour to a large and eagerly attentive audience, treating the subject with great clearness, logical throughout, every sentence being fraught with meaning, and as space will not permit us to give an extended report, we must ignore all arguments and simply state a few of the conclusions. He said:

"It is charged that Spiritualists are an ungodly people. That they are atheists, infidels and unbelievers in God. We always deny this on our part. We are neither unbelievers, infidels nor atheists.

"We believe in God, the divine principle and power, the centre, fountain and source of all being. In speaking to you upon the making of man we began with the separation of this earth from its parent and centre, the sun; and this sun is but the child of another sun around which it revolves, and this other sun has a parent and centre also, and so we may trace them back until we stand in the presence of a nebula from which the first sun was formed, and back of the nebula stands God, of whom the nebula is but an earlier manifestation than is a sun.

"If it is the God of theology, of the churches that are seeking for the God that has been evolved by the mind of man, clothed in a mental conception that makes him what the man himself is in his low condition, only magnified many times, we shall fail to find him, for such a God only exists in the crude conceptions of undeveloped man.

"Where shall we search for God? Shall we look for him outside the universe from which distant point he directs all its movements and watches over its unfoldment? We shall not find him there. We shall find God within the universe or not at all, for the universe is the expression of the thoughts of God.

"Science has declared that power or force accounts satisfactorily for everything that is. They have taken the manuscript that theology has filed as God, have carefully looked through it, then compared it with Nature, carefully drawn a pen across the original filing, God, and writing a new word over it, have placed it away in a pigeon hole for safe keeping.

"But they are forced to admit that there is an intelligence that directs the operations of this force, and this intelligence is the God that is behind, under and within all things, and science will some day discover this, and then taking out the old manuscript will restore the good old filing and write God over the ensnare they have made.

"Intelligence, Power and Benediction constitute the divine energy which enfolds and inheres in everything, and man is the finite expression of this divine infinite. The divine principle and substance of God is universally diffused and without limit, and while it is true that nothing is created, yet everything is evolved from God."

The control limited the meaning of the term Nature to the manifest and objective form of being which is the limit that science to day assigns to it, but if we enlarge the meaning of the word nature, making it include the *all of being*, both the *primal* and the *evolved*, then nature would be God, and man its highest consciousness.

I much regret that the address cannot be given in full in the words in which it was uttered, but feeling our utter inability to attain to the eloquence and grace of diction employed, I have done the best I could to convey the thoughts expressed as fully as the limited space at our command will allow, and though clothed in my own language, I feel that I have faithfully preserved the ideas of the control. If I have failed I may congratulate myself with the reflection that no one can do better than his best.

This being the last Sunday that Mr. Morse will speak for the society at present, as an expression of its feelings toward him and his spirit controls, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, Mr. J. J. Morse has served this society faithfully and acceptably during this present month of October, speaking to us each Sunday morning in answer to such questions as those present presented, and in the evening speaking upon subjects selected and previously announced by his controls, and Whereas this society desires to express its high appreciation of Mr. Morse and of his controls, it is therefore,

Resolved, That the First Society of Spiritualists of New York do, and hereby does tender to Mr. Morse and his controls, their sincere and most cordial thanks for the highly acceptable manner in which they have administered to this society during the month just closing, and that we extend to them the assurance of the sincere love and esteem that we as a society and as individuals have for them, and the further assurance that our love and sympathy will go with them and abide with them in the prosecution of their labors for the enlightenment, advancement and elevation of mankind, in which useful field of labor we hope and trust they may long continue to serve as acceptably in the future as they have done in the past.

Resolved, That in parting with Mr. Morse and his associates in his labors, that we feel we are parting with friends who have aspirations in harmony with our own, and that we give expression to the wish that the future may again bring them among us and brighten and strengthen the links that have been forged in friendship's chain.

Mrs. Brigham will return to the society next Sunday, and will find warm and loving hearts to welcome her home.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.
New York, October 26th, 1885.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Answers to Questions. Mesianic Expectations.
SECOND PAGE.—Critical.—A Criticism of the Positions Assumed by J. Edgar Wright, Compensation and the Un-Lettered: Babes in Spiritualism. Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation. The Sea of Man.
THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Magazine for November not before mentioned. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FOURTH PAGE.—"Oxygen or God." More Pulpit Exaggeration. The Mind Cure—It Causes a Crash Among New York Women. The Pope's Letter. Death of Dr. R. T. Norgrave. General Items.
FIFTH PAGE.—Digitizing Spiritualism. What is Evidence of Design? General News. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—"Conquered at Last." Congress of the National Liberal League. A Remarkable Case of Healing. A Seance with Expiration. The English Medium. Personal Visibility as a Distance. Spirits Stalking Among You. The Idea of God. The Change in Modern Thought. Constantly in Communication with Spirits. Spiritual Experiences. Esoteric Psychological Research Society. Four Babes Weigh Eight Pounds. A Crazy Clergyman. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
SEVENTH PAGE.—The Eternal Hills Tremble. Phosphorescent Lights. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Suggestive Thoughts. Mrs. Mitchell's Ghost. The Blessing and Curse of Labor. Haverhill and Vicinity. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, Before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, Sunday Morning, May 31st, 1885.

(Reported for the Religio Philosophical Journal by George H. Meints.)

INVOCATION.

O, Thou whose sacred presence is as continually and lovingly near us in the shadow as in the sunshine; Thou who art forever just and forever kind—we look to Thee for inspiration, and we come to Thee for instruction. We do not come driven by some strange, sad fear of future punishment, but we come questioning our Father and our Mother God. We come with souls that would realize Thy sacred presence and draw from it strength, comfort and wisdom, which we so greatly need. We thank Thee that Thou art near to every soul; that prayer, however it may be offered, is heard and understood by Thee and answered in Thine own good way. The prayer of the worshiper facing the rising sun and asking for a better life, for purer thoughts, for greater strength to do good, however he may offer his prayer, it finds Thee and Thou dost answer it. The prayer of the little child awakening in the brightness of the morning folding its hands and praying, "Our Father who art in Heaven," is known and understood by Thee. The prayer of the sufferer, of the sinner, of the dying, and of all on earth in their sorrow or in their rejoicing, and of all that have passed from the limitations of the earth, we thank Thee that their prayer is heard by Thee, and that each one is answered in Thine good way.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the fair earth, for the beauty of the season just coming into summer brightness. We thank Thee for all growth of humanity; we thank Thee for the spirit of liberty and the spirit of union and harmony in the land, and for the angel of Charity which brightens the heart. O, Father, help and guide us that we may see the truth wherever it may be. O infinite love, be thou with us and teach us how to love one another; teach us how to labor for the greatest good of all humanity, and may we be made free from narrowness and jealousy, and may we grow strong in the doing of good deeds, and may the beautiful and true live within us and bear fruit in our lives forever. Amen.

It seems to me that it is time for the Spiritualists, fathers and mothers, to turn their attention to the education of their children in the spiritual philosophy. What say the spirits?

There is no bondage that a mortal can know that is so deplorable as mental bondage. Where only the body is bound, there are great and glorious things possible for the individual. If any one has ever read or informed himself in regard to the doctrine of Epictetus, one who was taught, as the name indicates, the slave's condition, he can realize that this man had a master; in the spirit he was free for he had climbed the mountains of philosophic thought and man was master of his soul. But there are errors that men generally use, dark superstitious fears, the presence of which we cannot destroy until we learn the truth. The only liberty that is complete in its breadth, depth and height, is liberty that comes through truth. Your bodies may be chained; they may lie within some dungeon cell, but no man can grasp and imprison your spirit; for that has the liberty wherewith God has made it free. Now if you have this liberty; if you no longer dread death; if you no longer fear the future; if this matter of Hades is to you a myth or a symbol and nothing more than that; if you

have grown away from the limits which priests have set, would you not have your children have this same liberty?

You ask us, "What is the duty of Spiritualists in attending to the education of their children in the spiritual philosophy?" All true Spiritualists realize the value of this philosophy whose light, shining around them, takes away the fear of death and the dread of the future. We feel the importance of imparting this philosophy to the plastic minds of childhood. It is true, that, in this Society in particular, there has been a great and continuous effort, an effort that has involved more of patience and self-denial than you who are only lookers-on can understand; an effort which has made beautiful the blossoming soul of one who is present to-day, and who month after month and year after year patiently took her place as a leader and teacher of the children who came here Sunday after Sunday. This Spiritualist Sunday school was called the Children's Progressive Lyceum. You are aware of the history of its foundation, and aware that the founder, perhaps for reasons known to himself, after a time left this beautiful idea of his for others to adopt and carry on as best they might. The idea was beautiful, and it is not dead. We cannot tell how much it may be changed before it becomes a final success. We know an effort has been faithfully made, and has been continued for years to carry the idea out to fulfillment. We know for lack of support the work lagged.

Spiritualists feel that children must be educated in the right, and they ought to know this truth; not that truth may make them free merely, but also that truth may keep them free. We assure you that at any time when a sufficient number shall rise to carry on this work, it will be taken up. You can bring the children together if you try; you can instruct them if you try; but it will not do to fold your arms and say, "Why don't somebody have a Sabbath school for the children. Work is not done with folded arms, but by those who have heart and energy, and we tell you when the people show that they have those qualities then there will be a successful Sunday school for the teaching of the children.

Please give your view of the meaning of the day of Pentecost.

You probably know the Church has a day of celebration, and its celebration is looked upon with interest by the Roman Catholics and by certain of the Protestant sects. A day rises broadly free among the Sundays of the year, a day that is called Whitsuntide. It is a day when they celebrate the Feast of Pentecost. What was it? Shall we tell you the story? We tell you of a certain number of earnest people who had grasped the light of the beautiful truth which had set them free, and these individuals were harmonious and their harmony was developed to a beautiful significance. They met together in a certain place with one accord; that is, there was a spirit of harmony which drew them there, their thoughts ran in the same channel. In the midst of that pure atmosphere of spiritual harmony, suddenly there was heard a noise as of a mighty rushing sound. If you have ever investigated Spiritualism and seen the manifestations—perhaps had in your home—you will know something about this that we read in the story of the Feast of Pentecost. At a glance you can feel the rush of the cool air across your cheek and over your hands. We believe the sounds heard at seances are something like those sounds we have already referred to; but this was not the only manifestation. The Holy Ghost, the holy spirit descended upon them. Have you ever witnessed in a spiritual manifestation the wonderful lights that came? Sometimes they are like tongues of flame—sometimes like stars—sometimes like luminous spheres—a light, a glow, a halo like that which came over the saints of old. Holy spirits came there and the Bible says they were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in different tongues. People of different nations were gathered there; they spoke in different tongues and each one heard and understood as though all had spoken in one tongue. It was spiritual communion, spirits of different tongues speaking. That is the Feast of Pentecost; that is the Bible story. The Church in its fair Whitsuntide celebrates the event of the descent of the Holy Ghost. That which has been done under like circumstances can be done again. And we read, "signs shall be given; in my name shall ye raise the dead and cast out devils." Some of these signs are given to-day, but the world don't understand it. If the question was asked to-day, "Who can do these things?" the answer comes, Spiritualists can do some of these things. It is a fact that we preach the laws of the old prophecy, the beautiful prophecy of the long ago. This gift is from God for man, not for one alone, but for all time, and only man can receive it, only man can use the gift. The Church teaches Spiritualism, but under another name. The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. To-day those who are unseen can return to earth and they come as with the sound of a mighty rushing wind. It is for man to awake and know the truth and the truth shall make him free.

Are our departed friends in spirit-land cognizant of our actions in this earthly life, and are they grieved at our errors and weaknesses?

This question comes to us over and over again. We accept it because we know that there are some who have never heard the answer. Some who ask the question say within themselves, I cannot understand how

it is, if the spirits of the dead know what we are doing, and see the follies and the evils of our lives, how can they be happy, how can there be any heaven for them?—a mother looking at the sufferings of her little child, a wife looking upon the evil deeds of her husband, or a husband looking in like manner upon the life of one he has loved so truly; and how can it be, they ask, that some child in heaven looks upon the mother, whose heart is surrounded with anguish, blinded with tears, bearing the burdens of life? On earth their eyes were dimmed for the sins of others. Is it true that when they have passed from earth to the better land they can still come back and witness these things, and their hearts still be glad and the flowers of heaven seem just as beautiful to them, and the music of the better country be just as sweet when they see the tears of earthly friends? Tell us how our friends can be happy and yet be cognizant of these sorrows and sufferings of the earthly life?

Friends, did you ever know that wisdom is revelation? Did you ever realize what wisdom is? In the better land, if your friends could see no farther than you see, if they could see no more than you see, heaven would be a place of shadows and eyes would be dimmed with tears there and the angels would cease their singing and would weep over the pains of this troubled life; but as it is, when they come to you and look at your condition, they see that out of sorrows will spring some golden joy; out of this will come some beautiful gain. The water lily grows from the mud, but its flower is white as the thoughts of angels and its sweet fragrance is indescribable; and yet see what it comes from. And so with the joys and gladness of heaven. If it were not for your sufferings, your mistakes, you could have no growth of soul. The angels know this and so they come to you and help you. They say, "Carry your crosses, we will cover them with roses; carry them, and we will help to make them lighter."

Life is much like the bitter-sweet. Did you ever notice how the berry when it begins to ripen commences with a dull color, has nothing of great beauty until the frost comes; and then the color deepens, and by and by the outside covering folds back and then there is a round and beautiful heart, scarlet and perfect; but it takes the frost to unfold it and reveal it. And so with your lives, the glory of your consolations must come through frost, and if it does not come through your personality, it must come through the trouble of some of your friends; if the pain don't strike you at first it will come through the hearts of others. Life is bitter-sweet; the bitter first and the sweet afterwards, and the sweetness is all the more perfect because of the bitterness that preceded it.

Life is a seal; break the seal and your name is found. Inside is the message of love and God signs it. The only trouble is, there are many who do not break the seal. They take the envelope, bordered with black, it may be, and weep over it until their dropping tears almost blur the pages. If they do not know what the message is here they will know it hereafter; the angels know it. O! father, help us to wait patiently, help us to give strength and courage to those who are waiting here on earth so that by and by they may understand why these things are so.

Yes, your angel friends watch over you and they know your trials; they see you under the cloud, but, oh! be faithful, think of the joy unutterable, that they can see over the cloud. Knowing this do you not know that there is joy in heaven?

Is life worth living when struggling with hopeless poverty?

Why, certainly it is. Did you ever stop to think that the trials of your life seem to you worse than they really are? Don't you know there is no one who rushes from the evils of this world—as he terms them—through that gate of suicide, dark on this side, dark on the other side, because he says, "It is not the evil of to-day—it is the evil of to-morrow I would escape." You may have had some trouble—sorrows that seem to be very dark and terrible, but when the day dawns and you rise in the clear light, the cloud does not look so dark. You may change your sphere, but you cannot remove yourself from existence, and he who takes the fearful responsibility of self-murder, awakens in the other life with regrets unspeakable. Do you feel so poor that you have no strength left to labor, that there is nothing for you to do? You may not find that to do which you prefer to do, but seek patiently and you will find some occupation. There are many who, because they cannot do what they wish, they think they cannot do anything, and so fold their arms and say, "Let me go out of the world for life is not worth living." We tell you there is more trouble in this world, more fretting over things which you do not need than there is over things you need. Poverty is not by any means the hardest thing—the greatest burden that falls to humanity. Do the best you can—we assure that life is always worth living.

Please give the philosophy of thought conveyance. When a person is impressed by our thought at a distance, is it the simple effect of our unaided mental power traversing the distance through air, in a similar way as the message goes on the telegraph wire? or is it the work of a spirit that acts as a messenger?

There are sometimes conditions that are perfectly favorable to this wonderful transfer of thought. There may be between you and some distant friend a perfect condition of harmony. At such times your thought may reach the person—the wonderful force makes itself manifest; but when conditions

are not favorable it may be possible that some spirit messenger is employed and carries the message from one to another. Both of these explanations are true. You also say, "When thoughts of a living friend who is at a distance, seem to bring that person's presence very near to us in imagination, so that we almost see the face in front of us. Is that person's spirit really any nearer to us than at other times? or is it only a subjective image of our own fancy?"

Look through a telescope at the stars and planets, do they not seem nearer to you? They seem nearer, but their actual distance is the same; your vision is aided; and, therefore, they seem to be nearer to you. It may be true that when some friend of yours in perfect harmony with you, is thinking of you, your thought is transferred to that friend, and when your activity of mind is most perfect it may seem as though the friend was actually with you. The distance is just as great but the mental harmony is perfect. It is like looking at the stars through a telescope; they seem nearer because of these conditions that favor the mental activity. We know it is true that the spirit can, under favorable conditions, leave the body, and yet between that body and that spirit there is a chord of communication, and the spirit can go a great distance so long as this chord of communication is unbroken, and can return to the body, and in such a case that spirit can be seen by a clairvoyant just as a disembodied spirit can be seen. Sometimes it is true a double can be seen. There are differences in spiritual gifts. Of these things men are largely ignorant. Sometimes a spirit is seen clairvoyantly, and the person seeing it calls it a materialization. That which is seen clairvoyantly is not material. It is only the spirit, only spiritual, and it is not to be confounded with the material.

Please give the reason why Swedenborg so strongly objected to people having intercourse with the Spirit-world through mediums.

You are, perhaps, aware that in the time of Moses mediumship was discouraged; it was not called mediumship. Mediums were those who were possessed by familiar spirits. Suppose you can go into the southern land among the ignorant negroes, you will find they are very superstitious. You will also find mediumship among them, but you will find that it does not exalt and improve them, nor make their nature more beautiful in any way; therefore, we should discourage it, only asking them to cultivate their minds, and then develop it, and it will be wise and well. Suppose that in the days of Moses the children of Israel, who were superstitious, had developed this gift of mediumship, what class of spirits would have been most likely to have come to them? The spirits of their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters; the spirits of the people who were on the same level with them. They would have received from the spirit what they would not have received from the mortal, and their condition would not have been improved. Moses knew this, and, therefore, mediumship was discouraged. In the time of Swedenborg people were full of superstitions and had narrow ideas of God and of the hereafter. Of course those who went into the Spirit-world went with the same belief and opinions they had on earth. Like attracts like. Swedenborg could receive the higher truth in all its breadth and fullness. Friends, you are living in a more advanced age of the earth; people are wiser to-day than ever before. We believe at the time of Swedenborg it was best to teach as he taught. It is a fact that the better the medium the better will be the communication. The channel, if it be pure, will not sully the water that flows through it. Now it is safe to have mediumship come to the world, and it is safe to have it developed.

MESSIANIC EXPECTATIONS.

The Jewish Ideas About Christ's Life and Mission.

The Romans Responsible for the Crucifixion.

The discourses of Rev. Solomon Schindler of the Temple Adath Israel, corner of Columbus avenue and Northampton street, Boston, have been attracting the greatest attention, not only in his own church, but from Gentiles, and a large number of the latter were in attendance Sunday evening, Oct. 24th, when the third in the course of "Messianic Expectations," upon "The Carpenter's Son," was delivered. The rabbi said:

It is not without some hesitation and embarrassment that I step before you to-night to discuss the life and mission of a man who, though he has sprung from Jewish parentage, and is said to have lived the life of a conscientious Jew, has been placed between our race and the rest of civilized humanity as a barrier to exclude us from a more intimate intercourse with our fellow men; whose very name still alienates from us the affection of our fellow citizens, though nineteen centuries have almost passed since its bearer walked the ground of Palestine. Neither must I lose sight of the veneration in which he is held by our Christian friends, many of whom love in him the ideal of a magnificent, high-minded and noble man, while millions of others still confide in him in life and death, and adore and worship him as a god. I beg you to distinguish between the ideal Jesus, who has been a creation of Christianity, and a historical Jesus of Nazareth,

as he has lived and died. All the qualities of the human soul we Israelites are accustomed to attribute to their highest perfection to an invisible, to the one God, who has created the universe, and supports and governs it in wisdom and kindness; while our Christian friends have become accustomed to ascribe these very same attributes to a human form—to that of Jesus of Nazareth. I maintain that Jesus was not the founder of Christianity, that he never planned it, nor laid its foundation, but that his personality has been brought into the church and used as its cornerstone. I claim, furthermore, that there are no historical sources from which we could derive authentic information concerning his life. His deeds, his death. There are only three sources from which it has become customary to quote in regard to Jesus of Nazareth. The first and foremost of them is the New Testament. Again I must caution my hearers that I do not believe in a divine authority in a divine authority in any book whatever, be it called the Old or the New Testament, and that I shall always refrain from arguing an historical point with a so-called believer. When we come to discuss historical facts we must be unhampered by belief. Bibliographers have long since proven that the four gospels, which, after all, contradict one another in principal points, were written more than a century later than the death of Jesus, not by eye-witnesses, but by people who collected their

MATERIAL FROM TRADITION, and who had already a principle and a tendency to affirm by their story. Their literary products lose still more in the eye of the critic by the fact that the original text has been tampered with afterward. The second source is the historian Josephus, who lived at the time of Jesus, and consequently must have known of him if the latter had indeed been a distinguished person, or of any prominence. Though he gave considerable space to the narration of minor events, Josephus originally never mentioned him. The celebrated and frequently quoted passage in the Antiquities, chap. 18, has been condemned by church authorities as an interpolation, and Origines, the great Christian writer of the third century, shows by his writings that he did not know of that passage, which consequently must have been inserted much later and for a certain purpose. Another historian, Justus of Tiberias, lived at the same time, but not a word did he mention about the man who, according to the gospels, must have created quite a stir. The third source is the Talmud, but here he is mentioned only slightly.

Behold, say our Christian friends, the marvellous growth of Christianity; see how it revolutionized the world, how it civilized the most barbarous nations; could such a success have been achieved if its founder had not been a man of great prominence, if he had not been able to impress his contemporaries with his mission to such an extent as was needed for their future success? Granted, they say, there are no authentic literary evidences to be found concerning his life and deeds; is the mere existence of the church not evidence enough for his greatness? do not facts prove more than words? But even according to Christian sources, nobody dreamed less of such a structure than his supposed originator. Christianity was not his work, it was the product of peculiar circumstances, which all worked together in such a marvellous measure that we cannot fail to see the finger of God in its origin and development. The downfall of Hellenistic idolatry, which had been prepared by Greek philosophy long before the expiration of the Roman republic and the decline of the Roman empire, the great migration of nations, which issuing from the north, took a southward course, and changed the geography of the world, the death of antique civilization in the waves of barbarism, which, like a second flood, burst upon it and covered the whole world for a considerable length of time—all these circumstances together produced what to-day is called Christianity.

Taking it all in all, what do we really know about Jesus of Nazareth, the so-called Messiah. Although volumes have been written concerning his life and deeds, his whole history could be inscribed almost upon the nail of the thumb. Jesus, an abbreviation of Joshua, and Latinized into Jesus, was born of humble parentage. He was the son of Joseph, a poor carpenter, and Miriam, his wife, who were both also the parents of several other children. It matters little to the historian that millions of people ascribe to him a divine origin, and believe him the offspring of an immaculate conception; there are many more millions of people who believe to-day the very same story, but apply it to another man, to Buddha. Not only that such statements are unhistorical, I dare say that the passages in the gospels relating them were never written by a Jewish author. They were the products of a Grecian pen. The Greeks believed in the intercourse of their gods with mortal women, and saw no disgrace in such an adultery. All their heroes were semi-gods. Even Alexander the Great attempted to insinuate that Phillip was not his father, and that he was the son of a god. Greek really cared little that the chastity of their women was questioned whenever the customary compliment was rendered to man by

CALLING HIM THE SON OF A GOD. The Greek and Roman populace would have never believed in Jesus, the man, the reformer, the martyr, or the Messiah, but it was easy for them to accept him as the son of the Jewish God Jehovah. The Jews, on

CRITICAL.

A Criticism of the Positions Assumed by J. Clegg Wright.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In recent issues of the JOURNAL considerable space has been given to a number of addresses delivered at the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting by J. Clegg Wright. These discourses seem to have been received with favor and by some to be considered as products of no mean inspiration. After a careful perusal of them I feel more perplexed and bewildered than pleased or enlightened, and, like Mr. Haskell, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Watson, of Memphis, I desire to express my dissent from, and astonishment at, such teachings. I will not here touch upon either of the discourses which those gentlemen have already commented upon, but will confine myself to the lecture entitled "A Psychological Explanation," printed in your paper of September 19th.

This extraordinary effusion is well interlarded with certain phrases and expressions which are calculated to give it a strictly scientific coloring. It is a verbose string of rhetoric, which, at first sight, looks very philosophic, but upon closer inspection reveals a number of statements and affirmations which override historical truth, common sense and common experience. I may not have penetrated to the "true inwardness" of this essay, but there are some statements in it which are too plain to be misunderstood. In illustration of an absurd theory concerning the physiology of the brain, this speaker refers to that great and eminently good man, Goethe:

"Hence a critic, upon the death of the immortal Goethe, in summing up his remarkable virtues and his astounding vices, pronounced him to be a monster in vicious criminality and a genius of surpassing brilliancy in all which pertained to intellectual power and imagination."

Such things are spoken from the Spiritualist platform as "inspiration," and received without protest! Goethe's earth-life, which ended, like a glorious setting of the sun, in the month of March, 1832, at eighty years of age, is so well known, and has been so fully and minutely described in all its phases by himself and many of his eminent contemporaries, that fortunately there need be no controversy about any portion of his career. I hope Mr. W. or his friends will inform us who that "critic" was who did such "summing up" of Goethe's "astounding vices," and then "pronounced him a monster." Mr. Wright is respectfully called on to produce at least a semblance of proof that Goethe, in life or in death, has ever been charged or suspected by any sane person, at home or abroad, with a crime of any sort or any criminal trait or vicious propensity whatsoever. I have lately been reading some of Johann Peter Eckermann's "Conversations" with Goethe during the latter years of his life. Never have I been so profoundly impressed by any man's thoughts. Oh, that I could convey to your readers a faint perception of the matchless grasp of intellect, of the wonderful spiritual insight and the magnetic and uplifting power of character of this good and rarely gifted man, who, in every respect was one of Nature's noblemen. We don't meet them very often. I think it disgraceful to see such a man characterized as above.

In every one of his lately published addresses Mr. W. repeatedly insists upon the importance of a "correct psychology," and labors hard to give us an outline of his improved version of the same. It is an abstract subject, he says, and must be treated metaphysically. If any of your readers can decipher passages like the following, they can do more than I can:

"Man senses in three sensational modes of consciousness, length, breadth and thickness, and the philosophy of form is the philosophy of the Spirit-world, when correctly rendered. You know everything in form. There is a concept in consciousness, which is form, and the mind conveys to every objective idea, that every object in nature is the idea the mind gives to that objective idea, when harmoniously related to consciousness of form."

A friend of mine, to whom I applied for an interpretation of this and some other passages, gives this opinion: "Such metaphysical redundancy has considerable length, breadth and thickness, but not much sense or consciousness."

In another place we are told that, "completed reason" means this: A power to sense in length, breadth, thickness and color; a power to classify.

The basis and method of this man's reasoning, from beginning to end, seems to be that of the materialist who is trying to explain all mental phenomena as results flowing from the properties of matter and the physical organization. "The life principle in nature"—whatever that may be—in association with the organization—no matter how that is brought about—combined with circumstances, surroundings and environments, that's the formula with which Mr. W. proposes to unlock the whole mystery of life and being. Is such an explanation anything more than a childish play with words? That great Presence, who lives through all life, extends through all extent, seems to be a superfluous in his psychological scheme.

"Comparative psychology," we are told, "is one of the most important and interesting of subjects. What can there be more interesting for a man to think about than to try to find the marvelous intellectual power displayed in the little ant?" * * * It strikes me this is the line upon which the intelligent man, in the days which are to come, will find the spiritual demonstrations of the future—in comparative psychology.

I presume when this branch of study gets well under way, "Intelligent Spiritualists" at their camp-meetings will fully come up to the attitude of those professors of natural history, who, at one of their annual meetings spent considerable time and talent in discussing the tremendous question, Why do roosters crow at midnight?

The animal, probably, has no higher destiny to accomplish than to provide for its physical being. Its highest effort is to provide for the needs of its body, and secure its future in its offspring. This accomplished, it gives no indication of any other or higher destiny. It manifests no aspirations, and makes no effort for spiritual culture. Such being the limitation of the destiny of the individual animal, it is accomplishing the highest purpose of its existence, when it yields its life to supply the needs of higher organized animals, which in turn yield theirs to help supply the needs of man. As the mineral kingdom is the basis of the vegetable, and becomes pabulum for vegetation, so, in the progressive unfolding of individualities, the vegetable is accomplishing its highest destiny when, by its elaboration having prepared matter for the animal kingdom, it surrenders its trust by the dissolution of its individuality. During all these progressive unfoldings of form, life and mind, all individualities preceding the human must yield their lives to the needs of the higher. Thus man is the ultimate of individuality of form, of life, and of consciousness;

that is, he embraces the perfected conditions of all that is below; so that being the continent of all that is finite, he is united in his inmost with the infinite, and becomes receptive, consciously, from the infinite. Thus, while in the chain of existence, form and individuality come from, and through the finite, the spirit of life and thought and feeling and affection come from the infinite fountain. Tracing the highest individualities downward, we reach the material and finite in the lowest stages; tracing the living, the conscious, the voluntary and affectional upward, we find the infinite and the eternal, as the only limit by which we can be bounded, and rest satisfied with.

The latter portion of this lecture is to illustrate the utility of the improved and enlarged psychology for comprehending the sources of vice and sensuality prevalent among mankind, and according to this speaker—particularly as evident among persons exercising gifts of mediumship! Cerebrum and cerebellum play at see-saw with one another. What weakens one, strengthens the other. Active and regular exertions of the cerebrum (intellectual efforts) exhaust this part of the brain, and "thereby necessarily increase the activity of the cerebellum, seat of the lower propensities. Consequently, if I am weary from intellectual exertions, I get a headache, etc., then I feel greatly invigorated physically, have increased appetite, etc., and if one gives a loose rein to his animal propensities, and indulges in exhaustive dissipation, he thereby increases his capacity for intellectual work. We all know how well daily experience corroborates this psychological discovery. How strange that sexual vice, being the result of intellectual overwork, is found "in its most marked phases with the undeveloped races of the world;" that is, with those who do the least amount of intellectual work. Hideous logic! And such argumentation we are asked to swallow as inspiration.

The importance attached to the utterances of "trance-speakers" by uncritical or inexperienced persons, has justly excited the ridicule of those who detect in mere prolixity and florid verbiage, very human failings. Epes Sargent, in his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," says, p. 135: "When the influence impelling the trance-speaker is that of wisdom and reason, I can listen to him with profit. But it is often impossible to distinguish between what comes from the occult powers, the unconscious reminiscences, or the trance-speaker himself, and that which may come from some prompting spirit. The flowery fluency of a trance-speaker must not be taken as a proof of power; rather is it an evidence of weakness. Even granting that such mediums speak from some foreign spirit, inspiration, that spirit may be inferior to many a mortal in sound judgment and intelligence. The spirits that assume great names, and influence the medium to talk in a style that revolts our sense of truth, of good taste, and of identity, must be brought to the bar of our highest reason, and judged by its verdict. That spirits, as well as mortals, may deceive; that they may be influenced by vanity or ambition, and may afflict us by verbose twaddle, is one of the facts which modern Spiritualism daily discloses; and in this it is doing good service if we only have the wit to see it; for the fact explodes some ancient and respectable errors in regard to the Spirit-world."

"The absence of these considerations leads to deplorable cruelties. That spirits may sometimes play cross boxes on unsuspecting mortals, is made probable by the history of fanaticism in all ages, and our modern experiences go far to affirm it as a fact."

The frequency of cases of moral bankruptcy on the part of professional mediums—the theme of the last part of Mr. Wright's lecture—is owing to causes which lie in the Spirit-world quite as much as in the earthly surroundings. But here, too, he is a false teacher. He says: "I will not place upon the Spirit-world the vices which are observable in the world to-day." The amount of influence exercised by spirits on our earth, I venture to assert, is great and wide-spread, and cases where it amounts to absolute obsession can be found in almost every village. But while this invisible spirit-action upon the dwellers of earth is almost universal, it is a question for man, to a great extent, whether such action is benedictory or not. We discuss this question with any thoroughness would make this article altogether too lengthy, but I cannot close without adding a short extract from a series of spirit-communications which are probably the most reliable and instructive, the most coherent, consistent and rational of any that have been given to our world, but which yet lie unnoticed on the bookshelves. My kind reader, read and ponder this:

"We have been particular in our statements, because we are anxious to reiterate the warnings we have frequently given, as to the danger of attack by deceptive and personating spirits, whom you know as the undeveloped. Of late, too, we have told you that trouble and perplexity were at hand through this same cause, and we gave you special warning lest you should fall a prey to their attacks. We have ascertained that the spirit who falsely pretended to be working with us is a personating spirit, whose aim is to injure and retard our work."

"We need to explain fully on this point. You have heard of the antagonism between the adversaries and the divine work which is in process amongst you. There is a direct antagonism between them and us, between the work which is for man's development and instruction, and their efforts to retard and thwart it. It is the old battle between what you call the good and evil."

"Between the progressive and the retrogressive. Into the ranks of that opposing army, gravitate spirits of all degrees of malignity, wickedness, cunning and deceit; those who are actively spurred on by the hatred of light which an unenlightened spirit has, and those who are animated by selfishness rather than by actual malice."

"It includes, in short, the undeveloped of every grade and class; spirits who are opposed, for infinitely varying reasons, to the organized attempts to lead men upward from darkness to light, with which we are associated in company with hosts of others. It would appear that your inability to see the operations of these adversaries, renders you unable to grasp their existence, or to appreciate the magnitude of their influence in your world. Not till your Spiritual eyes are open will you really understand how great it is, and how present."

GEORGE LIEBERKNECHT.
Geneva, October, 1885.

A wine merchant in Hamburg has bequeathed 1,000 thalers per annum, the interest of his capital, to the baldest man in the city, with the proviso that should a man turn up with no hair at all on his head he is to take the entire capital.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Compensation and The Unlettered Babes in Spiritualism.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

Whoever looks back to the history of Christianity for the first three or four hundred years, will not fail to discover that the spirit manifestations of those centuries, bear a close resemblance to those of the past thirty-eight years. The difference is only that which might be expected in the changed condition of society, that nearly two thousand years has brought about. The present century has given us inspired persons of all ages from the infant in the cradle to old age. Only a few days since I read a very able series of religious discourses, delivered impromptu, by a farmer eighty years of age. An uneducated man, and yet his spirit so abounding with inspiration as to hold large audiences spellbound with his eloquent utterances.

The gentle Nazarene, a prince among the inspired, was found disputing with the learned priesthood at twelve years of age. Some of our able trance speakers, long in the field, commenced speaking at the same age, and delivered as able discourses at that time as at any later period of their public service. Most of the persons that figured prominently in the early Christian era, were persons in lowly life, and unlettered men. Their tongues being touched with the fire of inspiration, gave them power and lasting fame. The twelve apostles were of this stamp of men. A large share of our test mediums and trance speakers lay little or no claim to scholastic knowledge. The early Christians had a Paul, and here and there a man of learning. Our dispensation has given us a Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, Professors Hare, Mages, and other men of letters; but by far the greater share of the work has been done by those of lowly birth and calling. Only a comparative few in the higher walks of life are willing to labor in any field involving a loss of prestige, and inadequate money compensation. Advance thinking would make very slow progress were it not that some persons are so constitutionally made up that if they know the truth they must speak it and defy the consequences.

The Christian dispensation took cognizance of the body as well as the soul. It looked to the building up of the temple of the spirit—of this it had a watchful and a patient care. The present outflowing of spirit intercourse has been marked by the same characteristic. Not long since I sent "The Missing Link" to a lady who is a member of the Episcopal Church. She read the book with interest, and soon was herself developed into a writing medium. A few days since I received a letter from her, informing me that her sister is confined to her bed with sickness; but her father, mother and sisters in spirit life, tender their sympathy and watchful care. This she says is a great help and comfort. The philanthropic quality of Spiritualism is specially manifest in its earnest solicitude concerning the sick. It may be safe to say that most persons who have labored in the cause of Spiritualism for some years have been compensated for all the abuse and misrepresentation they have been called to submit to, through the benefits received from the Spirit-world.

In 1863, for the previous fifteen years I had much trouble with my eyes; they had become so bad that I gave up reading entirely, and banded them by gas-light. That year I met Dr. Newton. With his inspired fingers laid upon my eyes, in one minute he cured them, and I have had the use of them ever since that time. I thought myself abundantly paid for all the cold-shoulders ever turned toward me by the opponents of spirit intercourse. In truth, I felt that I had a goodly sum in store to draw upon in balancing future frowns.

In 1878 I became so seriously afflicted with calcareous deposit, that for over six years I was in the main confined to my bed. I had the advice of various physicians. The last one I called told me very frankly that he could do nothing for me. I concluded not to be cut to pieces by surgeons, but to patiently wait my time of departure. A few months since there called at my house a strolling clairvoyant woman. The servant girl came to my room and said there was a stranger at the door desiring to know if any one in the house wanted the services of a clairvoyant. I replied, "Show the woman to my room." I readily discovered that she was an uneducated, ignorant woman. Her knowledge of school-houses must have been from an outside view. She said that for fourteen years she had been traveling about giving clairvoyant examinations. She declared that my difficulty arose from drinking hard water—was aggravated and continued by that. Thinking it possible that the woman might be right, I turned a short corner, and commenced drinking soft water. Many years since, I discarded tea, coffee, and all stimulating drinks. For some nineteen years I had been drinking hard water from the same well. In changing to soft water I filtered it through photographer's fine filtering cotton, and boiled all the water I have drank since receiving counsel from the stranger woman. Her name I did not think to ask. At the time she called, for six years I had not been able to sit in a chair to eat a meal. I could not bear my own weight. I had to eat standing up, or lying down. Following out the woman's advice, I am now able to sit up in a chair for an hour or more at once, using a rubber cushion. I can be on my feet from one to two hours at a time. I am jubilant over this gain. I may always be an invalid; but the change to me is a very important one. I am ready to exclaim, "Eureka! Hallelujah! Hosanna! and hurrah!" for the spiritual babes of the new dispensation. A religion that can be daily demonstrated by the most lowly, was not born soon to pass away. If this itinerant woman had remained in town long enough to attract the attention of the regular physicians, they might have given her a chance to slug and pray in prison, after the fashion of Peter, in the long ago. If the humble Nazarene and his uneducated apostles were in the form again and traveling through this State (N. J.) assisting the blind to see and the lame to walk, they would have, themselves, to walk pretty fast to keep out of jail. That kind of benevolence is very unpopular with the regular profession. Curing the sick without pills is an abomination to them; and with the approving smiles of the churches, they have got the legal gates shut down very close against the exercise of spiritual gifts. Those two very respectable gray-haired old ladies, the Catholic and Protestant Church, would seem to be in their dotage, otherwise they could not desire to suppress the evidence of a future life, or any of the kind of spiritual manifestations which gave life and vigor to the Christian Church for the first four hundred years of its existence.

I feel so much indebted to the Spirit-world for this later assistance in my improved health, that I can well afford to say to the

opposition, come on now, with your grapes and canisters. I am quite ready to fight it out with you to the close of life, for I shall never turn back on that which I know to be true. Of course, my orthodox friends will think I have made a gain in health in a very undignified manner.

Harriet Martineau gives an account of a sickness that lasted her for some six years, and most of the time she was obliged to suspend her literary labors. Before her recovery, magnetic healing sprang up as a new thing in England. It was very unpopular with the aristocracy and the clergy—the latter thought they saw the Devil's hoof in it; but Miss Martineau had grown out of her orthodox education, and sent for a magnetizer, who very soon restored her health. Her mother thought it a great scandal upon her family that her daughter had been cured in that "vulgar method." It produced a family quarrel; but Harriet justified herself, saying that if any friend or relative of her own had been for six years an invalid, she would gladly have them cured in any way possible, and assist them, even to ride a broomstick if it would do any good.

This is the first manuscript I have made sitting up at a table since the fall of 1878. Others were written either lying in nearly a horizontal position or kneeling down on pillows.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The announcement that Mr. J. J. Morse, the eloquent English orator and trance medium, was to lecture at our "Little Church Around the Corner," Sunday, Nov. 1st, attracted good audiences. The morning lectures are given to Spiritualists; the evening lectures are more adapted to the general public. The audiences, both morning and evening, were attentive and appreciative. The number of people, owing to a severe wind and rain storm in the evening, was not as large as it otherwise would have been, but for such a disagreeable evening it was exceptionally large and intelligent. The subject in the morning was, "Spiritualism, Its Basis." The controlling spirit assumed that a communion between the world of spirit and of matter had always existed and would always exist, as man was a part and parcel of the Divine; that this communion was not to demonstrate solely the fact of the continuity of life, nor to establish the personal identity of any spirits who had passed to the beyond, but that it was the resultant of the spiritual nature of man, and was in perfect harmony with God's laws; that it meant much more than personal communications from one's grandfather, aunt, mother, wife or friend; it was the unfolding of spiritual laws in this life, and would bring all humanity into a due appreciation of divine truth and love; and such an appreciation would bring the world into closer bonds of unity and peace—liberty, equality and fraternity.

The lecture made a marked impression on the audience. The delivery was clear and forcible; gestures and elocution exceptionally good, and the discourse at times was permeated with a glowing eloquence as if fed from Promethean fires. The lecture was preceded by the reading of a poem by Mr. Morse, which was finely executed, and a prayer to the source of all life and love. At the close many waited to grasp the speaker by the hand and to congratulate him on the auspicious opening of his course of lectures in our city.

The subject for the evening discourse was "Dead Gods versus Living Hopes." The spirit took into consideration the superstitious of all the ages in regard to God. He alluded to the dogmas of theology, and showed in a clear and reasonable argument that such gods must necessarily die, because they were based upon ignorance, superstition and man's selfishness. It was argued that the philosophy and religion of modern Spiritualism had already done much to bury these dead gods of the past beyond any hope of a resurrection; that among the living hopes of to-day was a better appreciation of God's eternal love, of the blending of the two worlds in a harmonious unity. The living hope of our age was the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man." The spirit argued that Jesus of Nazareth comprehended this great truth, but the church had failed to perceive it or work and live in accord with the teachings of Jesus; that one of the living hopes was the equality of man, and that among the dead gods of the past was priest-craft, king-craft and political-craft, which in the clear sunlight of the 19th century would soon be among the things of the past. Another living hope was to make the best use of the life that is, here and now, and as we lived our highest and noblest now, the dead gods of the past would not cloud the horizon of the present, nor dim the glory of the coming day, when men and women would love instead of hate; when truth and justice would prevail, and the onward march of the race would be universal and in full accord with man's highest intuition, noblest aspiration, and in harmony with divine law. This would give us clearer perceptions of spiritual truth, better judgment of the deeds of the great throbbing heart of humanity, and hence bring us all nearer to God, nearer to doing the very best here and now without fear of future punishment or hope of future rewards.

Our Mediums' Meetings continue to be largely attended. The opening remarks today were made by Mrs. Emily C. Pike, M. D., who spoke of several phases of mediumship and gave an account of an occurrence at one of Mand C. Lord's circles. A few evenings ago a gentleman from the interior of the State called to see Mrs. Lord and brought a small slate which he placed on the floor with a crumb of pencil, and then put his foot upon it. He heard the scratching of the pencil, and found upon it six or eight names of friends. He had spent \$5,000 in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, but had failed to get the evidence which now came to him so convincing. Mrs. Lord is located at 195 Adelphi Street, near our church, for the winter.

Mrs. Holmes followed, and spoke of some of the perplexities which meet the investigator, and where we could have evidences so clear and satisfactory as would be given by Mr. John Slater, all could be convinced. The speaker deprecated the stimulation of phenomena, either by mediums or spirits who controlled them.

Mrs. Edith E. Reynolds was entranced, and spoke of the anxiety among all present to receive evidence of the presence of their spirit friends, and urged each one to be receptive, and then the sensitive whom the Spirit-world would use, would be strengthened and sustained.

Mr. Slater's tests were, as usual, clear and satisfactory—one especially to a gentleman from Maine, a stranger, who received very convincing evidence from a friend killed in the civil war.

Mrs. Holmes gave an account of an orthodox friend of hers who received a test from Mr. Slater at a previous meeting, which had astonished him greatly.

Mr. Slater will be with us every Sunday afternoon, and will hold a séance in our church every Wednesday evening during the winter. His agencies, both at his rooms and at the church, are largely attended.

Our meetings are attracting from the surrounding country. Among others present today were Mrs. David Jones and Mrs. N. Hopkins of Ulster, N. Y. S. B. NICHOLS.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1885.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Manhood as a whole may have a direct interest to a philosopher, but the rest of the world of humanity finds its chief interest in the individual. It is as an individual that I pass through life. I am caressed as an infant, whipped as a mischievous boy, loved and caressed once more as I rise into manhood. Through life a standard of individuality is upheld to which I am expected to conform; and it is not until this special individual form of mine has become valueless that nature seizes it, and scatters its particles into the one general whole.

The world is run, or runs itself on the basis of individuality, so I have parliaments to make laws for me; kings and presidents to enforce them; armies and fleets to fight for me, whilst policemen keep guard that I may slumber in security; and all this most obviously because I am an individual. The relation of one individuality to another is the thought of the scientist and the despair of the theologian, and is a theme upon which more confusion than light has often been thrown by Spiritualism.

Man has been trained to think of himself as about half way in the scale of individuality. On the one hand he counts up from the dawn of life to himself and proudly proclaims his sovereignty. On the other, he starts from manhood up through angels and archangels to a great personal God, whose humble slave it is his destiny and pride to be through all eternity. The scientist stops at the first half; the priesthood work the second for all it is worth, and amidst the contradictions that spirits and inspired teachers bring from supernatural realms, Spiritualists can select almost any particular doctrine that suits them best.

But this individuality is the marvelous fact of existence, and standing by itself, is an insoluble mystery; and the reason I now make it my theme is because I believe there is a yet grander fact in nature that solves the problem, and points humanity to higher heights than can be scaled by mortal man, or compassed by his intellect.

I presume most readers of the JOURNAL are familiar with Darwinism, or the doctrine of one form gradually evolving from other forms. I do not propose to stop now and analyze it, or point out what I believe to be its one sided view of nature's facts. The reason I allude to it is because it is a science of forms; and students who would to-day trace for us the origin of mental action, point us to molecules moving hither and thither in the human brain, by which molecule and motion they say human action is determined. But a molecule has shape; so this, too, is only a science of forms, outside of which the man who to-day writes himself scientist, finds nothing worthy of notice; and our whole training—nay, the effect of our surroundings; is such as to enforce a regard for forms, whether it be of disgust or admiration. So form and individuality mean to us the same thing since we cannot think of one without the other.

I presume that most of my readers realize that they do not think of any object without ascribing to it form. When we are away from home, nature as a divine artist hangs the pictures of those we love so well upon the walls of our memory. The criminal suffers agony, not because the forms of those he has wronged stand to him as a reality, but because his fears are all associated with forms of detectives, policemen, solemn judges, listening jurors, turnkeys with keys to iron grated doors, inside which he sees the form of himself; and possibly he dreams—also of a form as of a gallows with a pendant rope, and another form as of himself standing trembling on the verge of eternity. So all human life seems dependent upon its conception of forms, and yet of everything that has existence there is nothing so deceptive as form.

Man's perceptive powers have been supposed to be dependent upon just five faculties or attributes, which philosophy as he holds as a sort of capital or stock in trade with which he must do the business of life. These are called his senses; and if we will think a moment, we shall see that civilization means that man has been extending the range of some of these senses of his. Microscope and telescope give to man's sight, new worlds of life through which he travels to gain knowledge and experience; and though the savage ear is keen to catch sound of friend or foe, yet the medicine man knows nothing of the instruments whereby the physician of to-day listens to the beating of your heart, or the passage of air through your lungs. Every sense traces its sensation to form; so it is at this point we must stop and determine what we mean by form. We may find this a broader and deeper theme than we now imagine, leading on to truths of the soul that must be learned ere man can comprehend his own manhood.

To be continued.

"A deacon in a Western town recently died," says the New York Commercial Advertiser. "His pastor soon paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved widow. She asked the minister if he would like to see the funeral wreath. He assented. She led him to the much-prized memento and pointed out its peculiarities. In a broken voice she said: 'The red flowers were made of his red flannels; the white ones of his white flannels. The stamens were made of the coffin shavings and the pistils of his beard. The berries and buds were made of the pills that were left when he died, and the feathery part was made of the feathers of the last chicken dear James killed before he was taken ill.' All this she said without a pause for breath, and ended her ghastly description of the treasured wreath by imploring the bewildered clergyman to lead in prayer."

The largest cotton plantation in the world is E. Richardson's, of Mississippi. He owns plantations in the Mississippi Valley that in ante-bellum days were valued at nearly \$12,000,000—among them the famous Wade Hampton plantation. They are valued now at \$1,000,000.

Hornford's Acid Phosphate.

ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEVERS.

Dr. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(105 West 20th Street, New York.)

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and the tread of war,
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight gloom;
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love woven in;
Click, click! and another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity.

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one,
Or to-morrow? Who knows? Not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know,
And someday the last thread shall be woven in,
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web, say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.—Anon.

Mrs. G. C. Smith of Springfield, Ill., has been for some years collecting materials for "Women in Sacred Song," which will soon be issued by Lothrop & Co. It will contain 2,500 hymns and religious poems, together with 150 pieces of sacred music by women, from the year 1545 to the present time. Professor Waite pronounces it a monumental work among evidences of what woman has done in the highest walks of poetry and music. It is a quarto volume, illustrated and handsomely printed and bound. Certainly anything which covers such an important subject, demands the attention of all who are interested in woman.

The introduction is written by Miss Frances E. Willard.

PAPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Last week we gave, among others, some extracts from an essay called "A Plea for a Purpose," by Dr. Alida Avery of Denver, Col. After an eloquent plea for the right of the girl to follow the lead of her tastes and talents, she discourses

UPON HOUSEWORK.

"Perhaps somebody asks how I expect the common household duties are to be done, if girls are brought up with the notions suggested. Well, in the first place, I think that housekeeping, *per se*, will come to be established upon a very different basis from that it now has, when it has a chance to show how truly it deserves, and should claim, a position among the fine arts. Probably each of us knows one or two women, and as many men, who have a decided talent—genius even—for housekeeping; people who, like Alexander Hamilton in his statesmanship, are able at once to take a comprehensive view of the general principles involved, and to grasp the details in their relative importance and harmony which make the complete whole. Housekeepers of this sort, like poets, painters, musicians and other artists, are 'born, not made,' but, like the others, they are able to impart to less fortunate beings an insight into the mysteries which are to them an open book. 'Kitchen gardens, cooking classes, industrial schools, schemes for co-operative housekeeping, are glimpses in the right direction. They are paths opening toward the bright, good time, of reformed, honorable, hygienic housekeeping. Now we pay a man forty dollars a month to take care of our horses and stable, and we think it cheap enough; we pay a woman twelve to twenty dollars a month to take care of ourselves and our children, to prepare our food, to attend to the multitude of minutiae which mean comfort and health or the reverse, and we count it a great extravagance. Compare the outlay of time and strength, and the intelligence requisite to meet the responsibilities of the two positions, and decide if there is common sense or common justice in such division of work and wages.

THE REASONS WHY.

I think there are two prominent reasons for the miserable discrepancy: 1. The household labor market is crowded with unskilled women; and 2. the low rank in the social scale in which skilled household laborers are placed. The first reason will disappear when all industrial avenues are freely opened to women, and when women learn to accept the inflexible law that skill and success depend upon fitness and training.

"The second reason—the low rank which skilled household labor takes in the social scale—is caused by such a variety of influences that I will make no attempt at a complete analysis of it. Half the human race being thrust, *volens volens*, into one kind of business, the other half naturally thinks that what any single member of the too crowded house corps accomplishes can't be of much account, whence the easy inference that she who is always doing what is of little or no value is of small account herself, and therefore entitled to small respect. Why shouldn't boys, as well as girls, learn the alphabet of housekeeping? Stephen Powers, in describing the domestic traits of the California forty-niners, says: "Death was in the pot any how. Many a hapless fellow was brought to an untimely end before the great truth became generally disseminated that the beans must be boiled two hours before the pork was introduced into the kettle. Dried apples slew their thousands, heavy bread its tens of thousands." I don't think boys would be at all injured by being taught how to set a table nicely, to put upon it a wholesome meal in a good appetizing style, and to serve it deftly to them who set at meat. I believe that boys would be as happy, and would develop into quite as thoughtful and manly husbands and fathers, if early it became their duty to make and keep their rooms clean, orderly, healthful and attractive. Who knows how many fevers and consumptions might be prevented if children were instructed that their bedding must always be spread open to the air and the windows opened before they leave their chambers. I can't see the equity of the household law that makes it obligatory upon the girls to do the sewing of rents and buttons and strings, and the darning of stockings etc., etc., for themselves and their brothers. A much more just and sensible arrangement would be for each to learn enough of needle work to be able to keep his or her clothing whole and tidy.

Dr. Avery then recalled a conversation with an Accident Insurance Agent of a company, after ascertaining that the only "accident" which could add to our financial resources must be fatal. We heard this response: "Why, women's time ain't worth any thing, you

know, and if any one of 'em was insured and got just a little hurt, she'd, as likely as not, lay abed pretending she hadn't got well, just to get her twenty-five dollars a week! No, men, we can't afford no such risk! Here we have it—the popular estimate of the value of woman's time, and alas! of her common honesty, also. How warped has her character become through the influence of ages of dependence, of undisciplined power! It is not difficult to see why her work commands such pitifully small wages. . . . Let women have training, let their lives have purpose—purpose high, noble, adequate—and they will find, as men, have found, that time is money; nay, that it is vastly more than money—that it is the capital of heart and mind whence are developed the heavenly treasures that neither moth nor rust nor thief affect nor diminish. With disciplined power added to, and bringing into practical efficacy, her diligence, virtue, temperance, patience, and charity, the woman of the future will shine forth God's own evangel of peace and purity. It is for each of us, friends, to do what we will to hasten, or delay, her coming."

The succeeding paper upon "Necessity of adjustment between social and business life," was from the pen of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago. It is good enough to give in full, in every paper in the land. A few extracts must suffice. Speaking of the American tendency to overdo, she asks:

"Why should there be so many broken down men and women; why the multiplicity of sanitariums and rest cures; why such a large number of insane people? I make answer, and feel sure physicians generally will agree with me, 'tis because men and women take too little recreation. There is not enough leisure time in our lives, business obtrudes upon our social life. The best work can be got from a machine when it is taken care of. The steam engine, with the just amount of fuel and care, runs for years without strain or injury, accomplishing its regular task with safety and precision. With a trifle too much steam, the boiler bursts and the whole machine becomes in a moment a useless wreck. The best work is done by men and women who take care of themselves. I mean to say the best, persistent work is done by such persons, for history teaches that those who have robbed the day of its hours at those extremes, count fewer days in the calendar of lives. . . . And what shall I say of the housewife? Full of multitudinous cares, who forgets that her strength is not equal to perform the labor of three women, who tries to do all her own sewing, baking and preserving; who devotes evenings, spent by her husband in the clubs, to the darning of stockings, and the patching of pants. The goal of this good woman is to help her husband get rich. She succeeds, maybe; breaks down in the effort, goes to the insane asylum, or hastens to her reward in the next world, and leaves wife number two to enter soon into the enjoyment of the fruits of her labors and economies." Dr. Smith did not describe the spiritual starvation which follows such constant occupation, but the psychologist and spiritualist can readily draw their conclusions.

The next paper was a report by the secretary on Health Statistics on Women College Graduates. This gave the result of inquiries made and statistics gathered by the Association of College Alumnae, which we can scarcely touch upon. It is noteworthy that the figures concerning outdoor exercises between the ages of eight and fourteen, show that the per centage of those now in good health increases just in proportion with the amount of exercise taken. The death rate of college graduates and of their children when these graduated marry, are exceptionally low.

FROM NEW YORK.

Dr. Anna B. French of this city, followed with a carefully prepared paper on "The Comparative Effects on Health of Professional, Fashionable and Industrial Life." Dr. French avers that women "start out severely handicapped by circumstances and conditions for which they are not responsible, and finds that working women, as a rule, suffer more or less severely. Although a fashionable life can be brought in comparison with that of the self-supporting woman from but few standpoints, yet the results are scarcely more happy, or satisfactory as far as health is concerned—in one case than the other. The strength of one who lives for pleasure, such an one as makes fashionable life her business or calling, is scarcely less overtaken than is that of the hardest worker in manual pursuits. Nor does she bring a greater intelligence to bear upon health and the means of preserving it. . . . We come now to inquire what effect a professional life has upon the health of women. In the school room and college, I am sure there is not a tithe of the sickness and chronic invalidism seen, as there is in the same relative number of manual workers. The professions of law and theology furnish us with a comparatively small number of exponents, as compared to any other class we have considered—but as far as direct observation goes, in a comparatively limited circle, I should say that their health was as a rule excellent. It is, perhaps, in the medical world that the wear and tear of professional life has its fullest sway. The unfortunates in the workshop, and the fashionable one in her carriage, are alike in this, that they have no resources to fall back upon that are within themselves, and at command, when the hour of need comes. And now, Mrs. President and ladies, in closing, may I not ask again, 'better health for women, can be met? It seems to me, if I may be allowed the suggestion, that the women of this congress, reaching out as they do every where, are the ones to put in action some executive initial measures that will make themselves felt in time, all over this broad land."

Magazines for November not Before Mentioned.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) The November number of this sterling monthly begins the thirty-first volume. Special stress is laid on all the departments. A Cloud on the Mountain is a romance of Idaho ranch life. A Story of Seven Devils will be found humorous and ingenious. The Mystery of Wilhelm Ratter, by Helen Hunt Jackson, is a tragic romance. Henry James' Bostonians is continued. John Bodewin's Testimony gives promise of much interest. A Photographer's Visit to Petra, illustrated, will attract more than usual interest. The second paper on Living English Sculptors is well written and finely illustrated. Several life-like illustrations accompany the Typical Dogs series. General Grant's paper describing the campaign and battle of Chattanooga, will excite world-wide interest; with it is given a full-page portrait of General Grant from a photograph taken at McGregor. A discussion of the question of possible unification of American Churches has begun in this number. Other articles, by well-known writers, poems and discussions with items of interest, complete a most satisfactory table of contents.

THE JOURNAL OF HEREDITY. (Chicago.) Vol. I, No. 1, October, 1885, of this journal is at hand. Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett is the editor and will aim to make it a popular Scientific Quarterly. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Religion and Political Economy; Final Cause; Rufus P. Stebbins; Oriental Religions; Editor's Note-Book; Review of Current Literature.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (Manchester, N. H.) Questions and Answers in all Departments of Literature are found in this issue.

DIO LEWIS' NUGGETS. (New York.) Articles and suggestions on Sanitary and Hygienic matters are here presented.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. II. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.30.

The second volume of the works of this popular author is before the public. It contains A Joy For Ever; Manera Pulveris; The Two Paths; Unto this last, and The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century. We doubt whether the works of Ruskin will contain any volume more interesting or more characteristic of the author than the one which has just been published, comprising five separate works upon some of the gravest questions in social economical life, as viewed by Ruskin. The discourses have been reproduced as originally delivered; but Mr. Ruskin has nearly doubled the size of the work by addenda, and we have, therefore, the Ruskin of 1857 and 1880.

THE WORKS OF RUSKIN. Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.30.

John Ruskin ranks among the foremost of prose-poets, but few readers are aware that in his early days he gave promise of high excellence as a poet. In 1850 Ruskin collected these poems into a volume of which he had a few copies printed for private circulation. The poems are here republished and are worthy of perusal. The volume closes by three lectures entitled The Pleasures of England.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. These essays, twenty-eight in number fill a volume of 250 pages, and for a prefix Mr. Alfred Angier contributes a clever criticism. Each and all the essays are well worth reading, being the original collection made by Charles Lamb.

New Books Received.

WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.30.

NATURAL THEOLOGY; or, Rational Theism. By M. Valentine, D. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

The Spirit-World: Its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. It is the nature of this work to solve the momentous question, Whither are we bound? and will be found of great interest. The price has been reduced from \$1.25 to 50 cents a copy, postpaid. For sale at this office.

100 Doses One Dollar is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week. Use only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Bible—Whence and what? By R. R. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. A great many facts and a great deal of reliable information in regard to the Bible, is brought together in this book, and it is a valuable contribution to the history of the Bible. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Brooklyn has been paying for 14 tons of coal and only receiving 12 for a number of years. The cheat has just been found out.

A mystery as to the cause of the death of a San Francisco man was solved at the autopsy by the finding of a lemon seed lodged in his intestine.

The pickle crop of this country last year was just four pickles to every man, woman and child. This year it is short, not more than a pickle apiece.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Head.
Allays Inflammation.
Restores the Senses of Taste, Hearing & Smell. A quick Relief. A Positive Cure.
CREAM BALM
has gained an unenviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is not applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY'S CREAM BALM, Druggists, N. Y.

ELY'S CATARRH CURE
Cures Catarrh of the Head.
Cures Catarrh of the Eyes.
Cures Catarrh of the Throat.
Cures Catarrh of the Lungs.
Cures Catarrh of the Bladder.
Cures Catarrh of the Rectum.
Cures Catarrh of the Uterus.
Cures Catarrh of the Vagina.
Cures Catarrh of the Cervix.
Cures Catarrh of the Ovaries.
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 14, 1885.

"Oxygen or God."

Such is the title of an editorial in *The Interior*. It is always well to acknowledge the merits of our neighbors, and we frankly and cordially say that this editorial is clear and suggestive. By this we mean that it is clear and strong, so far as it goes, and suggests still more, further along on the same line and in a path familiar to the thoughtful Spiritualist. *The Interior* says:In Mr. Munger's splendid essay on "Immortality" in the last number of *The Century*, occurs this terse and suggestive sentence: "If we do not live when we die, we pass into the hands of oxygen." Oxygen is another name for fire. Incineration or immortality, then, is the alternative, which, from a scientific standpoint, is the probable thing?

The philosophic mind has always pointed unmistakably toward immortality. Free to deal with the higher elements of man's nature, it has out of intellectual tendencies and moral intuitions constructed a not doubtful argument for the life beyond. But latterly science has come along to undermine that argument. It has sapped and mined the physical structure put of which man grows, until the top-lights of reason and conscience have tumbled down like the dust and been extinguished. Science has been saying to philosophy: "You build an immortal prospect out of your dreams and visions and desires. You are deluded. The dream is a 'baseless fabric.' See, I build man out of the dust, I account for hope and love by the combinations of dust. Plainly, when the dust of death comes over the man, it covers the whole of him."

We say, thus science did talk. But that was a few years ago, and short time makes great changes. The more conservative science does not talk so destructively. Extreme materialism is not worth a thought, and is abandoned by best scientists. And in place of the destructive denials of immortality, what is now put forth as the scientific postulate? An uncertainty, or rather an unknowability. Force, it is seen, has expended its power energy, when it goes through with matter. Mind and consciousness and hope are not explained. There is at least a possibility that there may be something in them. The last attitude of science is to fold its arms at that point. It is unscientific to dogmatize about the unknowable. As a matter of fact the very silence of science at this point implies a great confession.

This states well the reaction from bald materialism now evident in the scientific world, but we must keep in mind that the materialistic bias is still strong, and will be while so-called science ignores mind—immanent, positive and supreme—as a leading factor in the process of nature and the being and destiny of man.

Science falls back on "the unknowable" of Herbert Spencer, and this is shown up in a keen way as follows:

If a man's eyes are closed, and he is knocked down, he will be unable to locate or describe precisely the force or the person who has fallen upon him, but it would plainly be a logical blunder for him to say, "I was knocked down, but whether any thing or body knocked me down is an unknowability."

To talk of the unknowable suggests something beyond the range of the outward senses, and that something science will not touch or treat of. It only weighs and measures and analyzes the outer shell of things which we call matter; puts the cart before the horse; makes the machine creator of the living force and of the ruling intelligence behind it.

The problem is handed over to philosophy or theology, small matter which we call it *The Interior* thinks, as to another Master, and we are told:

Well, first of all it is willing to accept lessons from science as far as science will go. It will walk along the base of the world in an examination of facts. It will hear all that science has to say about the progress of life on the globe. And what is that lesson? Progress in nature has been upward, toward more, and fuller and freer life. Indeed, life has risen out of death. Oxygen is the origin of all life. But oxygen is fire. So from fire, which would now kill, have all plants and animals risen. Further from immensity to finely organized and highly sensitive, this has been nature's uniform path. At last, science gets to the end—in man—the last product of the evolutionary process. There, in noble reason and infinite faculty, the process, so far as science can see, stops.

Two courses of thought are now open to the inquirer. The one, says with extreme science, "That ends it all. Let oxygen do the rest. It is a fine fabric. Now let it be burned up. It took untold ages to build it; now, oxygen, with one puff, turns it into smoke and cinders. Let all the imagination and hope and faith and love that it took all history to build, be in an instant raised inextricably with the dust out of which it sprang." That is, as Mr. Emerson once said, as if a father with infinite pains and love and toil should rear, educate, train his children, and then suddenly shoot them down!

The other path is given as that of "a divine philosophy," making man king of nature and heir of immortality. This noble ar-

gument, broader than any dogmatic creed, comes from a leading Presbyterian journal, and shows plainly that if science has swung away from materialism the sects have swung away from narrow dogmatism. The editorial has this fine closing:

We believe an argument hitherto unspoken—blatant at least, in Mr. Munger's paper, but never fully emphasized—may yet be built on the force and direction of science, as philosophy's most unanswerable argument for immortality. Science pushes the man on and up to the edge of a chasm, but it has pushed so tremendously that when it suddenly draws back its hand the man does not drop into the dust, but, pushing out wings under the energy of the increasing fullness of his life, continues in immortal flight the direction of the broken path of its earthly plodding.

All this is in the line of the spiritual philosophy. We accept it and give it glad welcome. We would verify and emphasize it all in such way that no scientific materialism or agnostic unknowableness could deny it. Give us one single fact of spirit presence and power and, as John Wesley well said: "The whole castle of materialism falls to the ground." Science may ask many such facts, to correlate and compare; we answer they are plenty as the fallen leaves of this golden autumn; as many and as well proven and critically tested as those which are held as demonstrative and irrefragable proof of anything which science holds established. Herbert Spencer and Tyndall may sneer or slight them, if they will, but they are sure to win at last, for even great names grow dim when the testimony of "a cloud of witnesses" verifies the soul's intuition—that "word of God" within us, more lasting than the granite hills.

How long will *The Interior* ignore these facts, or hold that they are devices of Satan? When will it come to see that the "divine philosophy" which it upholds, finds in them such proof of immortality as "the pride of science, falsely so called," cannot gainsay, and that they verify the inspired words of prophets and apostles, and add new light and glory to the best pages of the Bible?Let scientists and theologians study the spirit-life within man and the spirit-life beyond. Clairvoyance will show sight without the material eye; clairaudience will give hearing without these dull ears; magnetism and psychology will reveal their subtle sway, healing and controlling by spiritual power only; psychometry will show mind enduring longer than brazen tablets; and now, as of old, we shall find the "spirits of the just made perfect," demonstrating their blessed presence and power—the power of mind over matter, of the living spirit which outlasts the wreck of our perishable bodies. *The Interior* believes in the "celestial body" of Paul. Let that intuitive and inspired statement of the Apostle be verified and established as a truth of spiritual science, and it would be easy to meet modern skepticism with its own weapons and win the victory.

Evolution, as taught by Darwin and modern science reaches up to man as a physical being and stops there. Force and law go no further, and mind as a positive and guiding power, or as the existing Soul of Things, is ignored or denied. The Spiritual Philosophy teaches that "The intention of nature, the Divine plan everywhere manifest, is the perfection of man as an immortal being; this world, this primary school, the great university beyond the tomb, death the graduating process," and that

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made."

This philosophy is verified by the study of man and his relations and faculties as a spiritual being, and in the light of such study materialism and agnosticism fade away.

The whole Christian church are really seeking this same "consummation devoutly to be wished" by all spiritual minds; as is shown by the fact that, in essence, *The Interior* editorial agrees with us. But for this great study the rubbish of creeds and books, as authority over the soul, must be cleared away—a process slow yet sure in the light of modern thought. While it goes on we can work and wait, "without haste and without rest."

More Pulpit Exaggeration.

The Chicago *Herald*—never addicted to the practice of sensationalism—has a short but suggestive article on "More Pulpit Exaggerations," in answer to the statements of Rev. Mr. Kennard. *The Herald* goes on to say that statistics of immortality are the most deceptive things in the world. A man may estimate the number of drunkards and abandoned women, the amount of money expended for whisky, the deaths for which liquor is responsible, and so on, but his guesses are not trustworthy statistics. As a matter of fact, there is no way of ascertaining these things accurately, yet we frequently find men whose lives render them the most incapable of forming a correct estimate reeling off figures as glibly as though the facts were all a matter of record. Rev. Mr. Kennard is the last clergyman to enter the field with a pretense of positive knowledge of the extent of wickedness in Chicago. He says there are "6,000 drinking places, 40,000 men addicted to excessive indulgence in alcohol, 1,300 known places of gambling, and 10,000 or 12,000 abandoned women in Chicago." In answer to these statements the *Herald* says that "Mr. Kennard is a false witness. He has stated a palpable untruth. If he has the reasoning faculty he is censurable for not employing it in order to save himself from the utterance of such manifest falsehoods as the above. It is on such irresponsible statistics as these that outsiders form their opinions of Chicago, and we may expect to see Mr. Kennard's libelous imaginings made the text of many homilies on the depravity of the Western metropolis."The *Herald* claims that if by 6,000 drinking places Mr. Kennard means that there are that many public bars where intoxicants are sold he has more than doubled the number. This is a matter of record, and no man is excusable for mistaking the fact when the actual figures may be had at the city hall. The allegation that 40,000 men are addicted to excessive indulgence in alcohol is absurd, and a moment's reflection would have convinced anybody but a preacher of the fact. If there are 40,000 drunken men in Chicago then every third boy and man above the age of sixteen is a drunkard. Does not Mr. Kennard know that to be false? His statement that there are 1,200 known places of gambling in Chicago is also ridiculous. There are not that many known gambling houses in the United States. His estimate that there are from ten to twelve thousand abandoned women in the city is a reduction of 60 per cent. on the figures of another imaginative divine, but it is still a vicious falsehood. The police authorities, whose means of acquiring information on this subject are fully as trustworthy as are those of the clergy, place the number of abandoned women at not much above one thousand.In conclusion, the *Herald* says:—"What is gained by these exaggerations? What is the use of a preacher slandering the town which gives him a great church to preach in, a comfortable parsonage to live in, which puts clothing on his back and feeds him and his family? The cause of religion is not advanced thereby. Immortality is not checked. These frightful exaggerations may alarm and terrify a few, but they do no good, for they carry their own refutation. All things considered, would not the cause of religion be more surely advanced if all its ministers would tell the truth?"

The Mind Cure—It Causes a Craze Among New York Women.

It appears from dispatches received from New York that Sorosis has a new hobby, and is distracted by it in more ways than one. The controlling members are enthusiastic converts to the belief that the mind cure is a scientific verity, by means of which nearly all diseases can be cured through the operations of the mind, unaided by medicine or other than mental treatment. This doctrine had come no nearer to New York than Boston, where it originated, until Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl began a sort of evangelism in advocacy of it. She was known and esteemed by the women of Sorosis, and on her arrival in that city they gave a dinner and reception in her honor. On that occasion she described in a careful speech the theory and practice of the mind cure—the substance of it being that the ills of mankind will usually disappear as soon as the sufferers are convinced that nothing is the matter with them. It is distinct from the faith cure, and is not religious at all. In subsequent interviews Mrs. Diehl fully explained the subject, and several of the most distinguished women's right women cured themselves of real or imagined sickness. Now Mrs. Diehl has opened an office for the regular working of the mind cure. She charges fees, and is in the thing as a matter of business. The Sorosis is consequently torn by the knowledge that their organization has been used to boom a selfish undertaking. Their faith in the mind cure is not disturbed however, and the craze seems to be well started on a run in New York.

The Pope's Letter.

A Rome cablegram to the *N. Y. Herald*, Nov. 7th, states that the pope had signed a new encyclical letter, authorized translations of which into English, French, German and Italian are being made. An ecclesiast who enjoys the confidence of Leo XIII. has most courteously communicated the nature and object of the papal decree, which is of the utmost importance to the Catholic world, and is as yet unknown except to a few personages in immediate relation with the holy father. The document is in two parts. One defines the rights of the church in all existing governments, and sets forth the pope's views on the relations of church and State. The second draws a harrowing picture of modern society, which is suffering for having abandoned the principles of the Roman Catholic church, and falls consequently to provide for or to relieve the working classes. These, hungry, miserable, and deceived, have lost all respect for civil and religious authority, and now seem on the verge of overturning the entire social fabric of Europe in revolution and anarchy. The pope at first entitled his encyclical "Liberalism," but he has now decided to call it "State Government." This document will be a memorable act of the reign of Pope Leo XIII.

Death of Dr. R. T. Norgrove.

Dr. R. T. Norgrove, who resided at No. 188 20th st., this city, passed to spirit life on Sunday, Nov. 1st, at the advanced age of seventy-two. The funeral took place on the following Wednesday, Dr. Thomas officiating. The body was taken to Syracuse, N. Y., for interment. Dr. Norgrove was an excellent healer and electrician, and was instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. He had received indubitable evidence of the truth of Spiritualism through the mediumship of his devoted wife, and he knew that when he laid aside his physical body, that he would be greeted by the spirit friends who preceded him. He was a man of generous impulses, always had a kind word for the unfortunate, and he goes to spirit life with a clean record, and will continue there the good work he inaugurated here. Mrs. Norgrove, who is an excellent medium, and respected by all who know her for her many sterling qualities, will remain at the old home for a short time, and then return to her friends at Syracuse, N. Y.

GENERAL ITEMS

Jesse Shepard is in St. Louis.

Mr. Freeman Barnum, Proprietor of Hotel Barnum, St. Louis, has been appointed Collector of Revenue; but this will not change the management of the Hotel Barnum.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. E. V. Wilson, will answer calls to hold sances and give tests from the rostrum. Address box 80, Lombard, Ill.

C. P. Somerby, business manager of *The Truth Seeker*, New York, gave the JOURNAL office a call last week. He has been traveling in the West in the interests of his paper.

Dr. E. W. Stevens gave us a call last week, on his way to Wilmington, Ill., to see a patient. He is doing an excellent work as a lecturer and healer.

Mr. E. B. Collins, Alden, Iowa, called at the JOURNAL office last week en route to New York State. Mr. Collins has taken the JOURNAL since its first appearance and cannot now do without it.

Mr. O. J. Demmon, Rawhide, Wyo. Ter., says: Mrs. H. Mitchell of Cheyenne, is doing an excellent work healing and curing the sick, and he feels justified in recommending her to those needing medical aid.

Owing to illness the editor-in-chief is still unable to attend to his private correspondence. He hopes correspondents will have patience, and not defer information or views on important matters because of not hearing from him.

Walter Howell's subject next Sunday evening is, "Can God Forgive Sin?" Mr. Howell is engaged in organizing a Ladies' Aid Society, and as soon as a place for meeting is agreed upon, public announcement will be made.

Express money orders can now be obtained of the following Companies: American, United States, and Wells, Fargo & Co. They are probably safer than postal notes or money orders as at present managed by the Post Office Department.

George H. Proctor, editor of the Cape Ann, Mass., *Advertiser*, visited Chicago a short time ago. He was favorably impressed with the city, and writes glowing accounts thereof to his paper. He gave the JOURNAL office a call.

Some Earthmen from the interior of Africa, now in London, are only four feet in height. They live almost entirely underground, and subsist on insects. They use a sign language. These people are the lowest in the scale of humanity of any yet discovered.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the slate-writing medium, will not return to Chicago this winter, though her many friends in the city and surrounding country would like to have her do so. Her residence this winter will be in Hope, D. T., where her husband is publishing a paper.

Elder Huret of the Baptist church, predicts the end of the world in 1932. He says that the next year will exhibit symptoms of the coming event, after which startling events will develop rapidly, such as: the moon turning to blood, the sun refusing to shine, etc. He has many followers.

The North and South Central American Exposition at New Orleans, opened last Tuesday. The promises of the American Exposition are bright and most encouraging. A grand Exposition, in many respects more attractive than the World's Exposition, is assured.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles is spending a few days in Chicago and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bundy. Mrs. Sayles is on her way home from the Woman's Congress lately held at Des Moines. Since that meeting she has visited Omaha, Minneapolis and Dubuque for philanthropic purposes.

Out of one hundred and thirteen samples of food submitted by public inspectors under the Food and Drugs act to the medical officer of the Parish of Islington, England, during the last year, not one was found to be adulterated! This will be a shock to the pessimists who hug themselves in the belief that in this devil-driven age honesty is impossible.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 4th. Mr. Dawbarn would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 403 West 23rd St., New York City.

A Psychical Society, so-called, has been organized in St. Louis, with Reverend Snyder, the Unitarian preacher, as President. If the selection of this reverend gentleman is an indication of the bias of the organization, it were better to name it the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Farce, unless we are incorrectly informed as to Mr. Snyder's attitude toward the spirit hypothesis.

Mr. A. P. Miller, editor and proprietor of the *Worthington* (Minn.) *Advance*, called at the JOURNAL office last week. Mr. Miller has clearly demonstrated that a country paper may advocate Spiritualism, and yet be a success. He had a severe experience for several years, but has come off victorious. He is now on his way to New York City to superintend the publication of a couple of books. The JOURNAL commends Mr. Miller to its Eastern readers with whom he may come in contact during the winter.

The funeral took place the other day in Malpas churchyard, Cheshire, of Job Formston, who was born, according to the register, in 1783, and was consequently in his 102d year. "Old Job," as he was locally designated, had a most retentive memory, and would discuss the events of his boyhood with visitors who frequented his cottage. He was an inveterate smoker.

Physicians have to pay \$50 for good skeletons and \$30 for common ones. The preparation of them is growing to be quite a business. The most difficult part of the process is to clean the bones without marring them. Medical college janitors pretty nearly monopolize the trade. The French excel in whitening the bones and making them more presentable.

Religious ceremonies at Mecca this year have been on a scale of unusual magnificence. The silk covering for the Kaaba which the Sultan sent this year has been valued at \$75,000, and that sent by the Khedive for the same purpose at \$60,000. Both are black moire, richly embroidered in gold, and so large that each of them covers entirely the whole Kaaba.

Dr. W. A. Turner of Baker, Kan., in writing to this office, says: "I am sure that a good lecturer could do much good at Hiawatha, our county seat. There are a number of the faith there and many more could be made."

Messrs. Thos. R. Knox & Co. will issue in November, Mrs. Susan G. Horn's new book, "Next World Interviewed." The Spiritualist public will recall the popularity of Mrs. Horn's first book published some years ago, entitled "Strange Visitors."

Theosophy has given up its miracles, writes the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*: "Still retaining their belief in the existence of a brotherhood deep in the mountainous recesses of Tibet, their belief in Mahatmas who lived for a thousand years, and in their astral bodies passed from Scandinavia to Australia, from London to Calcutta, without difficulty, the Theosophists have nevertheless surrendered their early faith in Mme. Blavatsky's mysterious letters, placed by invisible hands in locked cupboards. I saw the other day a drawing of Mme. Blavatsky's rooms, showing how she worked the miracles at her occult shrine."

Father Bonomi describes the "False Prophet" as a man of towering stature, with a fat, round face, and hard, unquailing eyes—unquestionably a fanatic, honestly believing in his mission to restore the pure Islam. His authority over his adherents was unlimited. He prohibited singing, except in honor of the Prophet, and also smoking, and transgressors of these edicts were punished with one hundred stripes from a whip of hippopotamus hide. A first theft was punishable with the loss of the right hand and a second with that of the left foot. Father Bonomi says that he saw several of these cruel amputations for petty offense.

Victor Hugo's coffin, says a Paris correspondent, is an object of much interest to foreign and other excursionists visiting Paris. A lamp throws a light on the coffin, and the now defaced, tarnished and moldy crowns that are heaped up around it. All that were made of natural flowers have been thrown away, but they remained long enough to communicate the odor of decay to the others. So far the heaps of floral wreaths have served to hedge in the coffin and keep amateurs of souvenirs from pulling off the cloth upon it. The moldy flowers are often pilfered, and there is a trade carried on outside the Pantheon in cast-off violets which have figured on ladies' bonnets, but which are offered by the vendors as coming from Victor Hugo's tomb.

Under the heading, "Gleanings in the Fields of Spiritualism," Mrs. Emma Harding Britten has a bright article in a late number of the *Medium and Daybreak*, London. We quote a single paragraph: "The Society are about to enter upon the tenancy of a beautiful hall, wherein I hope once in each month to meet and greet the serried crowds that have hitherto assembled in a most unpromising locality. My last engagement was made memorable by a debate in which my opponents, of the amiable and well-mannered 'local preacher' type, had full justice rendered them by, my eloquent, learned and popular chairman, Alderman Barkas. I had the pleasure, too, of taking part in a spiritual conference inaugurated by the lady mediums and lady members of the Newcastle Spiritualists' Society. These pleasant features of progress and brighter prospects yet ahead, have induced me to reserve in my present notices the great Northumbrian centre, Newcastle, as the culminating point of interest in my brief and imperfect sketches."

A curious case of witchery comes from a suburban county in Georgia. An old negro woman who has been gaining a livelihood by digging herbs in the mountains, asked for bread of another negro woman named Clements, who lives alone with her children. The Clements woman refused to give the beggar any thing to eat, whereupon the root digger pronounced a curse upon the house and inmates. She returned a few hours later and told the Clements woman to prepare to die, as she would not live until morning. The Clements woman started to pick up a stone to throw at the beggar, when she was seized with terrible pains in the back and side. She crawled to the house, where she died in convulsions. Poison was suspected, but a medical examination failed to reveal the existence of any poison, either vegetable or mineral. The Clements woman had three children, all of whom are now ill, and it is thought may die. Over the door of the negro cabin was found a conjure ball, consisting of red rags

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

"Conquered at Last."

A PRIZE POEM ON THE GRATITUDE OF THE SOUTH
FOR NORTHERN HELP.

[Some time since the *Mobile News* offered a prize for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should be judged most meritorious, expressive of the gratitude which existed in the Southern heart toward the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence. This offer called forth seventy-seven competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee to whom the manuscripts were submitted decided in favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Ewe, of Augusta, Ga., which we print below, as in striking contrast with the present attitude of Southern Congressmen and a good portion of the Southern Press.]

You came to us, once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain.

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke,
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds
Must heal."

We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.
"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts are sore,
And 't was to the conqueror" on every door.

But the spoiler came and he would not spare,
The angel that walketh in darkness was there;

He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

You heard it, O brothers—With never a measure
You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

O! Sisters of Mercy, you gave above all these!
For you helped, we know, on your benediction.

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives, you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life for his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers, our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our heart.

Congress of the National Liberal League.

The attendance at the Congress of the National Liberal League (the American Secular Union), held in Cleveland the 9th, 10th and 11th, was not large, except when it was addressed by Col. Ingersoll, who arrived on the last day. The number of League delegates present was extremely small—smaller even than last year, at Casanoga. Out of the hundreds of leagues claimed to be still in existence, only four were represented—The Pennsylvania State League (five delegates), the Pittsburgh League (four delegates), the Cleveland League (five delegates), and the Newark, N. J. League (one delegate, by proxy). The entire number of delegates reported present by the Committee on Credentials was thirty-five. We take these figures from the report given in the *Truth-Seeker*, the chief organ of the League, whose editor was present, and who, after giving the names of the thirty-five delegates, evidently impressed with the smallness of the number, added: "We think this list must be incomplete; for we recognized several present who should have represented leagues, if they did not. But the above were all who reported to the Committee on Credentials." Yet there were in addition a few persons in attendance from some other leagues, a few who were not members of the League, and many of the Cleveland people. A friend writes that some of the speakers, among whom he especially mentions Mr. Courtland Palmer and Mr. J. D. Shaw, delivered able addresses, which deserved a larger hearing than they received. Col. Ingersoll repeated his "Myth and Miracle," his latest and one of his best lectures, to an audience of about two thousand. The treasurer's report sustained statements we had received from members of the League, that it was run by two or three individuals, with the aid of Col. Ingersoll's name, for their own personal benefit. Of the \$3,684.58 raised by contributions, etc., \$3,466.71 went to pay the salaries and expenses of Messrs. Putnam and Watts for lecturing against Christianity and in defense of Secularism, from the time they took charge of the League, a year ago. If any specific work were done during the year to advance the cause of State secularization, to proof of it appears in the report of the proceedings. Next week, we shall express our views on this subject more fully in an open letter to Col. Ingersoll, a gentleman with whom our personal relations, from our first acquaintance with him before he was known to fame, have never been other than friendly, but we have recent cause in connection with the Liberal League we in that spirit of independence for which he so eloquently pleads, must frankly criticize.—*Index*.

A Remarkable Case of Healing.

On the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:
Having noticed in the *JOURNAL* of April 11th, 1885, an article headed, "Remarkable Case of Healing," I am prompted to send you an account of a similar case, which I have kept very quiet about, as it was so strange I feared it would not be credited. I have resided about nine miles from Gilroy, Cal., since 1869. A. D. Cameron was a mechanic residing in Gilroy, with whose family I was intimately acquainted. Mr. C. passed to spirit life about six months ago, his family still being residents of Gilroy. About three years ago Mr. Cameron cut his left hand to the bone, near the lower joint of the forearm. The injury caused him to stop work for awhile. After the wound healed, Mr. C. attempted to resume work, but his finger pained him a great deal, being so sensitive that he could not bear to have anything touch it, and he thought he would have to have it amputated. At this time there was a medium stopping at my house, (whose name I have no permission to use), and I sent word to Mr. C. not to have his finger amputated as I thought something could be done for it. Having told my family and the medium about the circumstance, I asked the latter if anything could be done to relieve the pain, and desired to know what the spirit's thought of it. In a short time the medium being controlled by the spirit of an Indian, who complained of the left forefinger of the medium being painful, and requested me to manipulate it. At first I was so sensitive that I was not permitted to make any move until I all disappeared, leaving a numb sensation. I asked the spirit what good this could do to one so far away, and in reply he said: "You call and see when you go to town." On going to town in a few days I learned from his wife that Mr. C.'s finger was relieved of pain and that the condition of the numb sensation, his finger gave him no more trouble. As he was a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, I never said anything to him about the matter.
CHAS. E. SANDERS.
Gilroy, Cal., July 15, 1885.

E. F. Colwell writes: I like the *JOURNAL* so well that I find I cannot do without it.

A Séance with Eglington, the English Medium.

One morning, when I was in company with Eglington and Baron Hellenbach, it was proposed, by slate-writing, that we three should hold a séance without any other persons being present. This took place the evening and Baron Hellenbach, who came to the conclusion that we should obtain the best results if we allowed things to take their own course, instead of, as is usual when sêances are present, imposing any conditions or tests. This condition was fully justified by the result, and the proofs of the phenomena could not have been greater. Eglington himself declared afterwards that it was the best sitting he had ever had. Our sêance lay upon a table illuminated by three gas-burners; Eglington, whom we left completely to himself, soon became evidently in a state of semi-consciousness, acting instinctively and without conscious will. At first he sat at the table, but soon stood up and began to walk up and down, speaking in an altered voice. He asked Baron Hellenbach for a blank sheet of paper, and when a blank sheet was handed to him, taken out of a writing-case, of rather stiff note-paper, about the size of a post-card, he took a sheet, laid it upon the table, and then went to a book-case, took out a book at hazard, which proved to be Zöllner's "Transcendental Physics," which he likewise laid upon the table. He then tore off a corner of the sheet of note-paper, which he put in his hand, after which he placed the blank sheet in the book, placing likewise a morsel of lead pencil in it, and then closed it. We then united our six hands together above the book, Eglington kneeling between us on the floor, and Baron Hellenbach put a question on a matter connected with his private affairs and studies, which demanded a long answer. In a very few seconds I thought I felt the vibration of the writing in one of my hands; and when I put my ear down to the book, I distinctly heard the muffled sound that rapid writing, under such circumstances, would produce. Three quick raps, coming in the same muffled manner from the book, informed us (as usual) that we should open it, and on doing so we found, between pages 386 and 387, the latest blank sheet of note-paper covered with three lines of writing, which we read as follows: "The slate is torn off, with its edges sharp and jagged, on account of the thickness of the paper, fitted exactly; while a later examination showed a slight impression of this on the top page of the book, though not the slightest mark of the pencil. The message was written in the English language, but was not finished, and only partly answered the question which had been put. Encouraged by this result, we allowed the medium to follow his impulses, which still continued to have the character of being involuntary. He now pushed the slates lying upon the table nearer to us, and placed a blank sheet of paper in one of them, which was a double-folding slate, and another similar sheet between two ordinary slates, laid one top of the other, providing each with a point of lead pencil, and, with obvious intention, several names, namely, passed above the folding slate, probably because the wooden frame in which it was bound rendered the experiment more difficult. We then spread our hands on both slates, and Baron Hellenbach declared, after a few seconds, that he could feel the writing going on inside the slates on which his hands alone were resting. I laid my head down to the other, and distinctly heard the writing going on within them. I do not venture to assert that writing was positively going on in both at the same time, but I think it quite possible; the more so as Zöllner, in describing an experiment, narrates that, with two bits of slate pencil placed on one slate, writing was found done at the same time from right to left, and from left to right. In the case of the present experiment, the simultaneousness of the writing on both slates could not be decided, because we had no way of testing that writing was going on on both at the same moment; but the rapidity with which the answer was given seems even the more wonderful if the writing were done first on one sheet and then on the other. Now, again, the raps were heard; we opened the slates, and found on one sheet twenty-eight, and on the other twenty-four lines of writing, all of which were the answers already given on the first sheet, which had been placed inside the book, and written in well-chosen language, and very intelligently. The writing was quite unlike that of Eglington himself, with which I afterwards compared it. On the other hand, it exactly resembled not only the signature of Ernest, but the handwriting on another slate, which was given to me by Baron Hellenbach, in the English, German, and Greek languages.

I repeat, that by the light of three gas-burners, we were able to watch Eglington's every movement closely, and that no kind of suspicious circumstance of any sort was to be observed. If the skeptic, however, will deny us the capacity of sight, and assert that Eglington was able to write quickly, and in some way or other, insert the words of paper, even in this case it could only be the under side which was written on, because the top side was distinctly seen to be blank; but when we ourselves opened the slates, the top side was written upon; therefore Eglington must not only have been clever enough to write with rapidly eighty-two lines unseen by us, by the light of three gas-burners, in answer to a question which had not yet been put on the sheet of paper, which had been handed to him, but also to have been able to turn the sheets upside down when they were in a shut-up book and a locked slate, upon which our hands were resting. It here really seems as though skepticism, carried to an undue point, strongly resembles idiosyncrasy.—*Carl du Prel of Munich, in Light, London.*

Personal Visibility at a Distance.

Last week a correspondent asks the question: "Can raps, heard by a person clairvoyantly, be attributed to a friend at a distance?" I should at once answer, Yes! In proof I will state two cases that have recently come under my observation:—A friend at Whitworth wished to communicate with a friend at Heywood. The Whitworth friend went to the friend at Heywood, and the latter, who was well, and set his eyes on it, using his mind-force to tell the Heywood friend that a party would visit him on the following day at such a time. The Heywood friend was sitting quietly at home reading. He heard three raps on the table, and looking up from his paper he saw the Whitworth friend standing in front of him beside the table. He then told him that a certain party would arrive on the following day by such a train, and he must meet them. The Heywood friend did so, and found things just as the Whitworth friend had told him, through the exercise of his mind-force. The same phenomenon has occurred on two or three occasions with the same individuals. In the next case, two persons were talking in a mill, on a subject that the writer of this article had no concern in. I was some fifty yards away from them, and in another part of the mill. I heard most of what was said, and I could tell the parties were talking. I was so confident that I had heard them talking, that I went to one of them at noon to ask about the matter. She said if I would state what they had been talking about, she would tell me whether it was true. I told her the subject, and she said she had been talking with him. She acknowledged that I was quite correct.—*E. C. in Medium and Daybreak.*

Spirits Stalking Among You.

A fair-sized audience shivered through the Spiritual séance at the Leland rink yesterday afternoon. After a short prayer and song, Mrs. Carrie Tyson related a poem entitled, "The Rainbow Bridge," and then went on to speak of Spiritualism.

"I can see the spirits walking among you," said she. "I can see that lady a beautiful spirit. She seems to be comforting and cheering her. There is also the spirit of a man near, who says: 'Fear not; the storms may come and sorrows like mountains, but you have one near you who will not let you sink.' The spirit will come like a vision, and before me like a vision." This gentleman in the third row has a spirit at his side. You may not recognize her, but she's there. And I will say to you, sir, that you love Spiritualism in so far as you understand it. You are a very silent man, but there is strength underneath. Then she pointed to the Tribune reporter, who had modestly taken the back seat. "That man has great and undeveloped powers, and there is standing near him a very strong man to help him on, and some day in the solitude of his room, he will recognize him, but not through a medium. I want to say to this lady: 'Keep quiet! A spirit will guide you safely, and to this lady: 'Be cheerful! The cloud shall be rent and there are better days coming.'"

Mrs. Tyson then closed her remarks, which were followed by another song, after which Dr. U. D. Thomas occupied the time with a few words and subsequent reading of character.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Idea of God.

To one familiar with Christian ideas, the notion that Man is too insignificant a creature to be worth the notice of Deity seems at once palpable and ridiculous. In the view of Plato, by which all Christianism has been powerfully influenced, there is profound pathos. The wickedness and misery of the world wrought so strongly upon Plato's keen sympathies and delicate moral sense that he came to conclusions almost as gloomy as those of the Buddhist who regards existence as evil. In the *Tymæus*, he declares that the mortal world is essentially vile; he is unable to think of the pure and holy deity as manifested in it, and he accordingly separates the Creator from his creation by the whole breadth of infinitude. This view passed on to the Gnostics, for whom the puzzling problem of philosophy was how to explain the action of the spiritual God upon the material universe. Sometimes the relation was bridged by mediating gods or emanations, partly spiritual and partly material; sometimes the world was held to be the work of the devil, and in no sense divine. The Greek fathers, under the lead of Clement, espousing the higher theism, kept clear of this torrent of Gnostic thought; but upon Augustine's self we find force, and he was carried away with it. In his earlier writings Augustine showed himself not incapable of comprehending the views of Clement and Athanasius; but his intense feeling of man's wickedness dragged him irresistibly in the opposite direction. In his doctrine of original sin, he represents humanity as cut off from all relationship with God, who is depicted as a cruelly anthropomorphic being, far removed from the universe, and accessible only through the mediating office of an organized church. Compared with the thoughts of the Greek fathers, this was a barbaric conception, but it was suited alike to the lower grade of culture in Western Europe and to the Latin political genius, which in the decline of the Empire was already occupying itself with its great and beneficent work of constructing an Imperial Church. For these reasons the Augustinian theology prevailed, and in the Dark Ages which followed it became so deeply wrought into the innermost fibres of Latin Christianity that it remains dominant to-day alike in Catholic and Protestant churches. With few exceptions, every child born of Christian parents in Western Europe or in America grows up with an idea of God the outline of which were engraved upon his mind by Augustine fifteen centuries ago. Nay, more, it is hardly too much to say that three-fourths of the body of doctrine currently known as Christianity, unwarranted by Scripture and never dreamed of by Christ or his apostles, first took coherent shape in the writings of this mighty Roman, who was separated from the apostolic age by an interval of time like that which separates us from the invention of printing and the discovery of America.

The idea of God upon which all this Augustinian doctrine is based is the idea of a Being actuated by human passions and purposes, localizable in space, and utterly remote from that inert machine, the universe in which we live, and upon which he acts intermittently through the suspension of what are called natural laws. So deeply has this conception centralized the minds of men that we cannot but usually find it at the bottom of the speculations and arguments of men who would warmly repudiate it as thus stated in its naked outlines. It dominates the reasonings alike of believers and skeptics, of theists and atheists; it underlies at once the objections raised by orthodox against each new step in science and the assaults made by materialism upon every religious conception that would be charged with responsibility for that complicated misunderstanding which, by a lamentable confusion of thought, is commonly called "the conflict between religion and science."—*John Fiske in November Atlantic.*

The Change in Modern Thought.

The change which has come over modern thought can not be better exemplified than by taking the instance of three great writers whose works have produced a powerful influence—Carlyle, Renan, and George Eliot. They were all three born and brought up in the very heart of different phases of the old beliefs—Carlyle, in a family which might be taken as a type of the best qualities of Scottish Presbyterianism, bred in a west country farmhouse, under the eye of a father and mother whom he loved and revered, who might have been the originals of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," or the scenes of the martyrdom of *Clarel*. His own temperament strongly inclined to a stern Puritanical piety; his favorite heroes were Cromwell and John Knox; his whole nature was antipathetic to science. As his biographer, Froude, reports of him, "He liked ill men like Humboldt, Laplace, and the author of the 'Vestiges'." 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The Eternal Hills Tremble.

The jocose assertion of the first director of Harvard college observatory, Prof. William Bond, in relation to the ponderous foundation stone on which the great refractor is poised, that "even an earthquake would not move it," has at last been disproved by observations taken there on the occasion of the recent explosion at Hell Gate. Old Summer House Hill itself, upon which the observatory stands, was perceptibly shaken on that occasion. If Prof. W. A. Rogers' perceptive faculties were not at fault, the air-line distance between the observatory and Flood Rock is nearly 190 miles. Accurate time was kept at both points. The time-keeper at Hell Gate timed the explosion at precisely fourteen minutes past 11, by seventy-fifth meridian time. The time reported from Princeton at which the effect was observed there was 11:14:17. Prof. Rogers' observations at Cambridge were the following: Disturbance first noted at 11:17:14; instant of maximum disturbance, 11:18:03; disturbance ceased at 11:20. The figures are all in seventy-fifth meridian, or eastern, time. The method used to develop the existence of vibration was the placing of a saucer of mercury on the solid cellar floor. In this mercury was a speck, or flaw. Upon this point was brought to bear a microscope of 750-magnifying power, the spider line being in exact coincidence with the flaw. The first vibration perceived was about a thousandth of an inch, and recurred at intervals for nearly two minutes, the greatest swaying of the mercury being over a space of one five-hundredths of an inch.

Phosphorescent Lights.

Our German contemporary, *Die Spirituellistische Blätter*, is more occupied with the progress of the movement in England and America than in Germany. A materialist in the midst of the movement, however, attracting attention at Hamburg, where it still seems usual to bind and secure the pediment in various ingenious ways. On one occasion, however, Emil Schnappa was seated, unbound, in the corner of an absolutely empty room, the spectators forming a half-circle before him. After about ten minutes a shining ball of phosphorus arose from the head of the circle. It ascended to nearly the height of the ceiling and there divided into two, then three, portions, each of which wandered independently about the room, touching the various spectators. In some cases two persons, seated at opposite sides of the room, were touched together. Then a heavy musical clock rose playing into the air, and wandered, performing colossal beats, over the heads of the circle. A skeptic rashly struck a light, whereupon the medium was seen seated pale and cold on his chair as at the beginning. Knockings and a sound like a detonating signal were heard, and so the sitting closed.—*Light, London.*

Some Frank Confessions.

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Valentine Mott.
"We have multiplied diseases."—Dr. Rush, Philadelphia.
"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.
"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir Astley Cooper, M.D.
"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."
An old proverb says: "If a person dies without the services of a doctor, he must be called in and a jury empanelled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the person died!"—*Medical Herald.*

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of customary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

The Religion of Spiritualism. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. The author in this work holds that Spiritualism enlightens our minds, makes clear our duty and points to the way in which we can elevate ourselves. Price only 15 cents, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Gunn's Newest

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Spots on the sun were more numerous during the second quarter of the present year, April to June inclusive, than during the first quarter, January to March. In June particularly the activity on the solar surface was very great.

I would recommend Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine.—FRANK E. BURLEIGH, Farmington, N. H.

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health depends largely on the condition of the liver. This organ is easily affected because of its sluggish circulation. When it becomes disordered, stagnant blood accumulates in its venous system, causing it to discharge inert or bad bile. Many forms of disease result from its imperfect action, which deranges all the digestive and assimilative organs, and, through these, impairs almost every function of mind and body. There is no

renders the partaking of needful bodily sustenance a matter of pleasure. Whenever the appetite fails, you may be sure the stomach and liver have become deranged, and need to be corrected by the use of Ayer's Pills. C. Danly, Belton, Texas, writes: "I have taken Ayer's Pills for various affections arising from derangements of the liver and digestive organs, and find them to be a powerful corrective." If your

Better

way to insure the proper action of all the apparatus necessary to health, than to aid the stomach and liver by the occasional use of Ayer's Pills. E. A. Robinson, 151 School st., Lowell, Mass., says: "For a number of years I was stationed in the tropics; and, while there, suffered much from torpidity of the liver and indigestion. Headaches and nausea disabled me for days at a time, and it was only by the use of Ayer's Pills that I obtained relief. I know them to be the

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Best

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the composition of Ayer's Pills. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, Boston, Mass., certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills, with the formula of their preparation. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect." Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skilful combination." Ayer's

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SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The Involvement and Effects of Derivation.

The most liberal and reasonable minister of this place, in a recent discourse on the hopelessness of achieving permanent reforms by sudden and temporary efforts, quaintly said in alluding to hereditary influence: "You must not be too hard on the boy and expect to make a Christian of him all at once. Remember he is not all new; there is a great deal of his grandfather in him."

What person has not felt and fully recognized this influence of his progenitors? I can so clearly distinguish it in my own life, that I often say to myself as my spontaneous conduct is reviewed: that was my mother; or this was like my father; or sometimes smile and say, Grandfather, I salute you. I find myself walking exactly like my father, and immediately change my gait in order to crowd him out. Sometimes instead of using my own eyes I find myself viewing matters as my mother did. It is a very serious matter to consider that any of us is far from new. To exhibit how involved is the web of life of which each individual is but an insignificant factor, I will call attention to the following facts: It is very obvious that each person has two parents and that each of these two parents had two parents; and if we go on tracing back we find this increasing repetition. We will now make a calculation that will lead to curious and surprising results, and show the wonderful complexity of life. If we take the case of any person of the present day who is twenty-five years of age, and go back six hundred years—which is a comparatively short period in the history of man,—and compute the intervals of birth on the line of descent to average twenty-five years, we find that such a person is the product of an ancestry in that time numbering 33,554,430 persons. Furthermore that in A. D., 1285, there were living 16,777,216 persons who began focusing themselves in this single descendant. Not that he is all that is left of that great throng, but as far as he individually is related to them the lines continually converge until they meet in his personality. If we extend the calculation back eight hundred years, it will show that the number of progenitors living at that time equaled 4,294,967,296. As this is a much greater number than the inhabitants of the globe at that date, the discrepancy must be accounted for by frequent intermarrying, which tends to complicate the relations of the factors that enter into the problem. In view of such an intricate derivation, if you ask me who I am, I am as much confused for a reply as the sailor saved from the *Nancy Jane*. Being cast adrift with the captain of the brig and six other companions, they successively ate one another until there remained but the tar himself. He knew that the substance of all the others had entered into his own composition, but which one of them he was in particular, he was wholly unable to decide.

There is a wonderful instrument of late invention called the zoetrope, whereby several photographs of different individuals are made to blend together and produce a new image that is the composite effect of all the others. Nothing can better represent to the senses how diverse factors may combine and call into existence a compound being that is the essence of them all.

When you look into the face of your wife there is no escaping the conclusion that you see in her the reflected image of a million ancestors. Her figure, temper and personality are the resultant of converging forces that have been operating to this end through centuries. The fear she has for a mouse may be a remnant of the dread impressed upon women when they had to confront wolves in the Scandinavian forests. That flash of the eye may descend from the protesting Goth when she was forced to leave her dugout in upper Germany and take up her march for southern France. The occasional harsh intonation of voice may be the faint echo of an ancient battle cry; while the warmer glance of love may be the blossoming of an impulse left as a heritage by one of the soldiers of Caesar when he invaded Britain.

If, upon the soundness of our estimate, we make a speculative conjecture in respect to the future, and premise that our government will endure for several hundred years longer, we can clearly see that the man who is to be president in 2485 is now diffused through 16,777,216 persons; one-half of whom are men and one-half women; and from this host will now begin that converging of individuals that will, in the next six hundred years, produce the representative man. It is fair to presume that of this great number the most are now living within the boundaries of the nation, and from our cosmopolitan character what may we not venture to believe this basis of future greatness may not consist of. The patient Chinese, the cheerful-hearted negro, the imperious German, the mercurial Frenchman, and the austere aborigine, may all contribute to produce a character of which, in the present age, we can form no adequate conception. Certainly the world has not heretofore brought together from every quarter of the globe, such an admixture or furnished the possibilities that are here presented.

It is by no means always the best of what has gone before that comes again to the surface. There is now living in New Orleans a family of well authenticated lineage that has a taint of colored blood in its veins. The daughters of this family are perfect blonds. They have light hair, blue eyes, and the clearest complexion, lighting up sharp and classical features. The most beautiful of these girls, commended by gracious amiability of character, was ten years back married to a pure blooded white. The result of their union is one child—a little girl of eight years. In her the African tendency has been reasserted, and she is distinguished by a muddy complexion, large flat nose, heavy sensual lips, flat feet with a long heel, and hair decidedly kinky. Yet she is only one sixty-fourth African, and has to count back two centuries to find a negro ancestor.

Prof. Proctor has shown in his essay on "Hereditary Fruit" how touchingly certain peculiarities will be reproduced; and these are not confined to physical conformation. Mental and constitutional biases are as significantly reproduced as those that are noted for similarity of size or structure. It is often the case that a tendency or trait is for a long time suppressed or overshadowed, and will then reappear unexpectedly, as in the case of the child cited. There are instances in which the mind and consciousness of one of the parents is so positively reproduced in the child, that the latter appears as another edition or release of the original. Not only will he have all the intellectual tendencies of the parent, but is also so closely related to his source as to have a memory back of his own experience, and catches clear glimpses of what was stamped upon his progenitor's consciousness. This phenomenon, wrongly interpreted, has given

rise to the absurd notions about re-incarnation; and has furnished Poe and other fanciful writers with a basis for some very clever fiction. Antenatal consciousness thoroughly stamped upon the mind of the child, is an approximate re-incarnation of spirit thought, and the power of some persons to remember and recognize scenes that occurred prior to their procreation, is by no means an impossible one. Conscious memory may be revived after a long interval, and even after intervening generations, as physical conformations are; and cases have occurred where individuals have visited the scenes of their forefathers and have experienced a most perplexing familiarity in the landscape, as if they had before seen it in a vivid dream. They recognize the chain of conscious continuity that has extended unbroken between them and the experience of their ancestors. When it can be shown that a disease can be inherited and lie in ambush for half a lifetime and then suddenly spring into active mastery, it is by no means improbable that a distinctive thought impression may be transmitted that will become specialized when some exciting occasion brings it before the mind.

On every side we have strong proof that we are "not new"; that we are but intimately related parts of a vast and intelligent scheme from which we are powerless to release ourselves, or from which we can not assert an independence. While each has within him the pride and desire for a greater worthiness, his aspiration must struggle under the weight of burdens that have been given him to carry. His cross is already made by causes intricate and manifold, and the load is as inexorable as fate. The main source of amelioration for inherited ills is to divide them with the rest of mankind, for they are as much the property of all as they are the plague of the individual; and in the end it must be recognized that it is society as much as the person that is affected.

Denver, Col.

C. H. M.

MRS. MITCHELL'S GHOST.

Boston's Dark and Bloody Ground.

Exceedingly weird and startling stories are whispered under the breath by superstitious people living close by the house on Endicott street once occupied by Mr. Mitchell, and supposed to be the scene of the tragedy which became famous as the "Charles River mystery." There is little doubt that in this dull and dingy house a horrible murder was committed, and the body of the victim mutilated in the most terrible manner. After Mrs. Mitchell was killed at midnight by her husband her body was cut and hacked into four pieces, done up in sacks and thrown into Charles River in three separate parcels. The arrest of Peter Mitchell for the murder drew public attention to the house, which is a commonplace three-story structure in an unsavory locality. Within the past fortnight all sorts of weird and ghostly tales are told of the strange and blood-curdling sights that have been seen within the house, and it is boldly declared that the place is haunted. Unseen noises are also reported, and, in addition, those who live in the house have been most strikingly unfortunate ever since the terrible tragedy. There are few among the neighbors who do not believe that the ghost of the murdered Mrs. Mitchell is hovering about the scene of the tragedy. After Mitchell was taken to jail the tenement in the second story of the house which he and his wife had occupied was left vacant. The store on the lower floor is also unoccupied, and all the rooms are securely closed. In the upper portion of the house are tenements, occupied by three families.

About two weeks ago ghostly noises were heard in the deserted kitchen by the people up-stairs. The sounds were those of scuffling, as if two persons were quarrelling, and were very loud and distinct. Then a rattling noise was heard, followed by the fall of a heavy body and a sickening sound of dull, heavy blows, as if some soft substance was being chopped by an ax. These sounds all proceeded from the kitchen, which is dark and deserted, and which is supposed to have been the scene of the tragedy. All at once there was a rushing sound, and the noise stopped. No one had the courage to investigate, and the people in the house are extremely unwilling to talk about the matter. A strange story is told by an employee of the gas company named Megawatt. He entered the house last week to take the meter as usual. He went down into the cellar with a lighted lantern, and was busy about his task, when suddenly his light went out. There was no draught and no reason for the light being extinguished. Hearing a slight noise behind him the man turned, and a startling sight met his gaze. Passing close beside him was the ghost-like form of a woman, or rather a woman's head, arms and body, the legs being missing. The body was uncovered and was gashed with wounds. In her hand she carried a lighted candle. The specter form seemed to glide through the air up-stairs and through the cellar door, which was closed, out of sight. The horrified gas man did not stop to investigate. With a howl of horror he dashed out of the house, and he says now that nothing would induce him to go back after his lantern, which he left behind in his hurried flight.

However much truth there may be in these and dozens of other strange stories that are told about the house, there seems to be a remarkable fatality attached to the place. Just a month ago last Thursday a woman who lived in the house started to go down stairs about noon time, when she fell and struck on her head. She got up, went to her room, and laid down upon the bed and died without saying a word. The doctor was called, and found that the woman had her neck broken by the fall. Her name was Mrs. McCarthy. This strange accident caused a great deal of talk in the neighborhood, and there were some who said that she must have seen Mrs. Mitchell's ghost, and was so frightened at the horrible apparition that she fell with the result stated. One person, who attended Mrs. McCarthy's wake was a woman who keeps a small grocery store directly opposite Mrs. Mitchell's house. She took a little girl with her. While the wake was in progress this little girl alarmed those around her by saying that she saw a very bright and golden light in the entry and stairway. The others looked but could not see it. The girl once more spoke of it, and this time she said that the bright light flashed three times and then disappeared. The others could see nothing like that she described, and becoming nervous, they left the house at once. The lady who tells this story thinks that the girl saw just what she said she did, and that she is gifted with supernatural sight.

A little while after Mrs. McCarthy's death another thing occurred which shocked the superstitious neighbors. Another tenant of the house is a Mr. Sweeney. Some time ago his daughter died in the house, of typhoid fever, and was buried in a cemetery in Mat-

den. A few days ago Mr. Sweeney, who had saved up enough money to purchase a handsome headstone for his daughter's grave, started out in a team with a driver, to put it up over the grave. According to the neighbors, the horse attached to the wagon ran away and the driver was so badly injured that he died. Mr. Sweeney had one of his legs broken, and is now in the hospital. All these accidents, added to the weird stories told of the house, have excited the denizens of Endicott street.

It is further reported among the people in that vicinity that Mitchell, the husband and alleged murderer, is himself haunted by the ghost of his deceased wife, who visits him in his cell in jail at night, and frightens the life half out of him. It is said that Mitchell's cell was changed, but that it did no good. The neighbors are quite often visited by Mrs. Mitchell's daughter, who when speaking of the murder and the disappearance of her mother, stoutly maintains that she is not dead, but that she has run off with a sailor and is now in Europe; that the detectives know where she is and want to get hold of the sailor. The mother of Mrs. Mitchell is also quoted as saying that her daughter is alive. Certainly the Mitchell house looks dark, dreary and deserted enough at night to make anybody believe it haunted. From an upper window a faint ray of light struggles into the darkness, and only serves, by its feebleness, to give the place a more ghastly aspect.—Boston, Mass., dispatch to the Chicago Herald.

The Blessing and Curse of Labor.

Walter Howell delivered a discourse on the above subject on Sunday evening, November 1, at 517 West Madison street, to a very good audience, considering the inclemency of the weather. The speaker began by saying that the theme upon which he was to address them was a most important one. The labor question was agitating the minds of the masses, and well it might, for instead of labor being a means of intellectual, moral and spiritual development, it seemed to retard rather than to develop these. It is a question that enters into all spheres of society, and affects the interests of every man, woman, and child. It influences domestic, social, and political institutions, and therefore needs the highest wisdom to mold the sentiment of the public mind in relation thereto. An efete theology has tended to degrade the laborer, and to make labor servile. A true theology would place the most active man or woman near to the heart of Deity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," says every true son and daughter of God.

Man is a being of many faculties. These may be classified in a general way, as follows: Intellectual, affectional and volitional. These can only be developed by exercise. If an arm is not used it will become dwarfed; if our loves are not expressed, they become weak; if our intellect is not exerted, it remains dormant. It will readily be seen that labor develops all these faculties. We learn the nature of things by using them, and our intellect is stored with a knowledge of our environment. Our affection desires to express itself in form, and we mold matter into the form of our thoughts which can best express our affection. In doing this we have obstacles to overcome, and these evolve our will. Thus it is seen that man's trinity is evolved, and his creative attributes manifested.

If we were in love with our work it would not be toil. See how laboriously the pleasure-seeker works. He never murmurs so long as his work gives him the enjoyment he seeks. The mother will do the most repulsive kind of work and never dream of its loathsomeness, because it is a labor of love. Can we not extend this feeling to our spheres of usefulness? If we could it would take from labor many of its curses. Our artisans drop their tools the moment they hear the whistle or bell, as though the very devil was after them. Why is this? It is because they do not love their employment. If they could only see something more than dollars and cents in their work—see Divinity therein, they would want to give one more touch of love, and one more outline of thought before they left the workshop. The fact is, we have too many mechanical mechanics. There are many unskilled workmen in the shops, unbusiness-like merchants in the warehouses, illiterate men in the pulpits, butchers instead of surgeons, and in all the professions, arts, and crafts wrong men in wrong places. When our systems of education shall educe from the within of each of us that for which we are best adapted, these ills just mentioned will pass away.

The forces in nature appeal to man, and seem to say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The coal from the chambers of the hills, and the waters from the overflowing river, when married, evolve a force that lifts from the tired shoulders of the poor those burdens too heavy to be borne. The inventor's genius, also, introduces machinery that lightens labor and shortens the hours of the laborer, thereby giving him time for the improvement of his mind, if he will but embrace it.

Trades-unions, legislation, a high protective tariff, and such external means can do but little. The great work of removing the curses of labor must be done by the laborer himself. A servile spirit will make work servile. A mean motive will make work mean enough, while a noble soul will execute noble work. A man who loves his trade will put the protection of his genius into whatever he does. Labor is in no sense a curse, but ever a blessing to the worker. It is a pleasure to do what we love to do and not toil. When the heart is diseased or the lungs impaired, they toll in action, but when in a healthy condition, they work without friction; so it is with all orderly employment. When labor shall be uplifted by the thought of its divinity, it will lose all the curse with which it has been environed; the workman shall grasp hands with the capitalist, and the capitalist shall recognize the value of labor and protect it every interest with unselfish motive. They are handmaids, and never can be divorced.

In dealing with the raw materials of earth the laborer learns an ethical lesson. The iron says, "I will be your servant, your errand boy, your horse and your ship. But there are laws of my kingdom which must be obeyed, and if you would be monarch, you must first be a willing subject." In this way, the laborer learns an ethical lesson of obedience. We ought to learn from nature that obedience to intellectual, moral, and spiritual laws is the only way to happiness. If we could only get the wisdom out of our work it was designed to teach us, how wise we should be if the street-sweeper only knew the "ethics of the dust," how learned he would become! If we could but lift our work into a sphere of human kindness, how much happier we should make ourselves and others.

The tailor who makes a coat well, and with a lofty motive; the baker who desires to bless

mankind with daily bread; the servant who prepares our tea and coffee; the builder who constructs a well-built house, will in the higher life, hear the Master's voice saying, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, houseless and ye protected me. Well done." He who works most, is most like his God, for God worketh evermore.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

E. B. Fairchild, of Stoneham, Mass., spoke at 2 and 7 o'clock, P. M., to good audiences. The subject for the 2 P. M. lecture was, "Shall we be Servants of Truth? or Shall we make Truth our Servant?" The argument developed two classes of persons,—the first serving truth from the stand-point of principle, because it is right to do right, regardless of consequences. The second accepting truth from the stand-point of policy, making it a hobby horse to ride into power for personal ends and aims.

Mr. H. F. Merrill followed in the exercise of mediumship, reporting twenty-five full names in twenty-seven minutes, all but three of them being fully-recognized.

At 7 P. M., Mr. Fairchild took for his subject, "Some Objections to Spiritualism," all of which were faithfully answered.

Mr. Merrill followed with the exercise of mediumship, reporting thirty-nine names in thirty minutes, all but one of which were recognized.

The First Spiritualist Society is meeting with marked success in their new rooms at Good Templar's Hall. The management are in earnest in the good work before them, and success can but crown their labors. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. O. Roberts, reports the following list of speakers and mediums, with date of engagement: E. B. Fairchild, Nov. 8th and 29th; Mrs. E. Trask Hill, Nov. 15th; Frank T. Ripley, Nov. 22nd; Abby N. Burnham, Dec. 6th; H. F. Merrill, Dec. 13th; and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dec. 27th, 1885.

Edgar W. Emerson, Jan. 3rd and 10th; J. J. Morse, of England, Jan. 24th and 31st; A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio, Feb. 21st and 28th; Edgar W. Emerson, March 7th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 28th; Edgar W. Emerson, April 4th; Miss Jennie B. Hagan, May 2nd and 9th; and Mrs. M. S. Wood, May 23rd, 1886.


Haverhill, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

The following is a specimen of the way in which letters are addressed in Arabia: "In the name of the merciful God, the beneficent. This writing is from one who serves his Lord, from X., the son of X.; and, if God wills, it will get into the hands of our friend Sidi Musa, the son of Hamdalla, the Prussian, the Christian, in the City of Tharabolus, Tripoli, the illustrious, the famous."

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For Wasting Conditions. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting, with good results. It not only restores wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy."

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

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DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Phenomenal and Philosophical. New York Letter.

SECOND PAGE.—The Lost Atlantis. Progress of Liberal Thought. "The Home Circle." "The Dead to the Living." Idaho Fighting Polity.

THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Partial List of November Magazines not Before Mentioned. Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.—"Phittism." Spiritualism.—Heber Newton. Is it any Wonder? Self-Culture.—Its Alma and Nature the Subject of the Rev. H. Heber Newton's Discourse. Canon Farrar in Chicago.

FIFTH PAGE.—Henry Ward Beecher in Chicago. The Mind-Cure Craze. Publisher's Notice. General Items. Mrs. Deste. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—Burns and His Highland Mary. Mind and Body. Metempsychosis. The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation. Human Nature's Better Angel. Vaccination.—The German Medical Professional in Favor of Several Punctures. Experiences with Chicago Mediums. Tests of Spirit Presence. The Medium and the Infidel. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Animal Magnetism in Disease. Oaths of All Nations. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A Prophetic Dream. "The Book of Life." Myth and Miracle. The Size of Man. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PHENOMENAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

Trance Experiences the Most Perfect and Reliable.

BY THOS. HARDING.

It is commonly supposed that those spirit communications, visitations and experiences which transpire when the physical senses are on the qui vive, are the most reliable; and that those which occur when the subject is in an abnormal or trance condition, do not carry with them—to their subject—that undeniable proof which is necessary to conviction of the presence of disembodied spirits. In order to aid in dispelling this error, I take the liberty to submit the following for the consideration of the public, as an individual who has had opportunities afforded him to test both of these phases of this interesting subject, in his own person.

In order to render my position lucid, I shall here state that I have never received a test of spirit presence from a professional medium, nor have I ever visited a public medium, circle or gathering for the purpose of obtaining one; nor received, directly or indirectly, any communication from a professional Spiritualist, and that those unusual occurrences which have conspired to make me a Spiritualist, came unsought and unexpectedly to me in my own home, either directly to myself or through the agency of my wife, so that many of those difficulties which environ the subject of spiritualistic research, are in my particular case absent; and although my opportunities have been few, and sometimes far between, yet those few were of so palpable a character—so searching, deep and clear—so central and spiritual, so to speak, that as a reasonable being I could not deny the existence of an invisible or spiritual realm, or that the denizens of that realm can, under peculiar circumstances, communicate with, and render themselves visible to, mortals.

In consideration of perspicuity and conciseness, I shall confine myself to two occurrences. The first was that of seeing and mentally conversing with a spirit while in my normal condition, a lamp lighting the room; and the second was that in which I was entranced and unconscious of physical surroundings. Now, please observe that my main point is, that in the first case when I wanted to know any thing, I had to make a mental inquiry of the spirit and await the mental transmission of the reply; but in the trance vision I had not to inquire or await the reply, because my understanding and that of the spirit present were in accord; no question or answer was needed, but I seemed to drink in at every pore the peculiar vitality, characteristics, knowledge and every thing which the spirit possessed, as though for the time, the spirit and I were one and the same person. This, you will perceive, establishes the superior character of an abnormal or trance experience over the normal; and the distinction should not be lost sight of by those who search for knowledge on mental or spiritual science. To the subject of such an experience only, the above distinction is palpable and realistic; a third party cannot realize the fact as he can, who has had these experiences. I protest, however, against the supposition that I seek to arrogate to myself any superior wisdom or knowledge, for I know that very many persons have had more frequent, and possibly more interesting experiences than I; yet in the interest of science, I may venture to advance a thought which might present a feature of the subject hitherto unconsidered, but essential to its elucidation; indeed, I am somewhat selfish in this matter, for feeling that my earth-life is approaching its close, I

desire to shed what light I can, though small, before yielding to the inevitable.

Now, I propose to set off these two examples, the first which occurred while I was in the normal condition, and the second in the abnormal or trance—the one against the other, and show wherein they differ, and point out the decidedly spiritualistic and independent quality of the latter, and the mentally dependent or subjective character of the former; this distinction, the one being completely spiritual or psychical and the other but partially so, may suggest a theory capable of general application, within the range of psychical research.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has already published detached features of the first mentioned; it will not, therefore, be necessary to do more than briefly recapitulate. The phenomenon occurred at night while waiting on the sick, a lighted lamp on the table. My physical senses were awake, and I saw the spirit with my material eyes—her presence brought the conviction of who she was—perhaps immediately—imparted by her to me. I mentally questioned her as to a circle around her head, and also as to her name, which I had forgotten, and question and answer passed readily between us.

Please observe that I was not perfectly in rapport with the spirit in this instance; had I been so there would have been no necessity for questions. I further observed that as soon as I became cognizant of her presence, she perceived it and came forward and stood less than four feet directly in front of me; there was a chair standing in her track, but it was no obstruction; she seemed to possess no relation to matter, or matter to her; material objects were as though they were not. She remained visible a considerable time, and not a feature of her countenance stirred while communicating. I noticed that as soon as my interest began to slacken, she began to fade away, slower or faster, according to my mental condition. Thus the vision was proved to be subject to my degree of fitness; in other words I was positive, the vision negative; while in the second experience (about to be related) it was the vision which was positive and I negative, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that I myself was a part of the vision and an actor in the drama. Nevertheless the former was a reality of its kind as much as the latter.

The circumstance just related was more of an intellectual than a spiritual character and, therefore, is far more easily explained than the following, which was of that interior and psychical description to me, which places it utterly beyond my ability to perfectly convey. I can but attempt its approximation and leave its true rendering to the soul of each reader, as a thing to be felt rather than expressed; indeed, its peculiarity has prevented me from referring to it before in my articles to the JOURNAL, for I feel how utterly inadequate I am to its elucidation; and yet in this field of research, those things which are the most inexplicable are the most real, hence the psychical is the most difficult field of research to the intellectual investigator.

In order to make my statement the more intelligible, and perhaps interesting, I must go back some twelve years. My eldest son had just entered the university, and my second son was attending school preparing for college, so that the entire responsibility of the home and family rested upon me. We had but little income, except what was attainable through my personal effort, having lost considerably years before. I, therefore, went to South Bend, Indiana, and obtained employment at the great carriage and wagon factory of Studebaker Brothers. For some four years my position there was a responsible one. I kept the time of about 700 men, held possession of the keys, and entered at any and all hours, when I thought it necessary for the safety of the establishment. Frequently I had large sums of the company's money in my possession. I mention this merely to show that thorough and practical business men did not regard me either as a fool or unreliable, and I trust that my readers will not think me so either.

When I first entered the factory as an employe, I had a room to myself in the basement adjoining the engine room. The engineer's name was Humphreys, and when opportunity offered he would step in and converse with me. This young man had married his wife a few days before I arrived, and was almost inconsolable. I felt for the poor fellow, and spoke to him about the Spirit-world, and at length succeeded in directing his attention thitherward. He took great pleasure in conversing with me and getting his mental eye opened to see spiritual truth.

I had rented a room in the city and furnished it as a bedroom, where I could read and write undisturbed. One Sunday morning while lying in bed and, of course, all alone, I was completely entranced, and the following which is indelibly fixed upon my memory, occurred. I sat in a chair at the head of a long table and in a large room; on my right was the door of entrance and opposite me on the wall, at the lower end of the room, was a large looking glass. Humphreys sat a distance from me on my right. Now I hear a loud voice, not proceeding from any place or person in particular—the best way I can express this is by saying, "It sounded like unto the voice of God." In obedience to that voice, which it seemed to me, no man could dare to resist, Humphreys arose and walked around the long table and approached me on the left side. I understood what was required of me, and I arose from my chair. There was a film over one of the man's eyes; my duty was to remove it. I

placed my left thumb on the lid of the eye and raised my right hand to pluck it away, but he shrank back in fear. Again that loud and all-searching voice was heard. Then he held firmly and I plucked the film away and trampled it under my foot. Humphreys then returned to his seat.

Now the door on my right opens of its own accord, and a young woman enters the room. As spirit knows spirit, I knew this to be the spirit of Mrs. Humphreys, and in an ecstasy of astonishment I clasped my hands together and exclaimed: "Oh! sister, dear, dear sister!" She moved down the room and stood before the looking glass as though to arrange her hair before presenting herself to a stranger, but I well understood the real object was to give me an opportunity to be able to describe her. She then came calmly up on the left side, as her husband had done. She stood before me, giving me time and opportunity to fix on my memory every peculiarity of her form and dress. Then she reached out her hand and said, "What, said I, 'shall I put my hand into a spirit hand? Will it not melt away? I placed my hand in hers. She laid her left hand on mine and then I placed my left hand on hers—thus our four hands clasped. She knelt down before me, and poured forth a perfect torrent of gratitude. "Oh!" said I, "a spirit must not kneel to me, far more proper that I should kneel to her." She continued to kneel and pour forth her gratitude; then in deep respect to her, I knelt before her also; and thus, she kneeling to me in gratitude and I to her in respect, this soul-searching vision slowly passed away. I never shed tears of joy but once, and that was when I awoke that morning from my trance.

It was yet quite early on Sunday morning, and I went to my boarding house for breakfast. Mrs. Gray entered the room. "Mrs. Gray, were you acquainted with Mrs. Humphreys, who died a month or more ago?" I asked.

"Yes. She died in that room upstairs; but why do you ask?"

"I don't know whether you will believe me, but I saw her this morning."

"What! She died before you came to South Bend. You never saw her alive. Now tell me what she looked like?"

I told her complexion, the way she wore her hair, it hanging down to a peak and about two inches of it all around was naturally curled—the rest straight. I described her dress of shawl pattern; the blue belt around the waist; the complexion of her face, as though she was a living person.

"Oh," said Mrs. Gray, "you need go no farther. I know you saw her! Some people thought she ought not to have been buried, she looked so life-like. You need say no more. That morning wrapper you describe, was what she wore in this room up to the day of her death."

Next morning the engineer came into my room in the factory.

"Humphreys, would you believe me if I told you of something improbable?"

"Yes. I'm certain you're honest."

"I am going to tell you something which I don't think you'll believe. I saw your wife Sunday morning."

"What! You never saw her alive. Now tell me what she looked like."

I described her even more minutely than to Mrs. Gray; then I told him of her mental character, peculiarities of manner and disposition; imitated her deportment under different moods; took out my pencil and showed him the figures on her dress; told him to pile up all the dresses he could find and I would select that one from the heap; and, "Humphreys," I said, "you never saw her, laugh—the utmost you ever saw was a quiet smile."

"Oh! stop, stop!" said Humphreys with tears in his eyes: "I know you saw her!"

He ran out of the room and upstairs to the Superintendent, Adam Barnhardt, and exclaimed:

"Oh! Adam, Harding saw my wife!"

"Pshaw!" said Adam, "I can't swallow Spiritualism!"

"I can swear he saw her," said Humphreys, "for he knows her better than I do."

Now, permit me to clear up one or two points in this which are yet dark. First, why was she so intensely grateful to me? and, second, why did she appear at that particular time? I will explain. I am enabled to do so because I was in rapport with her, and comprehended her motives and experienced her feelings, which I could not have done in such a case as that which I had the pleasure to present for consideration in the former instance, where my outward senses were the vehicles of transmission.

First.—The intense and unreasonable grief of the widower, had held her spirit down, and she was earth-bound in consequence of it. My taking away the dark film from his mental eye, enlightened his understanding, imparted hope and annihilated his despair, and thus set her free to assume her true position in spirit-life, to occupy her own place, and take possession of her spirit-home; this, alone, would be sufficient to awaken her gratitude.

Second.—Mr. Humphreys possessed one of those electric, intense natures, which commonly go to extremes with every thing. They love intensely; they grieve intensely, and then will speedily transfer their intense affection to another object; this is the nature of such men. It was so with Humphreys. Only a week or two after this occurrence, he commenced to pay attention to a younger sister of his late wife; she was too young to be her own mistress. One day Mr. Humphreys called on me, knowing me to be a legally constituted minister of the Gospel, and

asked me to cross the State line with him, into Michigan, and, without the consent of the young lady's guardians, to solemnize their marriage. I declined to be a party to any such clandestine marriage, and the pair eloped, got married, afterward obtained the pardon of her guardians, and are now, I hope, as happy as the majority of married people. It is easy to conceive how these "coming events" had "cast their shadows before" upon the spirit side of life, and how the spirit, Mrs. Humphreys, sensitive as spirits are known to be, became cognizant of the coming fact, and chose that particular time and opportunity to bid farewell to earthly entanglements.

As we become more spiritual we shall understand psychical subjects better; as we investigate we shall learn the scientific side of the question also; but we cannot discover all; there will always be an interior of mystery, an unreachably beyond. But I respectfully submit my question to the judgment, namely, that "Trance or abnormal experiences are the most complete and reliable," although in the nature of things they are not the best examples to produce for convincing the superficial skeptic.

On the checkered surface of our lives, deep games are played by invisible hands; and like wheels within wheels, there are many games in one. Darkness is played against light, and light against darkness; virtue against vice and vice against virtue; religion against science and science against religion; and if these last were reconciled to improve, some other antagonism would be introduced to keep up the game; and doubtless, when we shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," we shall but enter upon a new game; new antagonisms will constitute the salt of life, new victories will bring fresh laurels, and while we shall be at one with all, to that degree of completeness which no language can describe, as we see suggested in those visions, yet, as in them, there will be a distinct individuality of each, and man, that strange compound, will know himself better.

Sturgis, Mich.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Work of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham—The Different Societies—Mediumship

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Brigham returned to the platform of the First Society of New York Spiritualists, on Nov. 1st, and is now speaking for the society in the morning and evening each Sunday. As is always the case with Mrs. Brigham, the answers to the questions presented for consideration are very clear, concise, logical, and always inculcate the highest morality. There is no uncertain sound about the teachings that flow from her lips. A pure life, high aspirations, a love that shall be as broad and deep as universal being, that know no sectarian lines of restraint, but that desire and seek through earnest effort the highest good of all—these are the themes and burden of her utterances.

Her teachings seem to be directed to inciting to an active life of benevolence, on the part of each individual, holding up before all as the ultimate to be striven for, the improvement of themselves, and through and by their own advancement the elevation and improvement of society at large.

Her teachings and example are both calculated to make life sweeter, purer, brighter, happier, and more full of the milk of human kindness and love for one another. She ever endeavors to impress upon the minds of her hearers that it is what they make themselves by the lives they live, and not what they believe, that will ever determine their condition both here and hereafter. Works, not faith, seem to be the keynote of her teachings. Attainment to knowledge and a life in strict accordance with it, is held up as the savior that is to redeem the race. Prove your love of God by showing your love for man, is the test applied.

The New York Spiritualists' Conference meets each Sunday at 2:30 P. M., in the hall of the First Society in the Grand Opera House, and continues its sessions until 5 o'clock. No time is taken up in singing nor preliminary exercises of any kind, but the platform is at once occupied by the speaker, who is to open the conference, and he is followed by others in rapid succession, and the two and a half hours is generally too short a time to give all who wish to speak an opportunity to be heard.

The subjects considered take a wide range, and are occasionally discussed with ability, and often quite otherwise; nevertheless these conferences are a school for the acquirement of knowledge, and are a good thing. They afford an opportunity for all to learn what others think, and to note wherein they differ, thus giving opportunity for the comparison and correcting of ideas.

I understand that the Theodore Parker Society have adopted the Conference system for their morning meetings. Dr. Everett speaking for the society in the afternoon and evening. This conference system I consider a good thing. It enables the attendants upon the afternoon and evening services an opportunity to express their views and give their criticisms upon the ideas expressed by their speakers.

It is only fair that those who sit on the benches should have an occasional chance to talk back to the one who stands on the platform, and if the churches would only adopt the same method, it would probably have the effect of enlightening things immensely in their immediate vicinity.

The Theodore Parker Society have taken a hall on Broadway and 38th St., and I am informed that the society is growing rapidly; that its organizers and sustainers are encouraged and feel that its success is assured. That their most sanguine expectations may be realized, and that they may ever shine center of light whose beams shall ever shine to reveal truth and expose error, to inculcate a high morality, disseminate knowledge and dispel ignorance, is the earnest wish of every Spiritualist.

I also understand that Mr. Jones's society on Fourth Ave., near 15th St., is in a flourishing condition.

There are many mediums in the city, and all seem to be fairly well employed. It is, however, to be regretted that there are not some to whom one could take those who are strangers to the phenomena, and ask to be taught. "I can assure you of my own knowledge, both of the medium and of the surroundings, that whatever manifestations take place here, I know them to be genuine spirit manifestations."

I know a number of mediums in this city engaged in giving public seances, of the genuineness of whose mediumship I have not the slightest doubt, nor do I in any way reflect upon their honesty, or integrity of purpose; nor do I even suggest the imputation of even a wish on their part, much less an attempt to deceive, when I say that the conditions are such that it leaves room for an honest Thomas to continue to cherish his doubts.

Possibly 'tis the best that can be done at present, and we must wait yet awhile for better conditions. If so, let us wait patiently, and in the meantime, let us have a broad charity for mediums, extending to them our love and sympathy, ever using the utmost care not to cast a shadow of suspicion upon their honesty and faithfulness until we have positive knowledge that they indulge in fraudulent practices; but whenever a medium is false to Spiritualism, and stoops to the fraudulent counterfeiting of the phenomena, let the fraud be published to the world. No covering up, no condoning of the offence. Yet let us be just to those erring ones. While condemning their faults, we should not crush the guilty ones to the earth and trample them in the mire. Rather say to them in all charity and love, go and sin no more, and when you shall have proved by your works, your honesty of purpose for the future, your determination to do right, we will then commend you with gladness, as now by your actions you cause us to denounce you in sorrow.

To err is human, to forgive divine. Let us cultivate as much of the divine as we can. Every one who stumbles or falls—and who of us does not?—has a right to demand that an opportunity be afforded to atone the wrong done, to retrieve himself or herself by ceasing to do wrong. Let this common justice be accorded to mediums who fall, in the same degree that it is to others; no more, no less; exact and equal justice to all.

Of my own knowledge, I know of but one medium for whom I am willing to vouch that all manifestations that come through him, and which he claims to be the work of spirits, will be genuine spirit manifestations; and that medium is R. W. Flint, of 1327 Broadway, this city, and his public mediumship is confined to the answering of sealed letters addressed to those who have passed on. I doubt not but that there are many more mediums in this city who are just as worthy of an equally unqualified endorsement, but I have not that personal knowledge of them and their mediumship that would justify me in giving it. If there are others who can vouch for the genuineness, at all times, of the manifestations through other mediums, I wish they would come forward and do so.

There are great numbers of our most intelligent people who are quite willing to investigate the claims of Spiritualism and judge of it according to the evidence produced, and if I can produce the evidence to substantiate its claims, that it is a method for communication between the mundane and supermundane, and that it can demonstrate the continuity of life, they stand ready to admit the fact and anxious to avail themselves of its services.

What we want most just now is mediums through whom the phenomena can be produced under such conditions that it cannot be accounted for in two ways. Any and all phenomena that can be accounted for on any basis except that of a personalized conscious intelligence outside that of the medium and the sitters, is worthless as evidence of spirit manifestation, or of the continuity of personal life and consciousness.

Only last week a gentleman from Hamilton, Ontario, Ca., called upon me, and said that in his city a large number of the best informed people were materialists. They read Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, but were open to the conviction that evidence can be produced. His desire was to engage a medium some time this winter to come to his house and have a series of seances at which he could have present the people he referred to, and said he should, when he got ready, send to me to recommend a medium to him. I frankly confessed that of my own knowledge I could not select one, but promised when he should write, to consult with my acquaintances and try and supply his need. And this is what is needed in all places, mediums through whom the fact of the continuity of personal existence, and the fact that death is not a barrier to continued intercourse, can be established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

A Paper Read at the Social Science Convention of Kansas and Western Missouri.

BY MRS. H. M. HOLDEN.

If civilization be an inheritance, from what parent nation came the ancient skilled races whose handwork and high civilization are traced with unmistakable identity from the Mediterranean nations of the Eastern Hemisphere to Mexico, Central America, Peru, and the mounds of the Mississippi Valley of the Western Hemisphere?

In the marked similarity of their traditions, religious beliefs, arts, customs, implements, and weapons—is not some common source, some original home indicated?

Many inquiries are being pressed concerning the earliest people of the western world. A recent writer introduces his article with this question: "From what far off land came the primal pioneer to the shores of America?" And another: "Who were the earliest inhabitants of America?" Our savage red man no longer furnishes an answer to these questions. He is but the degraded relic of a noble ancestry whose arts and high civilization are traced back to the same period as that of the earliest civilization in the Old World. From a strict archeological standpoint the terms Old and New World are inapplicable as referring to the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. All historical students have grown away from the idea that Columbus discovered a new world or continent. He but re-discovered an old one.

A writer in the *North American Review* finely expressed it: "The hands of the geological clock pointed to the same hour on both sides of the Atlantic." And that "the story of early man in America is but a part of the same and greater story of his first appearance on the earth."

Retrospective periods in the progress of races being conceded historical facts, we now ask the cause of the retrograde condition of the red man at the dawn of our history, and submit to the following answer, to-wit: They had lost all intercourse with their "parent land"—their "first world"—the drowned island—"the lost Atlantis"—by the deluge as recorded in sacred and profane history. When the island sank into the sea the history of commerce was closed for "a lapse of 6,000 years." That this island did exist and was the cradle of civilization at a remote period, and was swallowed up in a great convulsion of nature, may yet, to many, seem legendary instead of authentic history, but, says an able writer: "There is an unbelief which grows out of ignorance, as well as a skepticism which is born of intelligence." Herodotus, it is said was called "the father of lies" for his accounts of the wonders of the ancient civilization of the Nile and of Chaldea. For thousand years the stories of the buried cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum, were regarded as myths, but are now accepted facts in history, and cannot we, in turn, accept the testimony of eminent scholars whose lives are devoted to research, and to whom we are indebted for the historical knowledge we already possess? Even as Herodotus incurred the derision of his time, and in later times was held in high esteem by Schlegel, Buckle and other peers, so Plato's story of Atlantis, long considered fabulous, is now being interpreted as authentic history. And, says Ignatius Donnelly, "If confirmed by further investigation, it will prove to be one of the most valuable records which have come down to us from antiquity."

In this new era of legends, does it seem otherwise than conclusive that in an age before there were written records, marvelous events and heroic deeds should be handed down from sire to son, and as years rolled on, be regarded as myths and "folk tales"? An illustration of this view occurs in the dialogue between Critias and Socrates, in Plato's History of Atlantis. Says Critias: "Then listen, Socrates, to a strange tale, which is, however, certainly true, as Solon, who was the wisest of the seven sages, declared. He was a relative and great friend of my great grandfather, Dropides, and Dropides told Critias, my grandfather, who remembered and told us, that there were of old great and marvelous actions which have passed into oblivion through time and the destruction of the human race."

In another place Critias says: "I will tell an old world story, which I heard from an old man, who was ninety years of age. Thus, it seems that the origin of legends might be traced back to a narrative of actual events."

The verification of Plato's legend is based on both ancient and modern evidence. From the striking identity in the traditions of the ancient nations on both sides of the Atlantic—each having a flood legend concerning a "lost island in the sea" and this location of the island corresponding so accurately in each instance, modern scholars readily conclude that the Azores Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the Straits of Gibraltar, are the mountain summits of the engulfed island. Their conclusions are based on the investigations made by different nations. In 1873, deep sea soundings were made by her majesty's ship "Challenger." In 1874, by the German frigate "Gazelle," and in 1877 by Commander Gorringe of the United States ship "Gettysburg." Each investigation bears corroborative proof of the other. As stated, they mapped out the bottom of the Atlantic, discovering a great elevation of land in the exact location of Atlantis, as described in ancient legends. This elevation rises about 9,000 feet above the depths around it. And a writer in the *Scientific American* of July 28, 1877, says: "This elevation must have been once dry land, as its mountains and valleys could never have been produced in accordance with any laws for the deposition of sediment, nor by a submarine elevation, but on the contrary must have been produced by agencies acting above water level." The sea soundings further revealed that there were ridges of land connecting the island of Atlantis with Europe, Africa, North and South America. These ridges, says an English geologist, were but the skeleton of an ancient continent that once occupied the space of our Atlantic Ocean, and the island Atlantis was a remnant of this buried continent. These ridges, forming land, communications between the two hemispheres explain the identity in the animals and plants. From able accounts it has been proved that the horse originated in America; and in his wild state could never have been found in Europe and Asia, but for these pathway ridges of land. We also read that the fossil remains of the camel are found in India, Africa, South America and Kansas, and that the remains of the cave lion of Europe have been discovered in Nebraska, Miss. Hence, the fact of the same species being found on both sides of the Atlantic indicates that they roamed from a common center. There are numerous other instances of absolute identity, but the limits of this paper forbid their mention.

The same similarity exists in the floral and vegetable kingdom. Otto Kuntz, a distinguished German botanist, says that the

banana was found in America before the arrival of Columbus, and that before a plant becomes seedless it must have been under cultivation for a long period of years. He mentions other plants that could only have been transported by bulbs and cuttings, and that by the hand of civilized man—which again supports the theory that the colonies from Atlantis carried them to the east and to the west.

The race identity of the two hemispheres bears even stronger evidence of a common and an original home than the testimony of the flora and fauna. A writer in the *Magazine of American History* says the American Indian uses the same terms in his river names that were used by all the aggressive races that overran and colonized Europe, Asia and Africa. Also, "the Indian names of our rivers belong to a period when one common language was known—when one dominant race ruled throughout the entire length and breadth of America." By analysis, the geographical nomenclature of the two hemispheres can be readily traced by its roots or germs from one nation to another.

From an extensive list we give a few instances: Genesee of New York, and Yenisei of Siberia, have the same origin. Saratoga of Russia corresponds with the Indian name Saratoga. Kyogia in Africa, with Cayuga in New York. The Indian name moose is moosa in Europe and Asia. Thus, continues the aforementioned writer, "we may be able to trace the Indian back through all the historical eras represented by the Hebrew, Sanscrit, Celtic, Phoenician, Arabic, Persian, Indo-Germanic, and even through the Greek into the bosom of the Roman." And we will add, still further, into the heart of Atlantis.

Modern culture, for many generations, paid generous tribute to Greece and Rome as the fountains of learning, but of late years the antiquity of Egyptian culture and magnificence is engrossing the interest of students of ancient history. Says one of these, "If ever full justice is done to the achievements of a vanished race, Greece and Rome will look small as compared with Egypt." "The people who made her what she was, and what she can never be again, have disappeared forever."

Modern Egypt bears not the faintest resemblance to ancient Egypt, before she was stamped out by the Persian, Arab, Roman and Turkish conquerors.

She was in the zenith of her learning and splendor when all Europe was a savage wilderness. She possessed a highly organized social system when the rude savages that roamed over the sites where now are situated London, Paris and Berlin were engaged in fetich worship. And, at a much earlier period Grecian scholars went and sat at the feet of Egyptian masters. Woman's status, says eminent authority, was as high in the earliest days of Egypt as now in Europe and in our own country.

Historians give us no beginning or infancy for Egypt. She appears on the horizon of history in matchless maturity. Before the time of her first king, Menes, whose reign according to Lepsius, was 3,892 years B. C. Egypt was a "highly organized and governed community." Winchell says "her people had long been architects, sculptors, painters, mythologists, and theologians before the era of Menes." We now ask, from what fountain greater than herself drew she this marvelous greatness? And as we progress, we continue to step backwards and answer, Atlantis.

That under the waters of the Atlantic Ocean lies the "parent nation" of grand old Egypt seems incontrovertible as we read the testimony of late researches on this subject. So, also, do ancient Mexico, Peru, Central America, and the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley look back to buried Atlantis for the graves of their ancestors.

How can the extraordinary similarity of these prehistoric American nations to ancient Egypt, separated by so vast a distance of land and sea, be accounted for if they did not migrate from a common home? For we read that "the pyramids of Egypt are duplicated in Mexico, Central America, and Peru. As, also, are the temples, palaces, public works, agriculture, sculpture, painting, language and religion. And that Peru had invented suspension bridges thousands of years before they were introduced into Europe."

Humboldt pronounced the Peruvian roads among the most useful and stupendous ever executed by man. Her vast wealth and high civilization, in addition to the race and tongue similarities, give her rank with ancient Egypt as a sister colony from Atlantis. The mound-builders are identified with the bronze age in Europe, which age has furnished perplexing problems for European scientists. A bronze age implies a pre-existent age of copper and tin before the art of combining them was known, but the relics of such a period have not been found in Europe. Sir John Lubbock says in his "Prehistoric Times," that the absence of implements made either of copper or tin seems to indicate that the art of making bronze was introduced into, not invented, in Europe. The ancient Mexicans knew the art of making true bronze. Their identity with the Mound-builders is easily established, and both are traced by their language and legends to Atlantis—hence what people but the Atlanteans, whose ships, docks, canals and commerce provoked the astonishment of all who felt the aggressions of their powerful and populous island, supplied all Europe with bronze in the bronze age!

Ignatius Donnelly says that "In 6,000 years the world made no advancement on the civilization it received from Atlantis—that modern civilization is Atlantean, and the inventive faculty of the present age is but taking up the thread of original thought where Atlantis dropped it thousands of years ago." We stand with abated breath at the startling assertions, but the evidence gleaned in their favor must be withheld, as we find, at the expiration of our time, that we are but on the threshold of our subject, and to tempt you to press on and into the subject, we give you a few hints of the feast that awaits you.

"That all of the ancient civilized nations of both hemispheres were colonies from Atlantis,"—"the land of the master race."

"That the gods and goddesses of the ancient Greeks, the Phoenicians, Hindus and Scandinavians were the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis."

"That Atlantis was the original seat of the Aryan or Indo-European family of nations, as well as the Semitic and possibly the Turanian."

"That Greek mythology is a confused recollection of real historical events."

"That the Phoenician alphabet, the parent of all alphabets, was derived from the Atlantean alphabet," and the Maya language spoken by the ancient people of Yucatan is the survival of the Atlantean alphabet."

A writer in the *Scientific American* says the last words of our Savior were in pure Maya tongue. "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" in that tongue is—"Now, now I sink; darkness comes over me." The bystanders, not understanding his language, thought he was calling on the Father in his hour of trial.

To resume: Genesis is said to contain a history of Atlantis, and that the sinking of this island was the scene of the Biblical deluge. That there was no gulf stream previous to this catastrophe.

"That this great event was the terminus of the glacial period, the barricade being removed, the 'land locked ocean' of the north met the heated tropical waters, and produced climatic changes in Europe, and but for the mild waters of the gulf stream flowing around the submarine elevation of the buried island, it is said the British Islands would scarcely be habitable."

Thus the authentication of Plato's story opens up a wide field for new thoughts in the scientific realm as well as that of secular and sacred history, and we may grow into the belief that as once "All roads lead to Rome," now all lines lead to Atlantis!

PROGRESS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Some time ago, while in conversation with a strictly conservative Baptist clergyman of average ability, regarding the rapid progress that was being made in the arts and sciences, I was surprised to hear him remark: "Doctor, it seems to me as though there was something in the air; we seem to be on the eve of wonderful developments of some character, and I am at a loss to know what; but certainly I feel as though there was soon to be great changes in the condition of the people." He appealed to me to know if I was of the same opinion, and, if so, what was its nature and what would be its results?

My answer was: "You are undoubtedly correct, and those developments commenced years ago, and have continued to the present time, and there is every reason to believe they will continue in the future. They have in view the moral and spiritual improvement of the race." I mention this incident to show that even the deaf begin to hear, for when a close communion Baptist preacher can be aroused to the advancement of the age, certainly much improvement must have been made.

Again, the pastor of the Christian church here is a man of considerable culture, liberal views, and one who makes a clear distinction between theology and true religion. To him religion consists in visiting the widow and fatherless, ministering to their wants, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, or, as he defines it, studying the life of Christ and to the best of our ability translating his life into our daily lives. Not so much in believing as in doing, lies the merit. He teaches that we are surrounded by innumerable hosts of spirits, and proves it from the bible. He asserts further, that there is no power in the universe to forgive sins, and that man must necessarily commence life in the beyond just where he left off here. Being a man of pleasant address, a fluent, easy speaker, and living a pure life, he has made himself almost a necessity to the church. He is doing a good work, leading the blind carefully out into God's sunlight of spiritual truth.

From personal knowledge I can say that many of the churches are permeated in every direction with the truths of Spiritualism. Many of their members are confirmed Spiritualists, some of them holding frequent seances in their own homes and getting tests from their loved ones, which are in every way satisfactory, and are a great source of comfort to them.

In this connection also something might be said of the change in the tone of the secular press all over the country, the frequent mention of occult phenomena in its columns being singularly free from contemptible comments—a marked feature of the present in contrast to the past. Even the conservative dignity of the medical profession has occasionally been disturbed by innovations of a peculiar character which from time to time have been brought to their notice, and will but down at anybody's bidding—such, for instance, as animal magnetism. As an instance, let me present to your readers the following taken from the *Medical News*, a weekly medical journal published in Philadelphia, Pa., by Lea, Bro. & Co., and regarded all over the medical world as reliable. The article is headed, "Hypnotism as a Method of Treatment of Insanity, and the Application of Suggestion with the Insane and Nervous." At the recent meeting of the society for the advancement of science, M. Voisin reported the following conclusion relative to the treatment of insane and nervous persons affected with partial delirium or maniacal excitement by hypnotism.

1. Hypnotism produces striking and immediate effect. The slumber and calm thereby produced could be caused by no drug to such an extent without danger.
2. There results therefrom a series of consecutive phenomena, under the head of which it is necessary to place diminution and suppression of the morbid habit.
3. Hypnotism permits the employment of suggestion, and the production by its means of modification of ideas, character and instincts; the return to labor, manual and intellectual; the cessation of hallucinations and delirious conceptions; the re-establishment of the organic functions; the suppression of gastralgias and enteralgias; the possibility, consequently, of regular alimentation of the insane and nervous, who refuse to eat and are deprived of good hygiene and its favorable consequences.
4. Hypnotism still further permits the obtaining of information from those patients who refuse to say anything which will enlighten the physician as to the pathology and causes of the neuro-mental condition, and of giving physical and moral attention appropriate to their disease.

The above article was originally published in the *L. Bielle Medicale*, Aug. 31, 1885.

Surely here are admissions which portend great advancement in the right direction.

While writing I can hardly forego the pleasure of describing to you a seance which my wife and myself had with Mrs. Held of No. 35 Sixth street, San Francisco, an independent Slate writer. We wrote such questions as we desired answered before going into the seance room, and folded them so that no person with the unaided senses could get a knowledge of them. I bought two new slates from a book store and took them with me. After entering the seance room, which was small, with plenty of light windows with blinds open, and curtains up, opening on the street,—time 10 A. M.—my wife held the slates and they were at no time out of her hands or sight. With my knife I cut some small pieces from a slate pencil, and put them on one of the slates, and put the other slate over them. My wife held the slates together over the table in plain sight all the time, the medium being three or four feet away in front of us on the other side of the table. Some writing was heard going on inside the slates, and on separating them, one of the slates was covered with writing, plain and easily read, and giving correct answers to the questions, which were, after

being folded, placed on the top of the slates after they were put together.

Again the slates were closed and held as before, and soon one side of the other slate was filled, and signed with the given name of a child we had lost nearly eighteen years ago. This communication was headed, "Dear Papa and Mamma," and signed, "Your loving boy, George." The subject matter being purely personal need not be given. I have only to say that our questions were answered in a satisfactory manner, and at no time did the medium have possession of the slates. The medium had never seen, or to my knowledge heard of, either of us before. Solid facts, these. What do they mean?

Ukiah, Cal.

E. W. KING.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and psychical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past, or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitive persons. These accounts may record spontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and sittings for the development of medium power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernormal mental action.

The value of this column will depend wholly on the active co-operation of our subscribers, upon whom we must depend for matter to fill it. Stored up in thousands of homes are valuable incidents never yet published which have great value, and others are daily occurring. Let the accounts be as brief as may be and yet sufficiently full to be clearly understood.

Questions not requiring lengthy answers, and bearing upon the accounts detailed may be asked. They will be answered by the editor or an invitation extended for others to reply.

"The Home Circle."

Under the above caption the JOURNAL says: "In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence and psychical phenomena of every kind which have been witnessed in the past, or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitive persons."

If such active co-operation as I may be able to apply to so worthy an undertaking can be of any service to humanity, it shall be my aim to aid and assist, so far as possible, by furnishing statements of facts that have come to my notice, from time to time, within the last fifty, sixty or more years. But to commence with statements of what occurred so long ago as 1835, and earlier, does not seem best, just now; therefore I present a case of more recent occurrence, which, if it prove to be of sufficient interest, may be followed by other efforts.

Many years ago, Mrs. A. B. Kelley, now of Indianapolis, lived in St. Louis. She had a sister then living in Wheatland, Indiana, whose husband's name is Freeman. About twelve years ago, for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Kelley went to Colorado and stopped in Denver a few months. As she did not intend to be absent from St. Louis a long time, she did not instruct her correspondents to change the direction of letters to her, but made arrangement with a woman who was a tenant occupying a part of her house in St. Louis, to forward to Denver all letters that might come there for her. Many months elapsed before Mrs. Kelley heard from her sister. At length a letter arrived that had been written by Mrs. Freeman five months before it reached Denver. It had been detained all that time in St. Louis, either because of the carelessness or intentional neglect of Mrs. Kelley's said tenant.

By that letter Mrs. Kelley was informed that the Freeman family intended then to soon remove from Wheatland, but that the place of destination was not then known.

Upon the receipt of said letter, Mrs. Kelley endeavored to learn where her sister was. She returned to St. Louis, and ever since has made every effort in her power to try to learn where her sister was. Her health having been so ill, Mrs. Freeman supposed she had died in Colorado, as she received no answer to her letter that was delayed so long. Nothing could then be learned by writing to Denver, as there was no one left there to answer letters.

It had been conjectured by some one, and suggested to Mrs. Kelley, that the Freeman family might be living in Southern Indiana, whereupon she wrote to several places in that part of the State, and also advertised in some of the newspapers published there.

And now, after so many years of intense anxiety, the afflicted lady became acquainted with Mrs. Lena Bibb, a recently developed clairvoyant and clairaudient medium in this city, by means of whose extraordinary gifts Mrs. Kelley was directed to what place and to whom to write, and by following those directions, she is now corresponding with her long-lost sister.

G. KNAPP.

Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Dead to the Living."

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The article, "The Dead to the Living," in the JOURNAL of October 24th, opens with the following:

First. It may be held as demonstrated, that a mind in the flesh can impress itself distinctly upon another living soul, without any medium of sense-perceptions yet ascertained. An ample body of well-verified and sharply scrutinized testimony exists to support the theory of thought transference in this life.

Second. A more difficult question remains: Can the dead impress the living? Can those who have gone before communicate with us who remain?

In support of the first, and as positive proof of the second, I forward you the following demonstrations, incidents in my own life's experiences.

First. About one year ago I was hurrying along one of our principal streets, anxious to reach a certain place by a certain time. Intently engaged on a business project, when I met a lady with whom and through whom, I had suffered a great wrong. I should have passed her as I had done many times before, but she stopped in front of me, and said: "Will you not speak with me?" I quietly said: "Good must come from the wrong you have done me; but until you can feel you have done wrong, and so acknowledge it, I can see no way that good can come to you"—at which she heaved a dreadful sigh and we parted. I found myself still walking, and looked back to observe if I could see her, but could not. I then queried as to what it meant. I am not cognizant of losing my consciousness for one moment. It must have occurred between steps, so to speak. Since that incident I have had proof that she was anxious to see me at that time.

The lady was then and is now alive, and in the form. I do not know as she was anywhere near me at the time. So much for thought transference while in the form.

Second. Not long since I was spending an evening with a lady. She passed into a condition she calls a sleep (Spiritualists call it trance). Very soon she was controlled by another person, differing in every way from the lady (or medium). Our seance was kept up for about forty minutes, and was certainly

very pleasant, much of the conversation being of such a nature that the medium could not have participated in had she wished to. The control then said, "The medium wishes to come back. Good-bye." And now comes the part I wish to call special attention to as proof of the second, viz.: Can the dead impress the living? and offer it as positive proof that they can do so, and identify themselves through mediums whenever they can find those that are congenial to them.

The medium, in coming to her normal condition, turned to me and said: "Did you ever have a dark-brown dog?" I answered, "I may have had, but do not now remember. She said this dog had white hair over one eye and lengthwise down his face; also one white foot; but I could not recognize the dog. She then said, 'Did you ever have a dark-red barn?' I remembered this barn, and answered, Yes. Said she, While I was asleep I saw your first wife. She was leaning against a dark-red barn, with a dark-brown dog in her arms, apparently in the agonies of death. She said to me, 'Tell William of what you see. Be careful to describe the dog and barn. He will recognize the circumstance and through it my identity'—all of which I then remembered. The dog was a great favorite with her. The incident was a marked one in her life. The dog was poisoned, and on my coming home to dinner I found her in the position as above described. The medium could not have known anything about it; neither could she have gathered it from my brain, as it was very hard to bring it to my recollection.

This was not from spirit control, but as observed by the medium in spirit, while her body was being used by another intelligence. This was not only proof that spirits can come back and do communicate with those who remain, but also proof that the body of a person in this life, as a medium, can be, and is, used by a spirit in spirit-life. At the same time this is being done the spirit of the medium can enter into a superior condition, independent of the body or bodily conditions, and when in that state, can see, hear, think and act as if in the body, taking minute notice of occurrences there, and on returning to normal conditions, deliver messages from persons seen there, and by such messages the identity of the persons thus seen is established.

WM. C. CLAXTON.

Detroit, Mich.

Idaho Fighting Polygamy.

The war against polygamy has at last broken out in Idaho, and is being prosecuted with the same vigor that characterizes the struggle in Utah. Mormonism in Idaho is not a matter of recent growth. Years ago the leaders of the church quietly commenced the work of colonizing Mormons in that and other adjacent Territories, and conducted their propaganda in such a wily and secret manner that it did not attract attention until the Edmunds law brought the whole question up for discussion and began to excite apprehension among the polygamists. They had not only been successful in planting colonies in various parts of the Territory, but in some counties they were in the majority—Bear Lake, for instance, having 4,250 Mormons out of 4,500 total population. They gained a controlling power in politics, and were able to elect sufficient members to the Legislature to hold a respectable balance of power. When the Cleveland Administration came in they even entertained the hope of dictating the appointment of a Chief Justice who would favor them, inasmuch as they are all good Democrats, and they confidently expected they would be able to repeal the Test-Oath act which had been passed in the Legislature, and which disfranchises not only all persons who practice polygamy but also those who believe in it or belong to the organization which declares it to be one of its doctrines.

In this they have been disappointed, for the new Chief Justice has affirmed the Test-Oath act as constitutional. In addition to this hostile act the United States grand jury last week brought indictments against twenty-nine polygamists under the Edmunds act, which applies to all the Territories, and which disfranchises and excludes from juries all persons found practicing polygamy. The Idaho law aims at all Mormons, because all Mormons favor polygamy, whether they practice it or not. They will probably fight the act against the decision of the Chief Justice; but even should they succeed in breaking down its constitutionality the Edmunds act is strong enough to break up polygamy in the Territory. The sentiment of the people outside of Mormonism is in its favor, without regard to party, and they are resolutely determined that the law shall be enforced. It is now a square fight between monogamists and polygamists, and unless the Territorial law is pronounced unconstitutional it will develop into a square fight between the Mormons and the people, without regard to church or party. The feeling of dislike toward them is as strong as, if not stronger than, that manifested toward the Chinese, as well as the determination to root them out. The Mormons have nothing in common with the people of Idaho. Their only purpose is to extend their church and make converts to the pernicious doctrines, which stand in the way of the prosperity of the Territory, which discourage immigration, and which, if they were successful, would operate as a bar against her admission to the Union. It is easier to strike at Mormonism and wipe it out before it gains a firm foothold than it will be after the Saints gain material and political control. In the fight which has now been vigorously commenced against it the people of Idaho will have the sympathy of the country. The enforcement of the Edmunds act has already produced a panic in Utah, and if such be the effect in the stronghold itself, the same zeal and vigor exercised in outlying colonies will soon wipe them out and clean the Territory of the foul stain.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Insanity is said to be rapidly increasing in Philadelphia.

The fourteen bishops of the Methodist church are ranged against a political prohibition party.

Iowa possesses one of the three best law libraries collected under State authority in the United States.

A New York railroad company has just paid \$1,800 as damages to the owner of a violin, which was damaged on one of the company's trains.

Some seeds of an unknown variety recently found in the ruins of Pompeii are to be planted in the White House conservatory at Washington, in the hope that they may germinate.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. HALL, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 20th Street, New York.)

O what a glory doth the world put on
For her who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For her the wind, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give her eloquent teach-
ings.

She shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that she shall go
To her long resting-place without a tear.—Anon.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

Several women registered in New York and Brooklyn before the late election in this State, and several others were refused registration by the board before which they appeared. This movement was made in accordance with the view regarding the right of suffrage in New York, which is now entertained by many leading lawyers. The agitation regarding this new reading of the constitution, culminated in a book recently published from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Wilcox, entitled, "Cases of the Legislature's power over Suffrage." It is a work which is endorsed by vote of the State Assembly as authority on the subject, and contains the reasons why women can vote under a statute which declares that any male citizen with certain qualifications "may vote," yet fails to declare that any female citizen may not vote.

Mr. Wilcox's last work entitled, "Women are Voters," gives the history of legislation upon voting in this State, and shows in an admirable manner, the clear right of native-born women over twenty-one years of age, who have lived the required length of time in the State, county and district where the vote is offered, to the ballot.

This movement has hereby gained great accessions and general enthusiasm. "Woman's voting Bands" have held weekly meetings in the city, and a multitude of strong, earnest, intellectual and refined women now give their adhesion and influence to woman suffrage. In nearly every case they are upheld by their husbands, if they are married. For the most conservative men are beginning to see that society is to be saved, perhaps the country, which is menaced by political corruption,—only through the strong moral power residing in the womanly nature, and rendered effective through the ballot.

Among those who presented themselves for registration, were Mrs. E. Herrman, wife of a rich banker in New York; Mrs. Mitchell, wife of a prominent physician; Mrs. Norvell, authoress, and Mrs. L. D. Blake who has just returned from a long and arduous lecturing tour throughout the Empire State. They were registered, but on election day, their ballots were refused on presentation, by order of the Attorney General of the State. This gentleman, though, has declared privately that he is himself incapable of deciding on the right of Woman suffrage, as it is a subject on which "the best legal authority disagrees."

The story of their attempt to vote, was told by themselves at a most interesting meeting held in the parlors of Mrs. Clemence S. Loxier, chairman of the New York Woman Suffrage Association, on the evening of Nov. 4th. Their able lawyer and co-worker, Mr. Stearns, also described the occasion, which passed off without disturbance.

Thus the entering wedge has been made. It will not be long before universal suffrage is an assured fact. If this country can stand the strain of the ballot of the ignorant, law-breaking and drunken men, of corruption, open and shameless,—it will be through the moral and political power of an enlightened and elevated womanhood.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The field of woman's work and advancement is so large, that seldom have these columns been devoted to long descriptions of persons. The page of history is so crowded with the names of women who have struggled, suffered or accomplished much, that to select a few only, would seem invidious. But we ought to make an exception, now that one of the foremost women of the country and century approaches the seventieth milestone of her earthly pilgrimage.

On the 12th of November, before these words are printed, Elizabeth Cady Stanton will have reached the age of three-score and ten. A life so marked with work and achievement for women, well deserves ample recognition by all who love humanity, not to say womanhood, for whatever touches a part vitally affects the whole.

Her pleasant home life is vividly described by her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Stanton Lawrence, in the pages of *The New Era*, a magazine edited in Chicago, Ill., by Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert. The November number of this interesting periodical is devoted entirely to Mrs. Stanton, and contains an elegant steel engraving of the noble face of our pioneer friend.

Mrs. Stanton's daughter says: "To write of a mother loved, honored, worshiped, as mine is by me, is so like viewing one's self subjectively and unviewing to others what is most sacred in the solitude of individual life, that I will leave the recording angel to write down all that is best of her as he did for the good Abou Ben Adhem.

"We children, two girls and five boys, have only pleasant memories of a happy home, of a sunny, cheerful, indulgent mother, whose great effort was to save us from all the fears that shadow the lives of most children. God was to us sunshine, flowers, affection, all that is grand and beautiful in nature. The devil had no place at our fireside, nor the inferno in our dreams of the future.

"Our father was never held up to us as Justice with a flaming sword, but as the man Bountiful who brought us presents from the metropolis. Mother had too much self-respect to recognize a superior court, so was never heard to say, 'I'll tell your father when he comes home.'

"We heard nothing under our roof of 'original sin,' total depravity, but of the great possibilities bound up in us all to be grand men and women. The absurd dogmas we gathered from others in the outside world were promptly placed in such a ridiculous light, that we have all grown up comparatively free from the popular superstitions.

"As these famous women grow intense in working up some glowing sentence, or pasting some thrilling quotation from John Stuart Mill, Dumas or Secrétaire, I have seen them again and again dip their pens in the muck-lake and their brushes in the ink. Either of these blunders brings them back to the facts of history, where they should be if that blessed word *facts* is ever to be written.

"My sister, who married an Englishman and lives near London, may be said to have a good deal of genius. Our brothers are quite equal to the ordinary sons of Adam. The fifth is Theodore, who lives in France, and has strong sympathy with the movement for woman's enfranchisement, and has recently published a book, *The Woman Question in Europe*, full of interesting facts.

"But to return to my picture of mother and Susan. They are busy all day and far into the night on the said Volume III of the Woman Suffrage History. As our house faces the south the sunshine streams in all day. In the centre of a large room, twenty by twenty-two, with an immense bay window, hard wood floor and open fire, beside a substantial office desk with innumerable drawers and doors, filled with documents,—there, *vis-a-vis*, sit our historians, surrounded with manuscripts and letters from Maine to Louisiana.

"*Sub rosa*, it is as good as a comedy to watch these souls from day to day. They start off pretty well in the morning, fresh and amiable. They write page after page with alacrity, they laugh and talk, poke the fire by turn, and admire the flowers I place on their desk each morning. Every thing is harmonious for a season, but after straining their eyes over the most illegible, disorderly manuscripts I ever beheld, suddenly the whole sky is overcast with dark and threatening clouds, and from the adjoining room I hear a hot dispute about some thing. The dictionary, the encyclopedia, and newspapers—all piled on the floor in one corner—are overhauled, tossed about in an emphatic manner for some date, fact, or some point of law or constitution. Susan is punctilious on dates, mother on philosophy, but each contends as stoutly in the other's domain as if equally strong at all points. Sometimes these disputes run so high that down go the pens, one walks out of one door and one out of the other, walking in opposite directions around the estate, and just as I have made up my mind that this beautiful friendship of forty years has at last terminated, I see them walking down the hill, arm in arm, to a seat where we often go to see the distant hills and lovely valleys, and to watch the sun go down in all his glory. When they return they go straight to work where they left off, as if nothing happened. I never hear another word on that point—the one that was unquestionably right assumes it, and the other silently concedes the fact. They never explain nor apologize, nor shed tears, nor make up, as other people do; but, figuratively speaking, jump over a stone wall at one bound and leave the past behind them, seemingly with no memory of the hour before. These ebullitions of weariness and impatience are really quite pardonable. In fact, I wonder with all they have encountered, that they have one ray of hope or tenderness left. These two women are worthy to be canonized as saints, not the weeping, fasting, passive kind, nor angels with folded wings, waiting at the doors of the temples. No! no, mother and Susan are what Luther called "fighting saints" and "angels with a will."

In the evenings, with a bright wood fire on the hearth, they plot and plan, in their easy chairs, work enough ahead to keep them busy, if they should live to be the age of Methuselah. I notice they never contend in the evenings. Sometimes we have an interesting novel on hand, which Susan reads aloud. Often we read aloud the scourgings and criticisms they get in letters and papers, at which they coolly laugh, no matter from what quarter they come."

They have fought a hard fight and opened to young women of coming generations paths of usefulness and happiness, and secured for them positions of honor and emolument such as they will never attain for themselves. Let us, then, who enter into this glorious inheritance, sing our divinest songs of praise to those who, through much tribulation, shall have won for us an equal place every where on this green earth.

OTHER TESTIMONY.
There are articles on Mrs. Stanton: As a Patriot; As a Reformer; As a Temperance Worker; As a Friend; As a Converser; together with poems, extracts from her speeches, and a number of remarkable letters from friends in this country and abroad.
Mrs. Stanton will spend the evening of her birthday at the house of Mrs. Loxier, where she will read to a few assembled friends a paper on "The Pleasures of Old Age." May she long remain among us to point out the path she so nobly adorned.

Partial List of November Magazines Not Before Mentioned.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The frontispiece for this month is appropriate, being a farewell ramble through the November woods. Some of the continued stories are: A new departure for Girls; When I was a Boy in China; The Governor's Daughter; Heiresses of the Poets; The Child's Paradise and my Garden Pets. The second Pope story is given, and is one of the latest labors of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. Some early recollections of the novelist Cooper form an article and there is also a paper about him in Pleasant Authors for Young Folks. There is much excellent illustrated verse and several full-page illustrations, and the Chautauqua Readings have good specialties for natural history students.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Lady Sarah Bunbury, engraved from the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, adorns this issue as a frontispiece. An Adventure in Afghanistan; New Castle-on-Tyne; London Common; Alcombe's Chance; Cheese Farming at Chester; Love and Fantasy and Aunt Rachel, a continued story by D. Christie Murray, completes a varied and interesting contents for this month.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) The opening article is a sketch of the life of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., with portrait. Following is an illustrated paper on contrasts of Heads and Faces. Other articles are: Prince Frederick Charles of Germany; Immortal obligations; Cornell University; George Eliot's private life; Notes; Editorial Items and Poetry.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: The New Education, Prof. Terry; A Typical Novel, H. W. Mabie; Desirable Methods in English Literature Study, Prof. T. W. Hunt; The Conquest of Utah, Rev. D. L. Leonard; Editorial; Archaeological Notes; Book Reviews and Notices.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) Is Prohibition a Wise Policy? Is the Pulpit declining in Power? and Recent Theological Literature in Germany, are characteristic papers. The sermons, six in number, are by popular preachers. The Editorial with other departments are full and varied.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) Suggestive and timely articles will be found under the following heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (W. W. Payne, Northfield, Minn.) Contents: Commensurability of motions; Small vs. large Telescope; Sunspots for September; Stellar Photometry; Editorial Notes, Etc.

THE SEASON. (The International News Co., New York.) The latest fashions and styles in Needlework, Embroidery, etc., are displayed in this number.

CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The contents of the Chautauqua are especially adapted to reading clubs, schools and homes.

BABYHOOD. (18 Spruce Street, New York City.) This monthly is devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The several departments of this monthly are as interesting and amusing as usual.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE JOURNAL OF HEREDITY. A Popular Scientific Quarterly. Edited by Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D., Chicago.

This popular Scientific Quarterly, edited by Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D., has just made its first appearance. It is a neatly gotten up magazine of 40 pages. The editor says, under the head of "Our Plans," "We do not hope to solve all problems in heredity. An insight into the deep mystery called Life is still withheld from us; but we stand on the borderland of this great field preparing and purposing to enter into a search for facts from all sources, and through all classes and conditions of life, past and present. Then classifying and correlating these facts we will be able, in the years to come, to gain a better knowledge of the laws controlling heredity conditions. A worthy contemporary was recently accused by a friendly neighbor of being largely made up by the 'editorial scissors.' To forestall such comment upon ourselves we will state here, that it is a part of our plan to present in this magazine, from time to time, such selections from the writings of authors, past and present, as will best illustrate the topics upon which we wish to emphasize, and to bring before our readers for their further investigation."

Dr. Burnett is well known in the medical profession as a faithful worker in the temperance cause. The subject is a large one, and in which much interest centers, and upon which we all need more light. We wish the new venture success.

NATURAL THEOLOGY; or, Rational Theism. By M. Valentine, D. D., ex-President of Pennsylvania College, and President of Theology in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1885. Price, \$1.25.

It appears from the preface that this volume presents the substance of lectures on the subject, given to students in the author's recent relation as President of Pennsylvania College. He was led to this method of instruction by the absence of any suitable text-book covering the various forms of the theistic evidences. The aim of the book is not to offer any new or original view of the theistic question, but to bring together the various approved evidences and furnish a compendious statement of them as they now stand in the best accredited thought and knowledge of our times. It is didactic, rather than polemical. In consideration of the general purpose of the discussion, the author has felt at liberty to draw freely from the immense amount of literature that has been accumulated about the subject. The author treats of the "Evidences of the Divine Existence"; "Presumptive Evidence"; "The Ontological Evidence"; "The Cosmological Evidence"; "The Theological Evidence"; "The Moral Evidence"; "The Character of God—His Relations to the Universe"; "The Attributes of Deity"; and "The Revelation of God to the Universe."

IMMORTALITY INHERENT IN NATURE. By Warren Sumner Barlow. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, cloth, full gilt, 60 cents.

The matter in this volume is condensed into about forty pages, forming an attractive-looking book, containing in all five cantos. The prelude, "God is in all," fully precedes the various cantos, by preparing the way for the due appreciation of their subject matter and style of treatment. The subject is treated in a careful, sympathetic and thoughtful manner, and are marked by boldness and breadth of thought.

STEM TO STERN. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.

No. 4 of the Boat-Builder Series, is now ready for the young who have been for many years entertained by this popular author. This new series seems to prove that boys ought to be brought up to the kind of business that will always yield a support. The story is full of spirit and will do much to encourage the art of ship-building.

HEADS AND FACES: How to Study Them. By Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 40 cents.

The authors of this work have endeavored to present the subject of human character and how to study it in a plain, comprehensive and attractive light. There are many illustrations, and other interesting features of the subject are considered.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 21, 1885.

"Philistinism"—Spiritualism—Heber Newton.

In these days clergymen speak out in the pulpit far more freely than thirty years ago. Theodore Parker was called a heretic, but the clergy ought to thank him for helping to open the way for their larger liberty. Spiritualism is the bete noir—the black beast—dreaded by theologians, yet it has stirred the depths and opened the sealed lips of many a preacher who knows not whence came his new freedom of utterance. Some of these outspoken preachers go out from their sects; others stay inside and help broaden thought within and without. Lucetta Mott, whose motto was, "Truth for heretism, not authority for truth," was a Hicksite Quaker minister to the close of her nobly beautiful career. Heber Newton stays in the Episcopal church. It is to their credit to let him stay. For him it is of no great moment whether he is in or out; quite as well out, we should say, but that he must judge. He is seeking truth, and telling what he finds with an eloquent earnestness worthy of commendation.

A series of his sermons has been published in a book entitled "Philistinism"—sermons to his parish on questions that stir modern thought. The first discourse makes Robert Ingersoll the Goliath of Philistinism, not by name but by plain description, treats him with personal respect, grants the benefit of his "sledge hammer blows against certain paganisms of Christianity," but dislikes his "shallow criticisms of the deeper faiths of man," his breaking down of reverence, his destroying and putting no great spiritual realities in place of what is gone. Without upholding the old idea of the infallible Bible, the criticism of the Ingersollian ignoring of its real merits and authenticity, and of the deep significance of its nobler words, is the fairest and the strongest yet made.

In a sermon on "Christianity and its Critics," he grants that dogmatism and love of priestly power have been sore evils. "The new reforming force," we are told, "was early turned aside from its true task of social reconstruction, into the subtleties of metaphysics and the ambitions of priestcraft. The currents of the River of Life were sluiced off from the great fields of human affairs into theological and ecclesiastical gardens, leaving whole tracts of the secular world dry and lifeless, that doctors might grow prize specimens of dogmas, and monks might turn pretty little mills, grinding out churchly gewgaws. The very success of the early church as a visible organization proved its failure as an invisible force of reform. From the day in which the dream of capturing the State possessed the men of the church, its ethical energy went too far, in the building up of a vast body of sleek and shining secularity."

Yet he claims that even with these defects and hindrances, Christianity has been a great reforming force, an upbuilding spiritual power in the world, and illustrates this claim by a brilliant array of historic statements.

In discourses on Trinity, Atonement, Future Punishment, Election, and Original Sin, while the bald and hideous statements of these doctrines in the old creeds are not accepted, he aims to show that some germ of truth lies at their root, which Spiritualists may state in better form as well as believe in a deeper and broader sense.

A man not in bondage to the letter, but seeking what of good as well as ill was in the spirit—the heart and core of the old creeds, feeling that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and speaking out in his pulpit in a manly way, is a nineteenth century product, made possible by long ages of

struggle and development. Theodore Parker resolved to make his pulpit a place from which the people might be educated to larger freedom and nobler spiritual life and more practical righteousness. Heber Newton is inspired by the same feeling. If true to it, and ready to follow where it leads, as we believe he is, he will grow in grace and power. The especially able parts of this volume are the discourses on "The Mystery of Matter," and on "Design and Mind in Nature." The latest statements of science are taken up, metably and used fairly to emphasize the idea of a spiritual genesis of things. With no tinge of agnosticism or materialism, the great argument goes on, evolution implies will and design, "and man is the crown and consummation of Nature's labor, . . . a microcosm—a little world. Beyond him we discern no higher form of life, save that which may issue from his own unfolding of the ideal man which he carries within him."

These ideas have been familiar as household words to hosts of Spiritualists for years, and at last they get spoken in fine phrase to an audience of liberal Episcopalians, who are delighted at what is new—to them.

In the closing discourse on Immortality, the "intuition of our spiritual nature" is shown to be deeper than the reach of science in its present condition; and its argument and illustration leads to a mention of "a bedridden girl in Brooklyn" who "can read without her eyes better than most people can with them," and of other like facts pointing to the "possibility of an inner and finer organization," with powers transcending the physical senses. These facts "lead us into the realm of what is known as Spiritualism," says Dr. Newton. Of this great matter we are told, continues the preacher:

"It is too early to dogmatize. No doubt there is a vast amount of charlatanry in it. Most scientific men have persistently slighted the subject. . . . Savants like Wallace, Crookes and Zollner have testified to the most astonishing actions in their presence, . . . and have been driven to acknowledge that they see in these phenomena at least the action of latent powers in man which lie wholly beyond the ken of ordinary science. Spiritualists leap to the conclusion that these are the manifestations of spirits other than those in the flesh. This by no means follows, though it may be true. . . . If such phenomena can be demonstrably established it would be an impertinence to deny the life after death. . . . Do not think I have gone on the anxious bench in some spiritualistic camp meeting. I have never attended a séance. I am not in any hurry to go to one. I am incorrigibly skeptical of backdoor entrances into the other world. If I were convinced that spirits were communicating with men in these séances I should not be inclined to think overwell of the spirits. I should decidedly prefer to keep at a distance from them; . . . the attempt to establish business agencies for such intercourse seems to me fraught with danger. . . . I would now desire explicitly that, in these new manifestations of the power of the spirit which is in man, we find a strange light thrown upon the stories of Jesus, which have been so baffling to us. . . . His intermittent manifestations to the disciples—his being seen one moment while disappearing the next; his passing through closed doors and walls; his rising in the air above the disciples—these and other bewildering tales of the Gospels take on a strangely realistic air in the light of things we have seen or heard of to-day. . . . The resurrection of Jesus means to me simply his appearance from the Spirit-world. . . . Thus he 'brought life and immortality to light.' After death Jesus manifested himself to the disciples from the spirit-sphere, perceiving them of his continued being, and inspiring in them that sublime faith in immortality which they went forth conquering and to conquer."

The savants who have given any careful investigation to Spiritualism are more than he names, and they admit and accept far more. Wallace is a pronounced Spiritualist, holding its facts the proof palpable of immortality. Others held as his peers in science, are equally pronounced, and a noble array of men and women, ripe in judgment, and widely known as reformers, statesmen, scholars and poets, know the reality of spirit-presence by years of personal experience.

Would it not be absurd to talk of Darwin and Tyndall leaping to their conclusions touching the origin of species and like matters? Equally absurd is the like talk about Spiritualists. Nothing in the wide realm of science has been more thoroughly and carefully tested, and nothing has more ample proof than this great fact of spirit-presence and manifestation. After a study of this matter acknowledged as "very imperfect," is it not assuming a great deal to talk in this careless way of the "leap to a conclusion," reached in many cases by slow and sure steps through thirty years of careful research and thought? Is there judicial fairness, or logic, or reason, or the true scientific spirit in this assertion?

Having "never attended a séance," is it fair to talk about "back-door entrances into the other world?" Is there not wisdom and light—the beauty and joy of glorified spirit-presence touching the hearts of thoughtful and cultured men and women in the séance? Folly and fraud may sometimes creep in, but is that all? Why ignore the glory and the power and cast contempt over the whole matter?

Rev. Heber Newton is a preacher paid a fair salary, we hope. Is it any worse to pay an honest and gifted medium than to pay him? Is there any more danger from "business agencies for such intermundane commerce" than in like plans for hiring ministers of the gospel? Danger, we may grant, in both cases, to be guarded against by wise care. The golden padlock on the lips of a popular preacher may fetter the truth in his soul, and make him a pulpit charlatan; or the lesser pay of some medium may lead him to "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." Heaven pity them both, and give us the brave and true in their stead.

In the reverent soul of Dr. Newton, Jesus is "the Holy One," and all connected with him is invested with a sweet sanctity which we have no wish to lessen. He tells us that, to him, "The resurrection of Jesus meant simply his appearance from the Spirit-world after death," gives in glowing words the great results of that appearance, and de-

clares "explicitly that in these new manifestations we find a strange light" thrown on these gospel narratives. This light, in which he sees the naturalness and reality of the resurrection and reappearance of Christ, comes from these séances—"back-door entrances into the other world," as he calls them, though never present to know and judge for himself what they are! Through good and gifted mediums spirits communicate with men, and thus we gain precious experiences which, even when only heard of, as in his case, give new beauty and significance to so great an event as the resurrection of One whom he holds as "The Way, The Truth and The Life." Yet he is "not inclined to think well of the spirits," but would "decidedly prefer to keep at a distance from them," if they do communicate at these séances!

In all other parts of this volume, even when not in accord with some opinions expressed, we recognize a high mood which lends added strength to its arguments. In his treatment of Modern Spiritualism, it may be said in his favor that (1) his discourses were not written out for publication, but reported by a stenographer; and (2) they were delivered from an Episcopalian pulpit to an audience largely in sympathy with the Episcopal church; and (3) his views of promiscuous public séances as gathered from newspapers and critical Spiritualists, together with the caution made necessary by the time and place of utterance, all these circumstances combined, made him, as reported, too sweeping in some statements and unfair and unscientific in others.

Dr. Newton has the courage of his convictions, and is an earnest, enthusiastic searcher after truth. We believe he will yet have more to say of the phenomena popularly grouped under the name of Spiritualism, some of which are only explicable on the spirit hypothesis, while others are to be accounted for, as all intelligent Spiritualists know and assert, without recourse to another world.

Is It any Wonder?

Is it any wonder that there are house-breakers, shop-lifters, sneak thieves, sand-baggers, and petty plunderers generally among the lower classes of our large cities, when those who are supposed to move in the higher circles of society make such an exhibit as was lately presented in New York City. It appears from the *Daily Sun* that "Library Thieves" were discussed by the New York Library Club in the Columbia College library one day last week. Librarian Melvil Due said that it was hard to tell a library thief at sight. Well dressed, gentlemanly looking men steal books. Librarian Peoples said that the Mercantile Library had lost many books. One person, he said, a German school teacher, took a book from the library and he could not get it back. After he had kept the book four years, during which time he had written to him about it repeatedly, he sent his assistant to his house. He returned without the book, but said he had seen it on the man's table. Mr. Peoples then went himself. He was shown into a room, in the centre of which there was a table covered with manuscript. There he saw the book. When the man came into the room he said, "I am using it, and have been ever since I took it out." "You won't use it any more," said Mr. Peoples, and walked out with it.

Mr. Hannah of the Long Island Historical Library, said that he suspected a certain high-toned gentleman of stealing books, but could not catch him. When he died he went to his house and found 200 of the library's most valuable volumes. Another thief he caught was a prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, a man of distinguished appearance and fine manners. He did not steal books; his forte was carrying off newspapers. He caught him at it one day. Shortly after that he moved from Brooklyn, and is now living near Columbia College.

Speaking about the ladies, Mr. Hannah said that a number of school girls used to come into the library, but he should never have suspected them of stealing if he had not been told that they did. His reading room was full of these girls one day, when the principal of the largest girl's seminary in Brooklyn chanced to come in. "You must look out for those girls," he said, "they all steal." That coincided with the experiences of Mr. Peoples. He makes it a rule not to trust any lady who is a lover of books. He stated that the wife of a professor was caught stealing a book from the library. She begged so hard for him not to say anything about it, and to still allow her to come to the library, that he yielded, and she still reads the books. Another young lady, who is amply able to buy all the books she wants, was discovered going out with one book in her hand, which she was entitled to, and five others hidden under her cloak.

Dr. Buel, Librarian of Union Theological Seminary, was asked how he got along with the ministers. He said he was afraid that ministers were as bad as any one else in this respect, for since he had been librarian more than one thousand volumes had been stolen. "One minister," he said, "kept a book twenty-three years, but finally returned it, with a note to the effect that he needed the book no longer, as he had obtained a better edition."

"My opinion," said Mr. Peoples, "is that ministers are not to be trusted in a library any more than any one else. They like to write their opinions on the margins of books also. I found a book so marked one day, and, recognizing the handwriting as that of a prominent divine, sent a note to him asking

to see him in my office. He came, acknowledged that he had written in the book, but said that his writing made it more valuable. 'Others do not think so,' I said; 'so if you will get us a new book, you may keep the more valuable one.'"

Mr. Hannah said that a Staten Island minister came into his library one day to consult some forty or fifty volumes on a certain subject. He placed the books on a table for him and left him. Shortly afterward, while passing him again, Mr. H. saw him throw a volume on the floor, and, looking under the table, saw twenty books lying there. He asked him what he threw the books on the floor for. "Oh, I'm through with those," he answered. "I told him I guessed he was; and with the others, too."

The above is certainly a bad exhibit, and shows the necessity of reforming those who are supposed to constitute the upper strata of society. If those book thieves could be made converts to Spiritualism, they would at once hold in subjection their thievish propensities.

SELF-CULTURE.

Its Aims and Nature the Subject of the Rev. R. Heber Newton's Discourse.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton preached in All Souls' Anthem Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church last Sunday morning on the nature and aim of self-culture. The church was crowded, and many of the congregation leaned forward in their pews with eager interest to catch every word he uttered. The text was from Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, fourth chapter, thirteenth verse:

"Till we all come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man."

In the beginning Dr. Newton referred with pleasure to the rapid advancement of true culture in the West, and paid a passing tribute to the intelligent munificence of Senator Leland Stanford in giving millions of money to found a magnificent university on the Pacific Coast. Continuing the learned gentleman set forth that culture is a word which to-day savors suspiciously of intellectual affectation. It is the thing nowadays, very much as are duds and bric-a-brac, and its praises are chanted among the so-called elite in a fashion to nauseate all who are not addicted to being "intense." None the less this culture cant is simply the imitative chorus of fashionable folly rehearsing the noble strains of the serious and spiritual of earth. A "Turveydrop" "master of deportment" still represents to not a few the beautiful ideal of the prophet of culture. Some such high polish, a sort of Nubian shine or No. 1 shellac, appears to be the artistic result of the education that is carried on in not a few seminaries where the feminine mind is duly finished at the age of eighteen.

WHAT CULTURE IS.

As to what culture really is, Dr. Newton said it is not really the knowledge of one's special work in life, or the skill in that vocation which the successful man wins. There is a something higher than bread and butter, and even than cake and wine, and there is a nobler learning than that which turns to food and coins itself into good hard money. Before we know it we may be shutting ourselves up within the area of the life of a man whom we call the craftsman or the clergyman, losing sight of the large life of a perfect manhood. This is just what we see being done all around us—successful clergymen who know little of unsurpassed human nature; physicians whose ideas are bottled in the vials of the drug-shop; lawyers whose literature is bound in yellow calf, merchants, and bankers, and manufacturers to whom the universe is an infinitude of ships, and bonds, and calicoes. Culture is a something large and generous, which takes a man out of his narrow speciality and floats him into the deep current of human life; which calls him out of his individual concerns and interests him in the things found on the broad and breezy common of literature, and science, and art; which wakens in him a deeper hunger than that which bread or even cake will satisfy; a greed which will rest content on the biggest piles of gold. Culture is not any mere accumulation of knowledge, even though that knowledge be outside of your calling. Knowledge undigested, unassimilated, is no more culture than the bolted dinner is flesh and blood. Culture is vitalized reading, books turned into brain, geology and astronomy transmitted into high-thinking art, correlated into noble feelings, French and German making an utterance for a spirit.

LEARNED FOOLS.

Under the above head, the eminent divine asks the question, "Have you ever seen a learned fool?" and then goes on to say that you can find such men in any college, or in any drawing-room; learned pedants and polished shallows; dry-as-dust professors and cultured dilettanti who air the French and German without having anything worth saying in plain English. When bread and meat pass into firm flesh, and tough muscle, and stored nervous energy, then we are well fed physically; and when sciences, and arts, and history, and poetry pass into active faculties, keen perception, close reasoning, clear judgment, quick sympathies, and noble aspirations, we are well fed mentally. No man except a monster becomes intelligent without becoming something more than intelligent. The aim of true culture should be not alone to build up a perfect intellect, but through it to build up as perfect an inner being as possible—as rich, as round, and as ripe. A Blind Tom is scarcely a type of the cultivated man, though none of us can hope to rival his marvelous playing; he is not a man at all, but only a musical monster.

Culture brings forth men fully grown, well formed, rich blooded, firmly knit, alive all over. Greece, which taught us beauty, showed us in her palmy days the form of culture in her beautiful human beings, noble bodied, intellectual, esthetic, affectionate, aspiring, worshipping alike the true, the beautiful, and the good. We are thus led up to a point of view whence we can see culture to be something which can be legitimately considered in the pulpit—as nothing less than the very task of the church upon the earth. Culture blossoms into character. The modern apostle of culture, himself tells us that conduct is three-fourths of life. Then three-fourths of the energy of a true culture must go to the shaping of the conduct; that is, to the forming of the character. Knowledge must store the being with the forces which turn to wisdom.

UNCONSCIOUS RELIGION.

As to unconscious religion Dr. Newton claims that morality is in itself unconscious religion. It is the knowledge of God to which all noble studies lead us. Every glimpse into the truth is a vision of God. Every discovery is a revelation. Each principle or law which we find out is a something learned of the Divine Being. To see any truth as a something beautiful, sacred, divine, leading us out into the mystery of the infinite and eternal energy which sustains us to recognize that in any truth we are learning somewhat of the will and character of this Divine Being; to thus pursue our studies to the end that we may, through knowing God, shape our lives as becometh His children; this, whether in philosophy or in science, in poetry or art, is religion.

But you may say that culture and religion have always been at variance, if not in actual strife. This is doubtless true, but it is the result of a faulty and feeble conception of both. Religion has narrowed its vision of the true aim of life. In the lurid light of hell-flames, culture looked like a pretty trifling. A magnificent moral manhood was developed at the cost of a shrunken intellect and a starved imagination. Thus religion frowned upon culture as on a something frivolous, if not false, and culture has not been without its own depreciation of religion. The severe and solemn seriousness of religion has offended alike its philosophic calm and its artistic sensuousness, and, thinking that it knew too much to be in such dead earnest, it has thrown itself back smiling upon the free natural impulses of human nature, abridged for joy as well as for truth. We see at a glance the alien spirit of the Reformation and the renaissance of the Wittenburg of Luther, and the Florence of the Medici, of the courts of Cromwell and of Charles II. Religion and culture alike are each now learning to correct its own imperfection in the ideal of the other. We see now that sweetness and light must correlate with force and fire. Religion is learning that its mission is to fashion a perfect manhood, a task of education which is to be realized only by leading forth all the powers and faculties and instincts of human nature and guiding their growth toward a harmonious wholeness. Culture is learning that its function is to be discharged only when books make men; when the intellectual life blossoms out into the moral life and the moral life flowers into the religious life; when knowledge opens into wisdom and wisdom bends its knees in worship of the infinite truth and beauty which are one with the eternal goodness. The true, the beautiful, and the good are not three but one. A Greek has left us the noblest type in marble—a youth of well proportioned form, of firmly knit frame every line of his body a line of beauty, his face instinct with noble intelligence and gracious goodness, straining forward on springing feet as though in earnest after a somewhat beyond him, his head upturned and his arm upraised with open hands of invocation spread toward the skies in the aspiration which is worship.

Canon Farrar in Chicago.

Canon Farrar, the eminent English divine, preached in Trinity Episcopal Church, this city, last Sunday evening. He appeared in the ordinary white clerical robe, and took a subordinate part in the introductory services. He was generally recognized throughout the house and closely watched during the service. The sermon related to the wisdom of nations, and the text was as follows:

"Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of nations which shall bear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people."—Deut. et. 6.

His sermon was listened to by a vast audience, and attracted the earnest attention of each one. We extract a single paragraph, as follows:

He said that mankind had many tests—God but one. If the ideas of the nation be good and strong it would become conspicuous and powerful; if bad and weak its name would be a reproach and a by-word on the earth. Scripture, he said, dealt more with masses of men than with individuals. Individuals wrote in characters too small for its pages, and yet each individual contributed a part, great or small, to the glory of the nation to which he belonged. It was a duty of every citizen to help his nation to attain the ends for which it was established by God. So far as its policies were wrong he could help amend them, and if right he could assist it in its course. As an example of the errors of nations, he said some nations had delighted in war and had written their history in blood. They had passed over prosperous fields like a devastating flame, and in their paintings and statuary had glorified their atrocious deeds, suggesting that angels had hovered over their course and assisted them in their outrageous victories. Such had passed away amid fire and sword in the wrath of nations.

Henry Ward Beecher in Chicago.

Last Sunday this eminent divine preached at the Centenary Methodist Church. He commenced by making this solemn announcement: "Dearly beloved, I shall never again speak to you. I speak to the dying—myself a dying man. My right hand; a man in as good health as I; for forty years a neighbor, friend, and brother, has fallen and passed away. Why not I myself?"

The "neighbor, friend, and brother" alluded to was of course, Mr. H. B. Claffin, in whose intimate friendship Mr. Beecher had grown from early manhood to the fullness of years.

Mr. Beecher took for his text "The Transfiguration." We make only a brief extract from his sermon:

"Every man has his transfiguration. Though in a different way, God gives to everybody his luminous hours; not so dramatic as the actual transfiguration, but hours when we see what at other times we cannot see; when something within us breaks forth into expression; hours in which the higher, and grander, and nobler is seen, not as real but possible. But we go through sadder hours ordinarily. Men believe in horses and carriages, in houses and furniture, in warehouses and goods—material things; but how few are they who believe in the ever present God; how few in the eternal principles of truth; in that humble faith which is mightier than the law of gravitation. These after all, are the real truths. Little by little, by the attrition of doubt, faith is worn away and man forgets the great eagle of blue above in which God's truth is vibrating. To all such there come these luminous hours, when the world seems to have ceased thrumming, when the soul seems to try and spread its wings again and fly. Oh, if I could live in those luminous hours! They are the transfiguration of Christ to you. They are the high places in clear air, and here should you take your observations; here is the time to lay the line of your future traveling. Believe in your luminous hours—never give up the vision."

"Some men are converted as a child is born into the world—without knowing it. Others are brought in suddenly, and when spiritual times are hard and preachers are poor, doubt if ever they were converted—if their conversion was more than an electric shock. There are times when I exclaim: How little piety there is among the most pious; how little Christianity among Christians. I see little patches of missionary work, but how of the masses who know not the living faith. When I see the cities of civilization and the mammon worship that prevails in them, and ponder that it is 2,000 years since the coming of Christianity; when I see the hordes of China and Japan, and how our Government receives them when their coming interferes with business or political interests; and when I see heroic, even Christian men and women, leading a reform, called Puritans and high—fantastic creatures—it seems a great many ages before the millennium, and I get tired. For my own life, which has been as prosperous as the average, I care nothing for the little oppositions and jealousies which encumber it. My heart is wedded to my kind; my zeal and hope and most ardent ambition are with my kind. And yet my work seems as if a sparrow should attempt to pick down a mountain. Still we cannot forget that who gathers a handful of seed and scatters it here and there may find it when he returns after years grown to a forest. Who knows to measure what he does or what the effect will be? It doth not yet appear what we are. Hope and have courage. Be sure and don't judge the extent of your work by the eye—judge it by your faith."

The Mind-Cure Craze.

Mrs. Hester M. Poole writes: "The article having the above as a partial heading, and stating that the women of New York, especially the controlling members of Sorosis, are 'enthusiastic converts to the belief that mind cure is a scientific verity,' is probably taken from a New York paper which was the subject of a hoax by some mischievous journalist. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Sorosis is neither enthusiastic nor 'torn' upon the subject. It is true that a much respected member, Mrs. Delhi, is a convert to the last new 'craze,' and gives treatments. Sorosis has nothing to do with it, and has never given Mrs. Delhi either a dinner or a reception. An individual member here and there, may inquire into this phase of magnetic treatment in order to be intelligent in regard to whatever is going on in this direction,—just as any other private person in the city."

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent free until January 1st next, to new subscribers who remit \$2.50 for one year's subscription.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

The New Era for November is devoted entirely to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose 70th birthday was celebrated November 12th. Mrs. Harbert, the editor, has taken advantage of this to gather many graceful tributes of affection and admiration and make this a birthday greeting. One of the most interesting of these tributes is from the daughter, Margaret Stanton Lawrence, whose home is in Council Bluffs, Ia. She says: "The devil had no place at our festive nor the 'Inferno' in our dreams of the future. We heard nothing under our roof of 'original sin' or 'total depravity,' but of the great possibilities bound up in us all to be grand men and women." She says, further, "Mother and Susan are worthy to be canonized as saints,—not the weeping, fasting, passive kind, not angels with folded wings waiting at the doors of the temple, but what Luther calls 'fighting saints,' angels with wills." The world needs

more such saints. Greetings from Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Robert Collyer, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert and others, together with a fine steel plate engraving of Mrs. Stanton, complete the number.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The office of the Mind-Cure Journal has been removed to 161 La Salle street.

Walter Howell's subject next Sunday evening will be, "The Attitude of the New Church in Relation to Spiritualism."

T. Roscoe, an English medium of very peculiar and striking gifts, is now en route for Boston by steamer Cephalonia.

Dr. A. C. Stanton, a prominent Spiritualist residing at Blackhawk, Col., has been stopping in the city for a few days.

Mrs. Maud Lord has settled at 195 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the present, where she will be glad to see her friends.

Dr. Emily J. Pike, formerly of Boston, has located at 133 Penn St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., for the winter, where she is prepared to meet her patrons.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has returned to Baltimore, Md., for the winter, and is located at No. 6 First Street, where she will be pleased to meet her friends.

Miss Susie M. Johnson has been employed by the Society of Spiritualists at Los Angeles, Cal., to speak four Sundays of November and the month of December.

Dr. Buchanan gave a lecture on The Religious Aspect of Psychometry, in the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Sunday evening, November 8th.

A steambot, built in England and sent out in pieces at a cost of \$20,000, is being put together on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa. It will be used for missionary work along the coast.

In the National Museum at Washington in a number of little trays, are 42,000 birds' eggs, varying in size from that of the humming bird to that of the giant dodo, whose remains are found in Madagascar.

Lyman C. Howe spoke Sunday, Nov. 1st, at Yorkshire, N. Y.; Sunday, Nov. 8th, at North Collins, N. Y. He is open for work this fall and winter wherever called. Address at Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

The first Sunday school in the United States was held in Roxbury, Mass., in 1674. A Sunday school was established in Ephrata, Pa., in 1740. The first of the modern Sunday schools in this country was instituted by Bishop Asbury, in Hanover county, Va., in 1786.

Blue Ribbon beer, manufactured in Toronto, and claimed to be a temperance beverage, was tested a few days ago on two men, each of whom drank seven glasses in an hour and a half and then became drunk. The court thereupon decided that the stuff was intoxicating.

A farmer near York, Pa., is the possessor of a wonderful pig. The left foreleg resembles the arm of an infant. At the extremity is a hand with a thumb and four tapered fingers, which are regular in form, even to the nails. The face also bears a striking resemblance to that of a human being.

Christians are no longer liable to insults from masculine Mohammedans, but nine out of ten of the older women, even in Constantinople, will look askance at a Christian unbeliever, and greet him with the cheerful salutation: "May the dogs devour your bones!"

Medical studies appear to be too severe for the average woman. In England, according to the census of 1881, the number of women physicians was twenty-five. From 1880 to 1884, eight had been placed in the lunatic asylum, and at the end of last year three were under treatment.

The story about Joseph Dyer, of Maine, who was thrown from his wagon, killed, buried, resurrected by medical students and restored to life, is one of the most charming little romances that has come over the wires recently. Evidently Joseph is not much of a Dyer, whatever may be his qualifications as a liar.

Base ball players in the Southern League are to receive but \$1,000 hereafter. The idea being to keep the college professors and ministers of the gospel satisfied. In the North educators and preachers have long since learned to value their services very modestly in comparison with the prices asked by science men in the diamond.

Some statisticians, who want to make people dreadful blue, figures it all out thus: "Select 100,000 healthy boys and girls from the public schools of our country. Let each be ten years old. At twenty-three, 10,000 will be dead; at fifty, 30,000; at sixty-five, 90,000; at seventy-five, 60,000; at eighty-five, 90,000; at ninety-three, 99,000; at ninety-five, 99,990—only ten alive, and in one hundred years, 99,999 will be dead."

At Salt Lake City, November 10th, a real sensation was caused by the official announcement in a Mormon newspaper, that Apostle Albert Carrington has been excommunicated from the church for "the crimes of lewd and lascivious conduct and adultery." Carrington is one of the oldest apostles, is the husband of three or four women, and has been a member of the church half a century. For years he has been president of the European mission, with headquarters at Liverpool, and has been regarded as one of the ablest and staunchest Mormons. It is said he committed adultery some time ago, but the facts were not known until recently, when he was tried and convicted and excommunicated by the eleven other apostles.

Mrs. M. Babcock writes: "The Spiritualists and Liberalists' State Association of Michigan, held its semi-annual meeting at Saranac, on Saturday and Sunday, October 31st and November 1st. J. H. Burnham, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Bishop Beals, and M. Babcock were the speakers; readings and recitations by others; music by Prof. Beals and the Misses Shaw. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the meeting was voted a success."

The Rural Californian says: "The Iowa Press Association is talking seriously of making a trip to Southern California the coming winter, and we want to extend a hearty welcome in advance. If they would only unite in this matter with the Illinois Press Association, we would have a bunch of the smartest men and handsomest women among us when they get here that could be gathered together anywhere in the Union. Southern California will open wide her hospitable doors for you, gentlemen."

The Japan Gazette states that the process of Latinizing the Japanese alphabet is making great progress. The Mathematical and Physical Society of Tokio, has resolved to print the official parts of its reports to the Roman characters, and the Chemical Society is about to take a similar step. Several newspapers are already printed with Roman type, and the Japan Gazette expresses the opinion that the Latin Alphabet will soon be generally adopted.

Dr. Henry Slade intends to go to Europe in a short time. Prominent parties there agree to send him tickets for passage both ways, and pay him well for services while there. He will probably go direct to Hamburg, and then to Amathal and Vienna. Joseph Ed. Schmidt, of Amathal, is the principal one interested in securing his services. Mr. Simmons writes: "Dr. Slade seems to be better than at any time in many months, if not years. Occasional prostrations occur, though in recovering he gains new ground before the next attack. These are also growing lighter."

MRS. BESTE.

In referring to the late exposure of the supposed materializing medium, Mrs. Beste, a correspondent of the Banner of Light, says: "To those intelligent Spiritualists who understand the sensitive laws and conditions governing these phenomena, it can readily be seen that transfiguration will explain 'the whole matter.'"

Now there is one feature of the Beste case that "transfiguration" will not explain. Mrs. Beste was provided with a luminous gauze arrangement with which she enveloped herself to represent an illuminated spirit. This robe or shawl was a part of the paraphernalia that was seized and divided among the audience as mementos of the occasion. If she was an honest medium why was she invested with this appearance of jugglery?

We are aware that it will be said in her defence that deceptive spirits may have produced this luminous gauze for the occasion. This claim would destroy every possibility of determining, what is, or is not, honest mediumship. If mediums are found personating spirits, or if they appear before the investigator in masks, or are discovered playing tricks of any kind by those who are not inimical to the mediums, and who would be glad to see an honest form materialization in their presence—if all of this shallow pretension is to be laid to deceptive spirits, and the medium fully exonerated in the matter, then must everything like careful investigation cease.

If it is the spirits, and not the mediums, who are up to this kind of charlatanism, then we ask to be excused from the fellowship of that class of spirits. All such mediums should refuse to allow their mediumship to be abused and perverted by such spirits. They should cease to hold séances for the exhibition of Spiritual duplicity, as they should for the exhibition of any duplicity of their own. And until they do, Spiritualists should leave them and their séances severely alone.

No honest medium will consent to hold séances under conditions that render trickery possible. They will insist upon avoiding the very appearance of fraud. If they use cabinets, they will see that they are placed in the audience room, where all sides may be carefully guarded. Unless they are willing to do this, however honest or genuine they may be, they may expect unfavorable criticism.—Golden Gate.

L. Prang & Co., desiring to produce a memento of the famous International Yacht Race between the "Puritan" and "Genesta," for the "America's Cup," September 16th, commissioned Mr. Wm. F. Russell, the eminent marine painter, to fix upon canvas as true a representation of the race as it was possible to make, and that he has succeeded is evident to all who see the beautiful fac simile.

Edward Burgess, the designer of the "Puritan," endorses the excellence of the picture in the following letter:

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1885.

MESSRS. L. PRANG & CO.: Dear Sirs.—It affords me great pleasure to attest to the excellence of Mr. Russell's painting, "The Puritan" (International Yacht Race between the "Puritan" and "Genesta," Sept. 16, 1885), which you have undertaken to reproduce.

The appearance of the yacht on that occasion has been rendered as accurately and as spiritedly as it is possible for a brush to do; and the reproduction cannot fail to be welcomed by all interested in the subject.

There is now in press, at the establishment of L. Prang & Co., the enterprising art publishers, a large Souvenir Tableau of General Grant by Mr. T. de Thuisrup, whose battle pictures in the war articles of the Century Magazine were so much admired by old veterans for their lifelike truthfulness. The work shows in the centre a portrait of General Grant as he was known to his army in 1865, surrounded by vignettes representing his military career from West Point to Appomattox. Messrs. Prang have also in contemplation the publication of a series of war pictures by the same artist, which will be welcome to all, now that the animosities of the strife are forgotten, and the war has passed into history.

PIANO & ORGAN tune: destroys true SINGING! Every sound explained; and every finger made a Scientific Tuner. No need for Vocal and Violinists. Facts with dollars for lovers of music to know the exact truth. Book sent for 35c. in stamps by Rev. J. W. Hanner, Agent, Box 9, Bloomfield, Sumter Co., Florida.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

DON'T SUFFER COLD TO ACCUMULATE on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar and achieve an easy victory. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and \$1.

Cured of Snoring. DENVER, Colorado, Nov. 10, 1885. PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO.

I have given Fisher's Mouth Breathing Inhibitor a fair trial and can cheerfully recommend it to all Snorers. I feel confident that who ever will, may by its use, rid himself of the Abominable Noise. MISS S. N. DYCK.

The Prairie City Novelty Co., is located at 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, and they will send circulars to Snorers Free.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 14, 1885.

Glen's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies, 25c. German Cream Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hairs and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

HUDSON TAYLOR lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attendances free. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The hair is frequently rendered prematurely gray by care, grief, delicate health, lowness of spirits, or a depressed tone of the vital powers. The use of Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer, will restore its youthful color and beauty.

MR. CHARLES DAWBARN will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 4th. Mr. Dawbarn would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such Societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 463 West 23rd St., New York City.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Eber D. Howe passed to spirit-life at his home in Palmyra, Ohio, November 10th, at the age of 88 years.

Mr. Howe was a soldier in the War of 1812, and after its close he went to Cleveland, and in the year 1819 founded the Cleveland Herald. Mr. Howe did not remain long at the head of the Herald, but setting out, he went to Palmyra, where in 1822 he founded the Palmyra Telegraph.

He was a prominent Spiritualist, and in all respects an excellent man. He had been for a long time a subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Passed to spirit-life October 25th, from his home in San Francisco, Cal., Wells Raphael Anderson, aged 19 years, 5 months and 18 days.

He was the son of Wells P. and L. Pet Anderson, the former a spirit artist, and the latter an excellent medium. It is said that his soul was filled with music and harmony, and that if he had lived he would have made a lasting impression for good upon the world.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO. State and Washington Streets.

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WANTED.—One intelligent, energetic man or woman in each country to take the valuable value of "THE POLAR WORLD," the only complete and authentic history of all the Voyages and Discoveries in the Polar Regions ever published. Immense demand, low prices, big discounts to canvassers who secure business. Full particulars by addressing: A. G. NETTLETON & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CANDY MAKING GOAT HOME. A valuable book containing 25 choice recipes (many of them sold heretofore at \$1.00 to \$2.00 each) so plain and simple that all the choice candies can be made in any kitchen, at a small cost, and absolutely pure, just the thing for Christmas and other festive occasions. If ordered before December 15th 30 cents per copy. Regular price 50 cents. SECRETLY FOR. 10c. Massachusetts, Mass.

BOYS, GIRLS, Do you want to know HOW MRS. FARMER'S DAUGHTER CURED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE CROUP? Do you want to know HOW YOU CAN DO IT? If you, send your name and address to MRS. FARMER, St. Louis, Mo.

NO COLD FEET. It is impossible to over estimate the value of warm feet at this season of the year. Thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year in consequence of damp, cold feet. Cold feet lay the foundation for Pulmonary Disease, so fatal to the people of our land, and the world know how valuable our MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES are for keeping up warm, steady glow through the feet and limbs, none would be without them. The inmates of the whole body, keep vital forces at work, and the circulation in the blood, and so on other organs, are produced than to insulate the body from the wet, cold earth, the inmates would be leaving.

In many cases the inmates will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Swelling of the Limbs. Send a pair, to any address by mail, send stamps or currency, best mail order, or send by express. We will send by mail to any part of the world. Price \$1.00.

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THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH For Beauty of Polish, saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

NOVELTY COMBINATIONS for printing N. J. Easton Notices, etc. Address N. J. WORKS, Westfield, N. J.

THE OCCULT MAGAZINE. Of profound interest to students of Occultism. 40 cents per annum. Agent, S. H. HANDALL, Cincinnati, O.

GLOBES. Prices reduced one-half. Right new styles, sent for list. H. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for a stage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortune awaits the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. THUR & CO., Augusta, Me.

Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Large Stock. Catalogue free. Address Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Steel Furnaces. "Advance" Steel Furnaces. MADE BY THE CHICAGO & ERIE STOVE COMPANY, Office 171 and 173 Lake St., Chicago.

30 DAYS' TRIAL. Will continue the most successful Electro-Magnetic Belt, Patented October 19th, 1880, will cure all Nervous, Rheumatic, Stomach, Liver, Kidney Disorders. Whole family can wear comfortably. Full list of batteries on hand. Send for "Frank N. S." DR. CLARA ELECTRIC CO., 119 & 201 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL. Will continue the most successful Electro-Magnetic Belt, Patented October 19th, 1880, will cure all Nervous, Rheumatic, Stomach, Liver, Kidney Disorders. Whole family can wear comfortably. Full list of batteries on hand. Send for "Frank N. S." DR. CLARA ELECTRIC CO., 119 & 201 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Neshaminy Park Association. (SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP MEETING.)

A stock company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and improving a tract of land known as the "Joyce Farm," in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, that there may be a permanent camp-meeting ground for Spiritualists in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and that all who are in harmony with that object and desire to secure for themselves comfortable summer homes at a very reasonable outlay, may do so. Your personal cooperation is solicited. It is necessary that ten per cent. of the capital stock be paid in before a charter can be secured from the State. The capital stock being \$50,000, we need \$5,000 immediately.

The intention of the corporation is to provide a place for the "First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia," by far the largest of a national rent, for camp-meeting purposes exclusively. All the pleasure grounds lying between the Broad and Rittenhouse Streets, and the Neshaminy Creek, comprising about 50 acres.

The "Joyce Farm," which has been secured for the corporation at a satisfactory price, contains over 107 acres; so that, after laying out and setting aside for the "First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia," about 85 acres of the tract, there will be left about 22 acres of land, and beautiful land, suitable and desirable for building summer homes upon.

It is proposed to survey and divide the 22 acres with proper streets adorned with shrubbery, concrete walks of granite, and front the building lots on these streets. The lots are to be made equal in size, and to be sold at about \$100 each to the members of the Association and those in sympathy with them; allowing a bidding of premium for choice of lots.

It is believed that not only will the lots greatly increase in value, but that the corporation, will also derive considerable profit from the sale of lot and premium.

If you are in sympathy with the above object, and wish to further the undertaking, you will please notify the Secretary. The shares of stock have been placed at \$50 each, only 100 per cent. of which is to be paid upon application. The books will be opened at the Hall, 810 Spring Garden Street, on Thursday evening, October 23, 1885.

Any further information can be obtained by writing to the Secretary, 1245 Butterworth.

J. KENNEDY, President. HENRY F. BENNER, Secretary. WM. H. JONES, Treasurer.

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH USE THE MAGNETIC PROTECTOR, FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN. PRICE, ONLY \$5.00.

The LONG AND CHINESE PROTECTOR, with illustrated list of the most useful garments, and one written in Chinese, and child in the Chinese should wear. It is an impossibility that any person wearing it should "catch cold," or have an attack of pneumonia, or rheumatism, or other acute throat or lung disease. They also prevent and cure that most troublesome and insidious complaint so prevalent in this region, Catarrh. For heart trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred complaints they are excellent and highly recommended by all physicians.

A Few Maladies Successfully Fought by the Magnetic Lung Protector.

Cure of a sufferer for fourteen years from neuralgia of the face. E. F. True, an Old Country, Kan.

Lungs almost gone, but I am getting cured.—S. B. Hancock, Maunton, Wis.

No longer takes cold at the least exposure.—Wm. Trupp, Ingersoll, Ont.

Neither of us have had a cold since commencing to wear the lung protector.—C. M. Wright, Ipswich, Kan.

Given up to die by the doctors.—Cured by the lung protector.—J. M. Packard, Hill City, Tenn.

Enormously large tonsils cured. E. S. Weston, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

Worth its weight in gold to any one who will wear it.—S. B. Hancock, Maunton, Wis.

They will wear any service for three years. Also wear over the undershirt.

In ordering mention whether lady or child, if child or adolescent, send mail order, or send by express, or by registered mail. D. Address

MAGNETIC PROTECTOR CO., 119 & 201 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

WIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION. BY ALEXANDER WILSON. Published form, price 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Notes from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Burns and His Highland Mary.

(Published by request.)

The following beautiful poem was printed in the *Banner of Light*, Boston, March 27th, 1885. It first appeared with the following introduction: "Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vt., is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would sometime make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few moments later Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by divine influence to pen the following, which, on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind."

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger, but I feel I ken;
For ye've known naught of me, save through
The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen;
But when I speak of glibbing Ayr,
Of lawless shades and transient forms,
Of Iona and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think of Robert Burns.

I am the lad—and why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit sphere,
If Burns was with his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her of my joy,
No muckle impress could I make;
And, lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I pass'd from earth,
My angelic guide, in flowers,
Met me with glowing torch,
And led me to the nuptial bower;
That all we'd dream'd of wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there;
And sweetest was my dearie's kiss,
Than on the flow'ry banks of Ayr.

Where Love's celestial fountains played
And robed in burst and seraph sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I mourn'd as long;
And while by angel-hands were play'd
The bonnie bridal serenade,
Though naught of priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was with Highland Mary wed!

There's na destroying death-frost here,
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom;
The bridal tour is through the spheres—
Eternity the honey-moon.
And now my lady, if ye'll hear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can no more retard,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

Mind and Body.

Discussing the "miracle cures," the alleged marvels wrought at holy shrines and in faith-circles, that excellent medical authority, the *Medical Record*, comes to the conclusion that the mind can work wonders in changing the conditions of pain and disease. "The relief," says the editor, "is always in direct ratio to the capacity of faith in the individual." Again—further on—"We do not wish to deny that relief is sometimes experienced in a certain class of cases by apparently occult influences, but a perfectly natural explanation can readily be given for three so-called supernatural occurrences. It is solely the power and force of an intense faith that works the cure, and not any outside miraculous influence." No doubt, the *Medical Record* is quite right. Persons who have no confidence in such mystic methods will have to "stick to drugs and poisons," as the *Record* suggests. The days of miracles departed even before the days of chivalry, and people now want a reason in natural laws for all occurrences, however seemingly strange. Some of these explanations themselves are wonderful. "It is entirely possible," according to the *Record*, "for this kind of faith to cause such a condition of mental exaltation and enthusiasm as to overcome long-continued and functional trouble." The body appears to be transformed under the influence of the mind. The article goes on to show that some, perhaps many, of these reported miracles in cure of disease, are the result of a battle of wills, soldiers may receive painful wounds without being conscious of their existence, "why may not a similar state of exaltation, produced in a different way, and with the aid of expectancy, sometimes be sufficient to remove a neuralgia?" It does even more than that. It removes, according to the *Record's* own showing, just quoted, "suggested functional trouble"—"a headache, or a lung fever, or a thing so, it would seem to be a proper thing for the doctors to inquire, more fully than they seem to have done, into the true nature and powers of 'the mind'—with particular reference to the application of that power to bodily ailments. Their own belief (for most of the doctors seem to accept it) that what is called mind is a mere effect of a certain arrangement of brain matter, and that the latter is the cause, rather than the instrument, of the intelligent force of which we are speaking, hardly comports with the possession of such powers as those which the *Medical Record* admits for the mind. Evidence seems to be multiplying that the real force of Life is imponderable and unseen, and that they sustain to the physical part the relation, rather of a cause than of an effect. An old English poet once wrote home to the truth in his sometimes-quoted line—

For soul it forms, and doth the body make.

But there seems to be, in any event, a great deal for the doctors to learn in the power of the mind over the body and its functions. They have studied what they can see and handle; what the knife can reveal, and the balances weigh. It is more than possible that a dead body cannot reveal all, or the most beautiful and wonderful, of the puzzling facts of Life; and that quite as interesting truths await their revelation in the living temple.—Ez.

Materialization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

With hundreds of other Spiritualists I was greatly interested in your article in the *JOURNAL* on the subject of "Materialization." I have found so much fraud and so little genuine, that I am predisposed to get down as fraudulent all the reports of wonderful "form manifestations." You will remember the thorough exposure which Mr. Miller gave not about five years ago, which you hold now among your papers. The abuse I received from some, and the threats from others, more prominent in our ranks, are still fresh in my mind. She has since been so thoroughly and unquestionably exposed that her wildest confederates have been silenced thereby.

I have had several similar experiences, and I am dumfounded as to the credulity I have seen manifested by otherwise intelligent men and women. My astonishment has been only equalled by my disgust. Nothing short of "mental intoxication" can account for the credulity evinced. This feature, to my mind, is as wonderful as the genuine materialization.

I have seen the so-called medium come out in the lighted room with no attempt at disguise, and be recognized by a "mother," "father," "sister," "brother," or "Indian"—in fact as "any thing." In view of these facts, common, no doubt, to all clear-headed investigators, it is to be wondered at, if, as some seem to doubt all materializations? Like yourself, Bro. Bundy, I believe firmly in the phenomenal fact of materialization, as exhibited by Home, Mrs. Fox-Jenkin, Elsie, Eglington, Miss Cook and Shale, for the evidence in these cases is convincing. The test conditions under which they occur, leaving nothing to the honesty of the medium. Holding these views and knowing that they coincide with yours, I want to ask you to give to your readers the details of the cases of genuine materializations you have witnessed. Nothing can be such constructive proof of a life after death as genuine materializations, and no one can doubt your capacity to detect fraud; so, if you say you have seen undeniable phenomena, we all know you can satisfy us that you were not mistaken. Nothing can give your readers would be more acceptable.

South Pueblo, Col. Y. H. S.

John W. Austin writes: I should be very much interested in the *JOURNAL*. I admit you have a right, sitting as far as possible the fraudulent from the genuine mediumship.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The very able lectures through the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse, the eloquent English orator and trance medium, attract thoughtful and intelligent men and women who listen with close attention to the subjects, which are handled in a practical, sensible, and instructive manner. The lectures are held in addition to the Sunday lectures, the controls of Mr. Morse have inaugurated a series of Question Meetings which are held in our church on Tuesday evenings, which are largely attended; the questions take a wide range, from the most frivolous and nonsensical to such abstract, metaphysical questions as only Deacon B. M. Cole can ask. Each question is answered in accordance with its importance. Mr. Morse being in a profound trance, the presiding officer of the meeting reads the question, and it is answered immediately. We shall probably continue these Question Meetings through the winter, and hope that they may be the means for a better understanding of the many complex subjects pertaining to the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

The subject of Mr. Morse's lecture, Sunday, A. M. November 8th, was "Mediumship, its Philosophy and its Responsibilities." The subject, the controlling influence said, was of vast importance to Spiritualists, to mediums themselves, and to the future of the cause, not only in America but in all nations and among all people. The speaker referred to the condition of the past in regard to the priesthood, how the members thereof had been isolated or set apart from the common people; and it had been believed that they were nearer deity than others, and were his viceregents on earth. This superstition, founded in error and ignorance, still continued, more notably with the Roman Catholic Church, which through its priesthood, was supposed to hold the keys of heaven, and could absolve its followers from sin, and for a consideration could grant indulgences. Protestantism was not free from this superstition, but human experience daily proved that religious teachers are human, like other men, subject to vice and immorality, and there is no immunity for any class. Every human being must be governed by the same laws as to moral, social and religious culture. This superstition, through the ignorance of people, had also attached itself to our mediums, and we are often met with the assertion when mediums have been detected in fraud or immorality, that they were not to blame, but it was owing to their peculiar sensitiveness. The speaker argued that mediumship is in accordance with natural laws and forces; that it is in no sense a supernatural power or gift, but in accord with natural and spiritual laws; that all human beings are more or less mediums and all who are used in any way by the Spirit-world should be held to a strict accountability for their actions, as to their personal life, and that it should be the aim of all mediums to live here in accordance with the best exercise of reason, judgment, morality and common sense. This cry, so often heard among certain Spiritualists, that mediums need "protection," is all wrong. Mediums should learn to live truly, deal honestly with skeptic and investigator, and aspire for intelligent aid and help in their mediumship from those in the spiritual realm. They would soon realize the benefit that they would derive from such a wise and judicious course. It is no part of this grand spiritual movement of the 19th century, to foster superstition. In the last lecture Mr. Morse had been considering the Spiritualists as to mediums and their mediumship. There should be no idolatry manifested for our mediums, nor the idea entertained that there is or can be any thing more sacred in the exercise of mediumship than in any other act or responsibility of human life. No act of a medium can be too sacred to stand before the fiat of reason for judgment. The best standard for personal character, and the application of its results to the conduct of the individual, is to be maintained. It was argued that mediums, whose characters were above reproach, who lived honest lives, and in accord with strict morality, need not worry about those who might control them. The influence also argued that mediums could not be used for varied phenomena without a deterioration of their powers, which would result in disaster to them as individuals and to their mediumship, both in physical and mental prostration.

In conclusion the spirit control set forth that mediumship should be looked upon by Spiritualists and by mediums as a natural cause, and that mediums should aspire for the best results in any form or phase of mediumship, and should study closely these subtle laws and forces, and set their own house in order that they may attract intelligent spirits to abide with them. If they would make right, truth, justice, and morality their standard guides and inspirers here, we would soon see better results.

The control was severe upon that class of Spiritualists who are ever and anon seeking for some startling phenomena. The lesson of Spiritualism is to demonstrate the fact of spirit communion; that life is continuous; that personal responsibility and accountability will ever continue. The speaker made a marked impression upon all who heard it. I regret my inability to give but a meagre outline of it.

The announcement that Mrs. Maud E. Lord and Mr. John Slater would both be present at our Medium Meeting on the 8th, notwithstanding a drizzling rain, packed our church in every nook and corner, many being compelled to stand. By request, Hon. A. H. Dalley made a short opening address, speaking for his subject, "The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation." He referred to the Old Testament, and what was said of the woman of Endor, and of her calling up Samuel, the prophet. The Judge said that the familiar spirits of our age are our own friends, who come, with loving messages, bringing us evidence of their personality. In the manifestations that will follow some will receive this evidence. These messages had cheered many a sorrowing heart in their hours of trouble.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord spoke of the large number of people present, saying that she would prefer that they among the audience who were strangers to her and were skeptics, who desired to hear from their spirit friends, would hold up their hands. A large number did so, exhibiting an earnest desire to hear and know more. Her clairvoyant descriptions were very clear and satisfactory, and a great many messages were given. While she was giving words of love and counsel to a lady who was giving words to a skeptic and a stranger, Mr. John Slater saw the spirit and gave the words which were about to be given to this lady through Mrs. Lord, to Hon. A. H. Dalley, who sat by his side on the platform. A friend of Judge Dalley's from the South—A. H. Dalley from Atlanta, Georgia—received many evidences through Mrs. Lord's clairvoyant powers, that his spirit friends were present, and that he had never met Mrs. Lord until he saw her this afternoon. Every person who received tests through Mrs. Lord and Mr. Slater expressed themselves as pleased. Mr. Slater was unusually happy in his tests, giving names in full, and life incidents that were very satisfactory and convincing. Going down the aisle to a lady near the door, and after giving her evidence, he said to her spirit friend, "Do I know you?"

The reply came, "No; I never saw you before. I am no Spiritualist. I am a Baptist." These episodes are of common occurrence. The medium turned to Judge Dalley and said, I hear the word "Elixir," "mother." Judge Dalley said it was his mother's name, and that the medium could not have known this fact. Many names were given in full with tests of identity.

Mr. Slater and Mrs. Lord were exceptionally good in holding locks of hair, photographs and other mementoes in the pockets of persons present, and in their descriptions of the persons whom they belonged to, either in this or the other world.

The Ladies Aid Society of our church recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. Brundage, President; Mrs. A. G. Kipp, Vice-President; Miss Maggie A. Slocom, Secretary, and Miss Stevens, Treasurer. They have begun their work of benevolence, and in a quiet way are doing something to help the poor and sorrowing ones of our church. They meet in the parlor of the church on Thursdays at 8 P. M., serve supper at 8:30 P. M. at the nominal price of fifteen cents, and have a social on Thursday evening of each week. All our meetings are well attended, our church active and harmonious in all its work. A great interest is shown in our city in the subject of Spiritualism by the more intelligent and thoughtful people.

S. R. NICHOLS.

J. O. Tyler writes: I am well pleased with the *JOURNAL*. Your course suits me. Battle bravely for the right. Fraud should not be tolerated. Give us the truth, let it cut where it will. Truth will stand, but false theories and impostors must sooner or later fall.

Human Nature's Better Angel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Daily life in our cities, especially in the larger cities, often develops the good as well as the bad traits of human nature. The comforting thought is the abounding evidence that the good greatly outweighs the evil, and that the good people are more numerous than the bad. Reading the daily news, one is led to believe that the world was wholly given over to iniquity—the telegrams tell of little but crime. Does the reader who judges so, ever pause to reflect that these crimes are wholly exceptional?—that the acts of good and law-abiding people are not telegraphed, and that in the Iowa or Maine towns there are twenty thousand persons who never did commit a crime? Their names are never telegraphed to the Associated Press; it is the startling offender who gets that dubious honor, and the day's news-page represents the general raking in of the criminal performances of a continent for the preceding twenty-four hours. Doubtless the system might be changed, to the advantage of the better taste which prefers the good, social, religious, or other developments rather than those of crime. This is a question for the newspapermen themselves to settle, and none of them seems ready, just yet, to throw aside the daily alarms and horrors for which it has to pay so roundly, and be alone among its contemporaries in publishing only the tamer, less exciting, but really more edifying, and if less popular material.

Take, for example, one such case as an incident which has just occurred at Philadelphia—it depicts the cheering fact we have asserted: that the good, in our average humanity, far transcends outwedges, and outnumbers the bad. The Philadelphia *Times*, under the caption, "A Starving Family," published an account of the condition of a family in that city consisting of an invalid and broken-down father, a mother weak and dying of starvation, and six hungry children, nearly all huddled into one wretched room, damp, low, and unhealthy, and all suffering for the necessities of life. The reporter drew a forcible picture, in a few dashing lines—thus:

The lower story of the house lies below the level of the pavement, and into it run streams of water on rainy days. The walls are moist with water and their dingy appearance is more like a prison cell than a dwelling. Down stairs two little bright-eyed housekeepers, aged respectively ten and eight years, were busily scrubbing the floor, while a smaller brother, nearly naked, was sleeping in a corner. The eldest girl was feeble-minded, and her thin, blanched face and pinched features indicated the want of food and a mother's care. A physician, who had been sent there, said the situation surpassed the worst cases in all his previous experience. "I believe that the elder girl became feeble-minded through lack of proper food and nutrition, and I think her mind would grow stronger if she were properly cared for. The whole family are actually suffering from starvation. With proper care and better food, the mother would probably be well in a few days." The oldest child, a boy, of thirteen or fourteen, but very small, goes out all day to work, on a meal of bread and water, earning just \$2 a week, on which the whole family subsisted.

A German who lives next door spoke in the kindest terms of the father's sobriety and honesty. The German has been supplying them with food, and said he would like to see the family when they were famished. "When I am eating my breakfast," he said, "the little codgers will line themselves along my window, and peeping in, piteously beg for food."

The next day's paper in a rejoicing column-long account, recorded the happy effects of that publication. The good angel in a hundred human hearts had been stirred. When at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 14th a sturdy little old fellow, with a brown cap and a white beard, turned into the three-foot alley at 917 North Third street, the little chap was so astonished at the scene that met his eyes, on entering the accustomed room, that he paused in the doorway, and said to a little-looking young woman who seemed to be in charge, as he made a scrape and a bow, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I guess I made a mistake." "Oh, no, you didn't," replied the woman, "you're all right, little chap; come right in."

In the low-ceilinged room was a bright blazing fire, a row of baskets filled with dressed chickens, eggs, meats, bread, sugar, milk, vegetables, and other things, while outside a load of coal was being dumped into the cellar for the poor family. Two or three bottles of choice wine had been sent for the mother, who was too weak to leave home. The husband and father, had been a man of means and influence in the southern home from which he came—a member of the North Carolina Legislature—who had lost his fortune by endorsing for his brother, and who had finally taken his family north in the hope that a change of climate would improve his wife's health. But the disease, which had overtaken him, until he was quickly reduced to utter poverty and a physical wreck. The Philadelphia paper which records the case mentions the receipt of some \$25 in contributions, mostly in \$5 bills, at its own office the first day, from people seeking to aid the poor family, and says:

Early yesterday morning, after the story of the family's destitution had been made known, callers began dropping in on the family and leaving substantial reminders of their visits. Several carriages rattled up in front of the little court and liveried servants carried heavily-laden baskets into the little house and richly-dressed ladies left little rolls of bills in the hands of the poor invalid woman. One benevolent old gentleman called early and took the little children, who remained at home to a neighboring shoe store and bought them each a pair of shoes and left an order for a pair for the boy who was at work.

The same gentleman left a bedstead and mattress to be sent to the house from a neighboring furniture store. Several bottles of port wine were sent to the invalid woman and a cook and waitress came all the way from Columbia avenue and Sixteenth street with a big basket, which his young wife had filled with sweet butter, fresh eggs and groceries. Besides leaving the contents of his basket the young gentleman slipped a roll of money into the hand of the buxom family, to be given to the sick woman.

The neighbors showed great interest in the poor family, and the morning and several housewives, acting under the direction of the buxom little lady, set to work early in the day to "set things to rights." They cleaned the two rooms thoroughly and whitewashed the cellar and "living-room."

We have given all this space to this true little story because it illustrates the truth of the proposition that the good rules, and not the evil, in our common human nature.—*Hartford (Ct.) Times*.

VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The question whether one or several pustules should be made in vaccinating is one that is hardly raised at all in this country. Even in the elaborate and careful article upon the "Technique of Vaccination," by Dr. Foster, in "Pepper's System of Medicine," no reference is made to the matter. Yet it is well known that the profession in Germany have very settled convictions that several pustules should be made. The German Commission, which met years ago at Berlin to discuss and formulate conclusions upon the subject of vaccination took up, among other things, this point: "In what relation, it was asked, does the number of vaccine pustules stand to the protective influence of the vaccination?"

According to Dr. Koch, out of 703 small-pox patients in the Stockholm Hospital were died, of those having one scar, 55 per cent.; of those having one good scar 53 per cent.; having two good scars, 41 per cent.; having three good scars, 23 per cent.; having four or more scars, 11 per cent. From this it would be inferred that a person having four scars on his arm is almost certain, even if he gets small-pox, to go through it safely. Koch himself takes the position positively that the protective power of vaccination is in direct relation to the number of vaccine pustules.

Prof. Griesmich cited cases to show that in revaccination the virus "takes" less often on those who have several scars. Similarly, Siegel found that among children presented for revaccination, the successes were the rule if the child had but one scar, and the exception if it had four or eight. Another observer observed during a small-pox epidemic that the protective influence of the vaccination increased with the number of the scars.—*Medical Review*.

Atlanta, Ga., is to have a crematory this winter.

Experiences with Chicago Mediums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We perceive in your issue of Oct. 25th a note of our recent visit to Chicago, and that we received some satisfactory communications through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Blade. A rather full statement of them was not possible. Let it first be premised that Mrs. J. is the last survivor of a family of twelve children. The first communication was, "We are all here," adding several of the Christian names correctly. The writing was done upon a slate (on which was a small scrap of pencil) held by one hand of the medium under a table, and was accompanied by almost continuous raps, seemingly on the under side of the table. This was repeated several times in the same way, and additional names correctly given each time. One of them (recently passed over) "thanked God be now know our belief was a true one." We had never visited Mrs. Kate Blade before and have good reason to presume that, normally, she did not know us.

We also called upon Mrs. DeWolf, whom we had seen before, some years ago, but do not think she recognized us. The mental manifestations through her were quite as satisfactory as those through Mrs. Blade, perhaps even more demonstrative. The personal appearance of Mrs. J.'s father was well described and special allusion made to one very marked feature of his countenance. But better still, as being more out of the sphere of mind reading, was the naming of Nathaniel, an uncle of my own, by marriage, who was correctly described as a tall man with a high narrow forehead and who came to express his uneasiness in respect to his son Nathaniel. He has never manifested to us before, and we were in no wise thinking of, or expecting to hear from him, though well we know that his son has been the cause of great uneasiness in the family.

It is true, Mr. Editor, that such descriptions and identifications of persons who for years have been dwellers in the spiritual sphere, may be considered by some as very tame compared with the wonderful materializations now so much in vogue, but to us they were refreshing and valuable as showing the truth of our ability to read certain abnormal conditions to commune with the dwellers in the next sphere of life. This is the grand natural truth of which you and us, and many others "have long since been convinced, a truth which the great human world needs to have established and understood more, perhaps, than any other.

It is strange that we are so apt to go beyond measure to look at the abnormal, and that every day, whereby dishonest wonder-mongers deceive their simple dupes so much and so frequently, that they have rendered the very name of Spiritualism almost a disgrace in the minds of all honest men. The unpardonable public very naturally esteem those most prominently before them to be the truest representatives of Spiritualism, and finding such to be saturated with simulation and deceit on every hand, conclude at once that all Spiritualists are either deceivers or deceived. More especially have the public a right to this conclusion when the most prominent spiritual paper in the Eastern States, invariably strives to smooth over all frauds and bolster up mediums clearly convicted of deception, by transferring the blame to presumed deceiving spirits. Thus do they play a double game of injury to the cause we love to lead the world to look at the genuineness of spirit manifestations, and then argue that evil spirits have the power to lead their mediums through months and years of persevering deception, for the lure of gain.

Better far that the communion between the two worlds be broken off than that we should be fed with such lessons of hypocrisy and deceit from a higher sphere. Better that man should cultivate unaided, under the reign of law, his instincts and love of truth, than that he should be so deceived as to make the dupes of deception. Miserable is that lesson of morality which teaches the people that they have rascals at the back of them in the Spirit-world. We say, away with such deceivers, and away with all communion with spirits that will aid in such deceptions.

We want no such corrupting ideas as that; but the demonstration of continued life in the spheres beyond the veil of spiritism is a noble and a fact of positive knowledge to lead ever towards the up building of a grand humanity on earth, more and more perfect in the possession of a harmonious physical, moral, mental and spiritual being. J. G. J.

How much we were struck on learning from the public papers, after our arrival at home, that Nathaniel junior was under accusation of serious legal criminality.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After thirty years of infidelity, I was three years ago to commence investigating Spiritualism. Then every thing in life looked to me like a bleak and barren desert. I had lost (as I thought) a beautiful child, who was the solace and hope of my life. Some mysterious power told me I must go and hear from my dear departed child. I then had a sitting with a Spiritualist, and he told me that a child of this city I had not seen since fifteen minutes before my dear child communicated facts to me unknown to the medium, or outside of our own home. The light came to me as the star of Bethlehem came to the shepherds of Judea, and which announced the coming of Jesus. It was a glorious light to me. It told me of a life after this one—a life of glory and happiness, and a knowledge of the truth, and I can thank Mrs. Carter for being the first instrument to open my eyes to a knowledge of a life beyond the dark and cheerless grave—a knowledge the churches failed to impart to me through their man-made creeds. It was, indeed, a glorious light to me. From a worse than Egyptian darkness, fraudulent mediums may thrive on their ill-gotten wealth, but I do know that the Spirit-world is a real one, through whom we can get honest and reliable communications from our spirit friends, without the shadow of a doubt, a knowledge of a convincing kind.

Independent slate-writing is the phase by which I have for the last three years been investigating Spiritualism, although from the first sitting I was convinced.

Mrs. Green, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Seering and Mrs. Robinson are independent slate-writers; also mediums for independent voices. Mrs. Cooper obtains materialization. All of these can be relied on as genuine mediums. I have had the most positive proof of a life beyond through one other medium here. My brother who died in the old country fifteen years ago, told me how he died, and the nature of his illness, and a cancer of the stomach. No living soul here but myself had knowledge of it, not even my wife. I was more than surprised when he mentioned it. This medium's name is Mrs. Stewart. She resides at 970 Central Avenue. She will hold my own slate on my arm and the writing will go on just the same. A few weeks ago she was holding the slate about a foot above the table. I lifted the handkerchief and covered it to see the pencil do the writing. It immediately dropped on the slate. A then replaced the handkerchief, and the writing was resumed as follows: "We cannot write in the light. Why do you want so many tests? Why are you so anxious to know so much?"

The medium in the meantime did not change the position of her hand—her elbow all the time resting on the table. A most remarkable and startling communication came unexpectedly through this medium. My father wrote me things that no person in this country knew but myself.

A gentleman who died here last winter, a devout Catholic, and who was no bigot, often listened to me when recounting to him the knowledge I got through Spiritualism. No person knew of this fact but himself. Last summer, when I was surprised, he came and wrote me two communications, telling me he found things different from what he expected. Wm. HALLORAN.

The Medium and the Infidel.

The *Banner of Light* complains that, when a "medium" comes from grace, the secular, the infidel, and the religious press, as well as the laity, are all being more out of the sphere of mind reading, was the naming of Nathaniel, an uncle of my own, by marriage, who was correctly described as a tall man with a high narrow forehead and who came to express his uneasiness in respect to his son Nathaniel. He has never manifested to us before, and we were in no wise thinking of, or expecting to hear from him, though well we know that his son has been the cause of great uneasiness in the family.

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skeptics have "been confounded" and many honest Spiritualists deceived by the charlatan thus pretending to stand between the living and the dead, between bereaved and aching hearts and the loved ones of whom but a glimpse, from whom but a whisper, would give unspeakable joy, it is not strange that there are people who "set up an awful howl." We do not think that our esteemed contemporary means to intimate that, with respect to merely personal behavior or private life, the medium is more often or more severely criticized by "the secular, the infidel, or the religious press" than is the "infidel," the "minister," or the "elder."—Index.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Bedford County, Pa., farmer raised 12,800 pumpkins this season.

In Melbourne the letter carriers are clad in scarlet coats, waistcoats and trousers.

Spiritualists have become so numerous at Atlanta that they propose to build a temple.

Speaker Carlisle is counsel in a law case at Frankfort, Ky., over a \$3,000 thoroughbred bull.

A Cleveland paper gives prominence to the report that Mrs. Garfield is writing a biography of her husband.

A writer in the New York *Sun* wants to know what became of the saddles used by the cavalry during the war.

A French author has hit on a good idea. He is about to bring out a collection of "clever things said by children."

In Louisville, a few days ago, a little girl was so badly frightened by a boy wearing a mask that she died on the following day.

An English philosopher contends that a thoroughbred fox terrier has the intellectual development of a child two years old.

A military balloon just invented in France is shaped like a whale and presents an extraordinary appearance when raised in the air.

William III., of England, taxed bachelors in order to raise money to carry on his war with France. There is talk of reviving the law.

According to an official report the population of the English prisons is 16,221, about 1,000 less than at the corresponding time last year.

The Victory, the warship on which Nelson fought and fell at Trafalgar, is still kept, as a memento of Naval prowess, at Portsmouth, Eng.

The indications of the coming low crop on the several rivers of the Lake Superior region point to 600,000,000 feet more than was cut last winter.

A night watchman at Athens, Ga., says he often hears the whistle of the engine of the Georgia Railroad as it passes Madison, about 40 miles distant.

The Supreme Court of New York is trying to determine whether the selling of newspapers by a child on the street is a misdemeanor within the meaning of the statute.

In London, household wages by the year average: Plain cooks, \$73.33; housekeepers, \$146; waitresses and nursemaids, \$82.73; barmaids, \$97.33; butlers, \$105; coachmen, \$170.32.

A celebrated antiquarian, rummaging among the ruins of Athens not long ago, had some broken fragments of kitchen utensils palmed off on him for the remains of an ancient statue of Venus.

About 750,000 eggs were exported from Ancona, Italy, to England last year. To carry them 630 railway trucks of ten tons each were employed. The price varied from 21 to 23 1/2 pence per 1,000.

The gold dog from the mines in Tibet, writes a missionary, is so plentiful that it is used to cover the panicles of the pagodas

Price, \$1.75. Postage Free.

100

CHICAGO. 9 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

9 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A PROPHECIC DREAM.
The Future minutely Revealed.

I am about to relate what has been to me a most interesting experience. I feel a good deal of delicacy about giving the facts to the public, because they are personal to myself, and I have, therefore, long hesitated about writing them, but as some of the most learned and scientific men of the age are now engaged in investigating the mysteries of the human mind, I have thought that I ought to contribute what has come to me to the general fund of curious facts; and so I will say that for many years I have had occasionally what I call prophetic dreams. I will only relate one of them. I have had hundreds, which have almost without exception, come literally true. Many of them have come to me in symbols, and in such a way that I could not by any possible amount of thought, interpret their meaning until the facts were plain enough what the dream related to. Each symbol would have a satisfactory and reasonable meaning. In this connection I will state another fact, and that is, that I am never able to dismiss one of these dreams from my thoughts as merely meaningless, but, on the contrary, they will persist, and every now and then involuntarily come up in my mind for consideration, and I seem impelled to ponder them greatly. It would take too much time and space to relate one of this class of dreams, and so I will relate another of a more direct character; that is, where the facts to transpire in the future were directly seen.

In the year 1872, I think it was, I had much to do with the building in this city (Denver) of a Unitarian church. I obtained and collected nearly all the subscriptions for that purpose. To the attainment of this end I had a book in which was written a subscription contract in the usual form, each person signing it being obligated to pay the sum set opposite his or her name. In order to facilitate the work I wrote down on another paper the name of every person that I could possibly suppose would give a dollar for such an object. At this time a Mr. S. was filling our pulpit; and as he had but little of this world's goods—only the salary we were paying him—I never once thought of him as a possible subscriber, and his name was not on the list above referred to. Of this I am positive.

At the time of which I am speaking I had gone well over the list of small subscribers, but there was a gentleman here of considerable wealth, and much interested in our plans, whom I had not yet called upon. I anticipated a liberal subscription from him, and intended to call for it the next morning. That night, the one preceding my intended call on this gentleman, I had one of my prophetic dreams. It was as follows: In my dream I saw him take the book and subscribe \$500, and I felt quite disappointed, but said nothing. He then took the book again and changed the \$500 to \$1,000. He subscribed his name where the others had, and in the usual way, carrying out the amount in figures. Then Mr. S. the clergyman, immediately took the book, and turned over a leaf, and wrote at the top of the page, and on the right hand side, something about as long as a promissory note, and signed his name to it. I could not see at the time what he had written, but I knew that he had obligated himself to pay something toward building the church, and in my dream I was much surprised at this, for, as I have said, I had never thought of him as a possible subscriber; and I spoke right out and said, "Why! Mr. S., we do not ask that of you; we do not expect it." The next morning this dream was so vivid and real to my mind, that I felt sure it would come true, and so at the breakfast table, I related it in detail to my wife and another lady present. They both said that it might come true as to the thousand dollar subscription, but as it related to the clergyman, they did not believe it at all probable. I remarked that it did not seem probable, but that we would see. Soon after breakfast I started for my office, and on the street I met the liberal and wealthy gentleman above referred to, and he voluntarily said, "Come in to-day and I will give you my subscription to that church. I have made up my mind to subscribe five hundred dollars." I went to my office and got the subscription book, and went to him for his subscription; he subscribed five hundred dollars. I was disappointed, just as I felt in my dream; but I felt it was a liberal subscription, and knowing that he was a positive and clear headed business man, and thinking that he knew his own business better than I did, I did not say a word. He saw my disappointment, and remarked that "he would like to make that subscription one thousand dollars, and that if he got favorable information from business in a distant State, which he might within two or three days, he would make it one thousand dollars." He then asked if it made any difference if two or three days. We both deemed it important that his subscription should be put down at its maximum, as it was then to be presented to other capitalists, who might be somewhat influenced by the size of his subscription. I said, "Oh! no," and that I would suspend my work of soliciting subscriptions until he had heard from his business.

I went to my office and put the subscription book away, and sat down to my desk to write a letter when in a few minutes the forenamed clergyman entered, and not stopping to take a seat, the first word he said was, "How do you get along with that subscription?" and added, "I have made up my mind to subscribe fifty dollars," and for the moment forgetting the dream, and feeling surprised, I said, "Why, Mr. S., we do not ask that of you. We do not expect it," precisely the words of my dream. I then related to him the prospects about getting the five hundred dollars subscription changed to one thousand, and as he insisted that I allow him to do so, and he said, "No; I will not subscribe until after that matter is settled," making the subscription as the sequel will show, in the precise order of my dream. All this occurred in the forenoon of the day succeeding my dream, and at the dinner table that day I related to my wife and her lady friend what had transpired, and how it seemed probable that I dream might come true in every particular. I asked them then to relate what I had told them in the morning, to see if they had yet got all the facts and details correctly in their memories, and I found that they had. In two or three days after this, the five hundred dollar subscription was changed to one thousand. I then sent by a messenger the subscription book to the Rev. Mr. S. for his subscription. He lived about one mile away from my residence. I sent this to show the improbability of me in an act, I was influenced him as to the money or his name in the book where he should subscribe to the list. After the book was sent away, I said to the ladies, "Now this dream has been literally fulfilled so far, but if Mr. S. does not turn

over a leaf of the book and write on the right hand page, and at the top of the page, something about as long as a promissory note, and sign his name to it, it will so far be a failure.

We awaited the result with considerable interest; but when we got the book, precisely where I indicated at the top of the page, and on the right-hand side, was written, in substance, the following (I have not now the book before me, and cannot give it literally, but it is doubtless now in existence, among the archives of the church, and can be found): "I agree to pay toward building Unity church the sum of fifty dollars; twelve dollars and a half when the frame is up; twelve dollars and a half when the building is inclosed; twelve dollars and a half when it is plastered; and the balance when it is finished." It was duly signed by Mr. S., just as I saw it in my dream. These are exact facts.

During the time that the above circumstances were transpiring, no one to whom I related my dream communicated anything respecting the same, and neither did I do anything, or say a word to bring about the facts as seen in the dream. To some this may seem a trifling circumstance, scarcely worth relating; but to me it does not appear so. If I had expected to get a thousand dollar subscription from one of the parties, how could I know that he would first subscribe \$500, and afterwards change it to \$1,000? It would seem wholly improbable that the party himself had ever thought of this. If, then, no such idea had ever taken form in the subscriber's mind, how by any kind of thought-transference could it have got from his mind into my mind? or did the facts just happen to be so, and did I just happen to dream them? And next, did I just happen to dream of who would be the very next subscriber, and that a person whose name was not on my paper, and of whom I had never once thought as a possible subscriber? But last, and more especially, how did I come to be informed that this last subscriber would not subscribe in the ordinary way, but would turn over a leaf, and write at the top of the page, on the right hand side, a special contract, about as long as an ordinary promissory note, as he did, and as no other subscriber did?

Here is a multiplication of facts and particulars which it is impossible for me to believe occurred by mere accident. I cannot rid my mind of the idea that there was intelligence and design in it; but whose was it? It was not mine—not if I am at all acquainted with myself. If it was thought transference, and the thoughts came from the minds of the subscribers to me, how could they both have co-operated in that one short dream, which was all one, and of but a moment? It is about as near certain as anything can be, without positive proof, that neither of the subscribers knew at the time the dream occurred what the other would do, and also just about as certain that the \$1,000 subscriber did not know himself what he would do. His changing his subscription to \$1,000 was an afterthought. He changed his mind.

I have thought the matter of this dream all over—I think I may say a thousand times—and I am unable to explain it to myself satisfactorily, upon any theory of thought transference; and if any other person can so explain it, or can explain it in any other way, I hope he will do so in the JOURNAL.

D. D. BELDEN.

Denver, Col., Nov. 7, 1885.

"THE BOOK OF LIFE."

Walter Howell at 517 W. Madison Street.

Walter Howell's discourse on Sunday evening, November 8th, on the above subject, was listened to by a good and intelligent audience. The speaker quoted the 12th verse of the 20th chapter of Revelation:

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

To Christians generally, the Apocalypse, Daniel and Ezekiel are so mystical that, instead of their being revelations, they are veiled. The astro-masonic, Kabalistic and Rosicrucian symbolism they contain hides from view the esoteric meaning underlying them. A book is something more than a combination of letters and words. These stand as representatives of thoughts, affections and expressions of the will. All literature embodies this trinity of intellectual, affectional and volitional principles. It is, therefore, obvious that a book is not necessarily composed of paper, printers' ink, and the like, but wisdom, power, or their opposites.

Nature is a book through whose pages God evermore reveals himself to his children—a book which cannot be interpolated by a designing priesthood. We may read in the pages of the rock its history; in the leaves of the tree its nature, and, to some extent, in the face of a man or woman his or her character. "There are sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and wisdom in everything." Nature to the man of science reveals truth; to the artist beauty, and to the saint the love and wisdom of God. The true, the beautiful and the good ever appeal to us through the book of nature.

The human mind has ever evolved thought and sentiment; these, like the impressions left on the pages of the rock, leave their impress on "the sands of time." The history of science, art and religion is opened to us, and in the light of the nineteenth century we pass judgment upon it. Every dispensation has had its beginning and end. From a religious point of view we look back upon four epochs, namely: Adamic, Noachian, Abrahamic and Christian. The deluge of spiritual truth symbolized in Genesis by a flood of waters, destroyed the errors and perversions of the Adamic people. The light of Judaism banished the shadows of the preceding age, and the dawn of the Christian era illumined all that had existed prior with a halo of celestial glory. And to-day hosts of angelic ministers ensphere us with their light, eclipsing by their radiance the brightness of bygone days, at the same time causing a Memnon-like past to vibrate musically in response to the sunrise of a new day.

The trumpet has sounded! Science, art, religion, domestic, social and political institutions have heard it and are rushing to judgment. Before the bar of the enlightened intellect and intuition these are being judged, and according to their adaptability to meet the requirements of a progressing humanity, we say, "Come ye blessed, or depart ye cursed." "Now is the judgment of this world."

There is, however, an individual sense in which the subject may be viewed. Upon the tablets of memory every thought and affection is inscribed. As the light of the spiritual world dawns upon the soul the things written in the book of memory come prominently into view. A suggestion of this truth may be found on an investigation of those mental phenomena which take place just be-

fore a loss of consciousness in the case of a drowning man. Those who have passed through such an experience bear testimony to the fact, that, in a moment as it were, the book of memory is opened and its minutest details clearly seen.

There are two kinds of memory, viz.—that which is passively impressed upon the memory, or received by it; and that which is impressed thereon by the affections or will. "It is not that which goeth into the man which defileth him, but that which proceedeth out of him." "Out of the heart are the issues of life." We therefore impress upon our memories our will, which is our real life.

What we would do if we could, is more than what we actually do, whether good or evil. Have you endowed a church, an orphanage, or an asylum? What was the motive which prompted the act? If the desire for popularity prompted it, then it is of little value to the soul. Are you poor? You would like to minister to the distressed, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, protect the homeless; but alas, you lack the means to do what you desire. The recording angel within inscribes that desire as ineffaceably as though it had been done! Do you indulge in secret vices—vices which you would not have the world know for all you possess? The more you try to conceal, the deeper you will engrave it on your book of memory. Concealment is revealing. It is true that men in this life do manage to hide their evil under hypocrisy, and virtue under modesty, but in the spiritual world men and women think as they feel, and speak as they think. The face, the gesture, the voice, and the entire form, is an indicator of character. "That which has been spoken in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-top." The mask shall be taken off, and the true man revealed. You are writing your "book of life" now. What are you writing? Love or hatred, wisdom or ignorance, beauty or deformity, pure affection or hideous lust? Whatever it is, these will stand out in vivid conspicuous forms, and the lovely and graceful shall adorn the art-gallery of the mind with pictures painted in unperishing colors. Happy that man or woman who, gazing upon his or her "book of life," shall behold written therein a character worthy the society of angels, a record of good deeds, kind words, charitable thoughts, and lofty motives. "Life is more than breath or the quick round of blood it is a great spirit and a busy heart. He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, and acts the best."

MYTH AND MIRACLE.

Col. Ingersoll's New Lecture Recently Delivered at the Brooklyn Theater, N. Y.

The Distinguished Infidel Declares there is Nothing Original in Christianity.

"Myth and Miracle" is the subject of a new lecture lately delivered by Col. R. G. Ingersoll in the Brooklyn Theatre, N. Y. Despite the heavy rain-storm the house was filled with an audience that included a goodly number of ladies.

Though the lecturer came upon the stage with a manuscript in his hand, he availed himself of it only occasionally, and spoke to his audience almost extemporaneously in that florid, earnest, and declamatory style of oratory that is so characteristic of his public utterances. Here and there he utilized passages from his previous lectures, but the greater part of his oration this time may be regarded as new.

He deduced the spiritual man as "one who adds to the joy of the human race." In illustrating and supporting this position he said: "There are grander ideas and more spirituality in the words of some of Shakespeare's clowns than can be found in the Pentateuch. There is more spirituality in the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence than in anything that God ever said to Moses. There is more spirituality in Beethoven's 'Sixth Symphony' than has been manifested by all the lean, lank lovers of the Lord that ever lived. Our fathers have been fighting for the freedom of religion, but, at last, we are demanding the religion of freedom."

UNIVERSAL MYTHS.

In passing to the immediate topic of his lecture he said: "After the feticus has been pretty well discarded there came the myth-maker. Some of these myths are universal, and I want to show you that Christianity cannot have them all. There is the Garden of Eden—that is a universal myth. It was known before Moses was born and thousands of years before Noah was saved from the flood. The Aztecs, a people so old that we cannot tell anything about their origin—they had a Garden of Eden, and you will see engraved on their stones a man and a woman, a tree, an apple and the same old serpent. It is all there, and you will find this myth everywhere right through all mythology. Why is it there? It represents the youth of the world—a better time. If you go to an old man in Brooklyn to-night he will tell you that fifty years ago all the men were honest—they never stole anything, and that all the women were beautiful, were so very young, were true. That was when he was very young, when the world looked to him sunshiny and very beautiful. Every man has the same idea with regard to his own youth. If you went to a man who lived fifty years before the other man he would tell you the same thing, and that there were no honest men in the world after he began to get old. It looks to him as though his boyhood was a golden age, and so the world looks back to its childhood as a golden age.

"Then there are the Elysian Fields; these are sunsets, nothing more; phenomena that were believed in by the whole world and given a mythological name.

ANCIENT BELIEFS.

"The Flood—that is another myth. When our ancestors looked around on the world they found evidences that the sea had been over the land and they said to themselves that there must have been a universal flood. They did not know that the crust of the earth was never solid. They did not know that where the sea now is the mountains once lifted their forest-tipped tops to the sun and that where the billows once held sway the sea will be again. The story of the flood was told in Indian mythology just as it was told to us, only with more picturesque variations.

"The Virgin Mother—this was another myth. All that this represented was the virgin mother, or the earth impregnated by the rays of the sun. The worship of the sun was the religion of the world and the most natural of them all. The Egyptians worshiped the sun, Ptah, another sun god, a new Christ, a sun god. All these gods were born at Christmas; every one of them died by violence; every one of them rose again. [Applause.] I simply want to say that there is nothing original in Christianity.

"The Sacrament, the Eucharist—all the same myths. The Catholics tell us that in this service we eat an entire trinity—three

gods at one swallow. [Laughter and applause.] Even this was not original. In the old mythologies we have Bacchus, the god of the vineyard, and drunk of this wine. Our poetic instructors say those who drank wine said, 'We have drunk of the blood of our god—Bacchus.' In saying all this my object is only to show that the origin of all religion is exactly the same. These religions were created by man, and they can all be understood by man.

"A man of imagination, of genius, having seen one leaf, one drop of water, can track the forests, people them with luxuriant foliage, and see in the drop the endless rivers and the boundless seas. This man is the true man who lives in the true life; it was such a man who drank the hemlock and who met death as tranquilly as the star meets the morn. He is it who hears the great Memnon in the morning sun.

ABOUT MIRACLES.

"Now let us look at miracles and contrast them with the myths. A myth is the idea of a fact. The miracle is the caricature of a fact. There is the same difference between a myth and a miracle as between poetry and parody. My religious brother tells me that miracles were used to convince mankind. Well, did they accomplish that end? There is no account of any Egyptian ever having been converted by them. All these miracles failed to convert one Egyptian.

"The Hebrews were not converted by them. There was the cloud by the day, the pillar of fire by night; there was the Red Sea opened to let them go over on dry land, and then it came back again to drown their enemies; there was Moses on Mount Sinai giving them laws from Heaven and talking to God in a fiery bush, and after all this they had more confidence in a calf they made themselves than in this God who had done all these miracles on their behalf. Why had they more faith in this calf than in these miracles? Because they were themselves. [Laughter and applause.]

"Then there were the miracles of Christ. Christ was taken before a Roman ruler; he was to be put to death; a great multitude surrounded the judgment seat. Did anybody come forward and say, 'He raised me from the dead; I know I was dead, and now I know I am alive! Save him for my sake?' Did anybody say in the great, great throng, 'I was a leper, and he cured me of the leprosy! He healed me?' Not one. Nobody came to say any of these things. When these people were given their choice as to whether Christ—who had raised some of them from the dead, who had cured them of diseases, who had made their lame to walk, and their blind to see—should be put to death, or Barabbas, the thief, they said 'Spare Barabbas, but crucify Christ.' Do you think they would have said this if these miracles had been done by Christ on their behalf? No, they would not. These miracles were not done, if done at all, until hundreds of years afterward.

IMAGINATION AND RELIGION.

"You say, How do you then account for a man like Christ? Another myth. The wise men of the East, they followed the star and they say they found the babe, Christ, in Bethlehem; but it is very strange they have never been heard of since. [Applause.] Then there was the story of the murder of the innocents. We have the same story in the Indian mythology, with much greater minuteness. There has always been something wonderful about the early days of these gods. All the sun gods have been born that way. All the sun gods have been dangerous children.

"It is said that unless men believe in a God, in a future life, and in Christianity they are deprived of the true source of imagination. What do such people think of Shelley's song to the skylark, of Robert Burns' address to the daisy? Between that lark at Heaven's gate and that daisy in the earth you will find all the poetry in the world. These men of great imagination do not commit murder; do not see the consequences of their deeds—do not see the horrors of the prison and the scaffold, do not feel the rope around their necks—that they transgress the laws. The man of imagination is the truly religious man.

"Science has taken the place of the ancient wonder worker. Science declares the uniformity of nature and the eternal persistence of force. The sublime declaration of all science is that no God can interfere and no devil can interrupt. Men speak of immortality and of Heaven as if they were sure of them. The last thing that any man knows is that he was alive; he knows that, and origin and destiny are the two horizons that bound all men's knowledge."

THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Number Two.)

Geometry teaches us that the square, the circle, and the triangle with their variations give outline to every form; nay, form means to us that which is enclosed by line, whether straight, angular, or in graceful curve; but the human eye is very deceptive, and very imperfect. It gives a sharp outline to many a form of whose real appearance we little dream. We have all heard of color-blindness, and know that those whose eyes are thus defective may unconsciously lead us to death on steamboats and railroads. The number who can gauge color to delicate shades is very limited.

My readers have all read about, and possibly seen, copies of Turner's magnificent paintings, showing, so the critics say, a mastery of effect in colors unknown before, and worthy to be considered as founding a new school. I wish to point to the singular fact that what was deemed a remarkable talent was born of disease. Dr. Leibreich, the celebrated ophthalmic surgeon at St. Thomas Hospital, London, has made a critical study of the paintings by Turner, ranging them according to their dates. Until he reached middle life, Turner's paintings were normal; then began a change in coloring not found in any other master; and this went on increasing till his last works became little but blotches of color almost beyond admiration even of his friends. The professor proves this to have all originated with the disease of the eye, so that to Turner's own vision there was no such effect as you and I admire. He was simply repeating, as he believed, the colorings of his early manhood; and, starting as it may seem, the world thinks little of any faculty which is sound, healthy, and normal, but is fascinated by that which is

on the line of disease or beyond it. Remember it is of form we are thinking in this article, and form means a limitation by those lines and curves and angles of which we have spoken; and of all there may be to form outside those lines our normal faculties take no cognizance. There are to-day and have been throughout history, men and women so sensitive they can catch our thoughts and see our surroundings when far away from our mortal form; but learned doc-

tors immediately cry, "Behold a diseased state of the nervous system." Well, if a diseased eye make a Turner, possibly a diseased nerve may make a prophet, a seer, or an inventor to build an instrument that shall do the work of a diseased nerve. Such an instrument has been invented, and mankind stands to-day measurably outside the old conception of form.

Here is the sun rolling majestically through space, and carrying with it all its belongings, of which you and I constitute a portion, perhaps big in our own estimation, but very small in relation to the whole. We have watched that sun through clouds and smoked glass, and have weighed, measured and photographed it, till we assured ourselves it was a globe with a circumference and a diameter like a base-ball of enormous size; but the spectroscopic has already shown us that the sun has a tremendous identity outside of the ball we thought we knew so well. For millions of miles we can now trace its essence in space; analyze its material properties; photograph its colors, and when once again it blends into the mellow indistinctness that is beyond our ken, that only marks the limit of our instrument. But, although the instrument cannot show it to our eye, we well know the sun is a present power to the distant Neptune, the giant Jupiter, and the meteoric asteroid; and that means sun all over our system, though our instruments, new and old alike, give us no spark of this ever-present glory.

We should remember that material instruments can give us a material result only, and that scientists who glory over their grand discoveries are only like boys who steal an apple without making the acquaintance of the owner of the orchard; or just as we may know a man as owner of a beautiful island, without dreaming that broad fields on the main land, prairies of grain in billowy waves chasing the wind, and tens of thousands of loving oxen, are his also.

That which our eyes see, hands grasp, and instruments measure and weigh, is the small personality to which our training and our senses have given a limited form; but know this, O scientist, that just as spectrum analysis has shown you that sun and planet have rays of which you did not dream, and that are presently lost to your instrument of to-day, so has the man whose individuality you mark by form and gauge by instrument, an identity immeasurable and boundless, to which all form is unknown.

Let us keep in mind that the scientist, developed by a life of study, is yet unable to grasp a whole truth, since every truth is related to some other truth, which again fills but one niche in the perfect temple. The deepest problem of geology must be solved by astronomy, and he who would read the stars must learn the alphabet of physical law. Here stands the scientist who measures, weighs and dissects, man, atom from atom, and whose learning is as the singing of the kettle on the hob—a voice of the power within. Yonder, yes, here and everywhere—we find the moralist who points to the power without, as the source not only of conduct, but of the man himself; but to both alike there is this limitation of form, for even to the moralist it is "form" that lives, moves, and has its being around its little centre that he calls a heart, and which he pronounces "desperately wicked." It is as a form he sentences man to penalties here; and still as a form that he conceives of him as existing in agony, or luxuriating in bliss through an eternal future.

So we see that because man has a form to mortal eye, that form has been marked by ignorance and knowledge, by folly and wisdom, as a school boy to be whipped or rewarded, as commanded by the headmaster. Having thus realized that the knowledge gained by the specialist is only an atom of the universal truth, I am going to ask my readers to combine the teachings of various schools. We will welcome every fact each has laboriously gathered, but we will add to them facts that are totally ignored in laboratory and pulpit.

(To be continued.)

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By FRANK ELLIWOOD ABERT, Ph.D.

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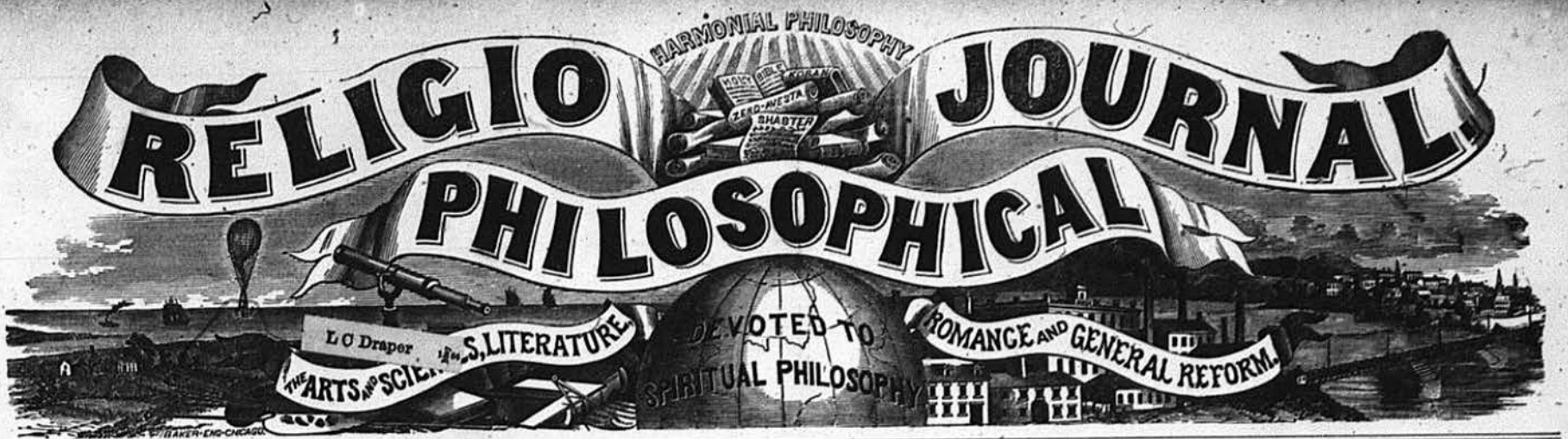
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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

No. 14

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—The Religious Convictions of Abraham Lincoln.
- SECOND PAGE.—Phases of Materialization.—A Chapter of Research in the Objective Phenomena of Spiritualism: The Site of Man. Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation. The Mises Reform.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Magazines for November not before mentioned. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Can a Pious Jew be Saved? A Query. Eternal Punishment. General Items. Publisher's Notice.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Items. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Woman. The Basis of Religion. Design. The Reason Why Father Adam Ate the Apple. Proofs of Faith.—Given by Those who Claim to Have Been Healed Miraculously. Disestablishment. The Universal Mind. Death Bed Experiences. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—A "Madman's" Legacy. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—The Religious Convictions of Abraham Lincoln.—Continued. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

—OF—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STUDY

BY CYRUS O. POOLE.

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"Religion is man's perception of his relation to the universe."—Shelley.

"We should damnify religion if we separated it from philosophy; we should ruin philosophy if we divorced it from religion."—Max Muller.

"When that gray eye and face and every feature were lit up by the inward soul in fire of emotion, then it was that all these apparently ugly features, sprang into organs of beauty, or sunk themselves into a sea of inspiration that flooded his face. Sometimes it appeared to me that Lincoln's soul was just fresh from the presence of his Creator."—H. H. Herndon.

On the 12th of January, 1851, Abraham Lincoln then about forty years of age, used this language in writing to a step-brother: "He will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

This was in reference to the expected death of his father. Here is declared a belief in God, immortality and a place—or spirit-land. It embraces the cardinal points of all the traditional religions of the world, and vitalizes all human progress and philosophy. This prophetic affirmation of a continued existence is the only written evidence of his views on this momentous question, that can be found. He lived in a remarkably formative and progressive period, and was in all matters fully abreast with his time. As a truthful thinker, he greatly excelled any of the statesmen of his day. He has had many biographers and will have more. His life long friend and cotemporary, Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, has written his life, recently published. "It is a work of scholarly and artistic merit and evidently one of love and enthusiasm. The early or private life is not much written about. In the Christian coloring, it is very much like Holland's, wherein on one page appears the word Christian ten times as applied to Lincoln and his administration. Most sectarians now think, write and act as if they had a copyright to apply Christian to every thing good and God-like about this President; yet no one presumed to call him a Christian until after his death. It may be a soul-saving process like the ancient one of Pope Gregory in the sixth century. It is related that, one day he was meditating on an anecdote of the Pagan Emperor Trajan's having turned back, when at the head of his legions on his way to battle, to render justice to a poor widow, who flung herself at his horse's feet. It seemed to Gregory that the soul of a prince so good could not be forever lost. Pagan though he was; and he prayed for him, till a voice declared Trajan to have been saved through his intercession.

And thus, through the prayer of a "Christian" Pope, a Pagan of the first, was materialized into a Christian in the sixth century, and was, of course, transferred from hell to heaven. Now behold how a modern politician can play theologian in christianizing Abraham Lincoln. Says Arnold:

"No more reverent Christian than he ever sat in the executive chair, not excepting Washington." "It is not claimed that he was orthodox. For creeds and dogmas he cared little." "But in the great fundamental principles of the Christian religion he was a firm believer." "Every true Christian could recognize him as a brother." "The unbe-

liever cannot make the world doubt his Christianity."

This grand aboriginal man, born in the wild hunting grounds of Daniel Boone—bred and nurtured amidst the freedom of the Western prairies and rivers, with his religion as broad as they, is thus canonized a Christian. Indeed there is now hope for Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, as well as the chieftains, Red Jacket, Tecumseh and Black Hawk. This Christian prestidigitator is effected by assuming that religious and Christian are convertible terms. It is true from the stand-point of reason, religion and philosophy are, but Christianity and religion are not.

The nineteenth chapter of Lamon and Herndon's Life of Lincoln, published a few years ago, is intensely interesting reading on the question of his religion and his peculiar traits of character. In the preface of the book it is stated that Mr. Herndon had been the partner in business and the intimate personal associate of Mr. Lincoln for something like a quarter of a century. Most of the evidence on the question of religion was obtained by Mr. Herndon. The names and testimony of eleven of Mr. Lincoln's nearest friends are given, most of them residents of Springfield and gentlemen of distinction. Their united testimony may be summed up in the few words of one of these gentlemen: "His religious views were eminently practical and contained in these two propositions: 'The Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.'" And he says further: "No religious views with him seemed to find any favor, except of the practical and rationalistic order; and if I was called upon to designate an author whose views most nearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker." Mr. Herndon published a letter on this subject, under date of February 18th, 1870, which had an extensive circulation throughout the United States. His conclusions are thus stated:

"From what I know of Mr. Lincoln and from what I have heard and verily believe, I can say, first, that he did not believe in a special creation, his idea being that all creation was an evolution under law; secondly, that he did not believe that the Bible was a special revelation from God, as the Christian world contends; thirdly, he did not believe in miracles, as understood by the Christians; fourthly, he believed in universal inspiration and miracles under law; he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, as the Christian world contends; sixthly, he believed that all things, both matter and mind, were governed by laws, universal, absolute and eternal. Law was to Lincoln every thing, and special interferences, shams and delusions. I know whereof I speak. I used to loan him Theodore Parker's works. I loaned him Emerson sometimes."

A congress of many hundreds of the clergy of the Episcopal Church is, at this time (Oct. 21) in session at New Haven, Ct. Westminster Cathedral, London, is represented by the celebrated Canon Farrar. He knows what constitutes a Christian, for he is one of the chief engineers in charge of that corporation's opposition lightning express train from St. Peter's and the Vatican. This train has a baggage car loaded with venerable superstitions, many Pagan and Oriental—all handled as carefully as those by the regular line run by the Pope. Behold the play with Hamlet in:

"Archdeacon Farrar was greeted with prolonged applause. He gave a rapid sketch of the various theories of the religious world down to the present. The doctrine of the atonement, he held, was worthy the Master, else it would never have been given the place it occupies in the Holy Book. He concluded by saying: 'The atonement is there. It is done, and we can say no more about it. All conjecture now is absurd if not useless. We look to the creeds of Christianity, and also in the articles of the Church of England, there to find the doctrine of man's redemption stated simply as a fact.'"

Now look at it with Hamlet out. Says Herndon, the loving friend and partner:

"When Mr. Lincoln left this city for Washington, I know he had undergone no change in his religious opinions or views. He held many of the Christian ideas in abhorrence, and among them was this one: namely, that God would forgive the sinner for a violation of his laws. Lincoln maintained that God could not forgive; that punishment has to follow the sin; that Christianity was wrong in teaching forgiveness; that it tended to make man sin in the hope that God would excuse, and so forth. Lincoln contended that the minister should teach that God has affixed punishment to sin, and that no repentance could bribe him to remit it. I never heard him use the name of Christ but to confute the idea that he was the Christ, the only begotten Son of God, as the Christian world understands it."

And Mr. Herndon says in a letter dated Feb. 18th, 1855:

"Lincoln wrote a book in 1835-6 on 'Infidelity.' In that book he attacked the Bible, on the grounds of reason—on its inherent defects and self-contradiction; he denied Christ's miraculous conception, etc.—denied special inspiration, revelation, etc. Lincoln, as late as 1855, denied the divinity of Christ. On my own personal information he was an out and out infidel in 1850, and was so in Washington. His minister there so held him. His private secretary, John G. Nicolay, wrote me a letter stating that he saw no change in Lincoln's religious views in Washington. Since his death, Mrs. Lincoln told me that her husband was a Christian—was an unbeliever—a fatalist."

NEVER A CHURCH MEMBER, YET RELIGIOUS.

Mr. Ward H. Lamon in his Life of Mr. Lincoln says:

"He was never a member of any church, nor did he believe in the divinity of Christ, or the inspiration of the Scriptures in the sense understood by evangelical Christians. His theological opinions were substantially those expounded by Theodore Parker."

In the beginning of the year, 1859, Theodore Parker left his pulpit on account of ill health, and never returned to it again. It was in these days that Herndon was dealing out to Lincoln, for his religious reading, the works of Parker. At the same time the Christian clergymen of some of the Boston churches were zealously praying God to prevent the heterodox Parker from ever regaining his health. Their prayers seem to have been answered. He died in Florence, Italy, a few days before Lincoln's first nomination for the Presidency. Arnold says: "To a friend who inquired why, with his strong religious nature, he did not unite with some church or organization, Lincoln replied:

"Because I find difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the complicated statements of Christian doctrine which constitute their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church shall I join with all my heart and soul."

It is notorious that all through his renowned five years contest with Douglas, which made him President, and in fact up to the firing on Fort Sumter by the rebels, the Christian churches and their supporters, the capitalists, bitterly opposed Mr. Lincoln and especially the Republican party. Early in the war it was the sectarian abolitionists who tauntingly said:

"The President would like to have God on his side but he must have Kentucky." To which he philosophically replied: "It is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side, for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right."

The truth is this great champion of freedom was much more original and Pagan than conventional Christian. Love of goodness in every thing makes Socrates the central figure of the classic ages. Mr. Lincoln's love of, and loyalty to, truth, to liberty and goodness, renders his name equally illustrious in modern history. The picturesque words of Emerson about the grand old Grecian sage well become our hero of the nineteenth century:

"A man of humble stem, but honest enough; of the commonest history; of a personal homeliness so remarkable, as to be cause of wit in others, rather than his broad good nature and exquisite taste for a joke invited the sally, which was sure to be paid. He was a cool fellow, adding to his humor a perfect temper, and a knowledge of his man, he who he might whom he talked with, which laid the companion open to certain defeat in any debate, and in debate he immediately delighted. The young men are prodigiously fond of him, and invite him to their feasts, whither he goes for conversation. In short, he was what our country people call an old one." "Old Abe." He affected a good many citizen-like tastes, knew the old characters, valued the bores and Philistines. He was plain as a Quaker in habit and speech, used low phrases, and illustrations from cocks and quails, soup pans and sycamore spoons, groomsmen and farmers, and especially if he talked with any superior person. He had a Franklin-like wisdom. Plain old uncle as he was, with his great ears, an immense talker, he attacks and brings down all the fine speakers, all the fine philosophers of Athens, whether natives, or strangers. Under cover of this play, enthusiastic in his religion."

Lincoln, like Socrates, was a man so natural, so thoughtful, rational and sagacious; that he clearly saw that the popular traditional theology of his day and age was not religion. "On religious matters," says Lamon, "he thought deeply; and his opinions were positive." "Aspiring to lead religious communities, he foresaw that he must not appear as an enemy within their gates; aspiring to public honors under the auspices of a political party which persistently summoned religious people to assist in the extinction of that which is denounced as the 'nation's sin,' he foresaw that he could not ask their suffrages whilst aspersing their faith. He perceived no reason for changing his convictions, but he did perceive many good and cogent reasons for not making them public." "He was," says Arnold, "by nature religious; full of religious sentiment." "He had a sagacity which seemed almost in-

"In a late number of the North American Review Gov. E. B. Washburne says: One afternoon, in Chicago, July 1847, several of us sat on the sidewalk under the balcony in front of the Sherman House and among the number the accomplished scholar and unrivaled orator, Leslie Smith. He suddenly interrupted the conversation by exclaiming: 'There is Lincoln on the other side of the street! Just look at Old Abe.' No one who saw him can forget his personal appearance at that time. Tall, angular and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, thin, swallow-tail coat, a short vest of same material, thin pantaloons, scarcely coming down to his ankles, a straw hat and a pair of brogue with wooden soles. In the summer country, his home, he had always been known as 'Uncle Abe,' but now at thirty-six years of age it was 'old Abe.'"

stinctive in lifting the true and real from the false." "He was ever seeking the right, the real, and the true."

And the noble, justice-loving Herndon, says: "I maintain that Lincoln was a deeply religious man at all times and places, in spite of his transient doubts." "The great predominating elements of his peculiar character were: first, his great capacity and power of reason; secondly, his excellent understanding; thirdly, an exalted idea of the sense of right and equity; and, fourthly, his intense veneration of what was true and good." "He lived and breathed and acted from his reason. It is from this point he must be viewed. His pursuit of the truth was indefatigable, terrible. He loved and idolized truth for its own sake. It was reason's food. Honesty was his great polar star."

In these terse sentences we catch a glimpse of the religion of Abraham Lincoln. Nature was the Temple, with Reason, nurtured by Truth, the Priestess. But what of Reason? Was it common sense—good judgment? Aye, more; Reason is all in all. It is not the product of the thinking faculties, nor the apprehension and decision of the best-balanced judgment; but it is the harmonization of the whole higher consciousness, the affirmation of all sides and faculties and attributes of the mind, the blending of all our spiritual power into activity and manifestation. Wherever the sentiment of right comes in, it takes precedence of every thing else in its perfect fruition. Emerson's inspired words, in respect to it, ought to be printed in letters of gold, in all our homes, schools, colleges, churches, courts of justice and legislative halls:

"Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the principles of Use, Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason; it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the primitive earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the Father."

Reason, or Spirit, or God, in the Emersonian sense is in our Declaration of Independence, in the constitutions, State and Federal, of this country, as well as on the almighty dollar. "In God we trust," confounding sectarians and agnostics alike. Of this Spirit, or Father, Max Muller writes:

"We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the science of religion, namely, that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and the East; they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far, and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven—Father, in that form which will endure forever, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

The inspired exponent of the Semitic religion meant the same thing when he said, "God is a spirit." I and my Father are one. "There is none good but one that is God." "Your God," said Wesley to Whitfield, when he was setting forth some hard system of revolting Calvinism, "your God is my devil."

LINCOLN'S HATRED OF SLAVERY.

It was to that Reason, or the good, or God, that young Lincoln consecrated himself to human rights, as is thus related by Arnold:

"It is well authenticated that he did once with much emphasis invoke the name of the Almighty. It was not, however, done profanely, but to register in Heaven a vow which yet in the twenty-second year of his age that controlled him throughout the whole of his wonderful life. He was in New Orleans with his friend John Hanks; they had seen a sale of slaves. The feature that most impressed young Lincoln was the sight of one of the unhappy ones, 'a beautiful light mulatto girl.' 'She was,' as Mr. Hanks puts it, 'felt over, pinched and trotted around to show bidders that 'said article was sound, etc.' Lincoln walked away from the sad, inhuman sight with a deep feeling of 'unspeakable hate,' and then, turning to John Hanks, said: 'By God, if I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I will hit it hard; John.'"

This deep hatred of human bondage is revealed twenty-three years later in a letter written to a friend in Kentucky:

"I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down, and caught and carried back to their stripes and unrequited toil; but I bite my lip, and keep quiet. In 1841, you and I had together, a tedious, low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, there were on board ten or a dozen slaves, shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to

assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power of making me miserable. You ought rather to appreciate how much the great body of the people of the North do crucify their feelings, in order to maintain their loyalty to the Constitution and the Union."

The "chance to hit that institution" came in his great contest with Douglas, and from that moment to the last day of his life, he "hit it hard"—with the weapon of Truth. The world now knows as well as Herndon, that "his pursuit of the truth was indefatigable, terrible." And also that "he despised all technical rules in law and theology."

Lincoln comprehended truth. Jesus turned away at the question, "What is truth?" and did not answer; but Lincoln saw that truth is the connection between cause and effect. "He saw that a thread runs through all things; that all worlds are strung on it, as beads; and that men, and events, and life, come to us only because of that thread." He clearly saw the direction and continuity of that line. The righteousness and divinity of truth is majestic—sublime—in the life career of such a man. His religion—"the perception of his relation to the universe," coupled with the gift of truth, prompted him to give wise application in all the varied human relations of his remarkable private and public life. It is true that the intellectual process of systematically discerning truth is in itself cold and cheerless; but "loving and idolizing truth for its own sake" is the ecstasy of the most glowing spirituality and a realization of the purest religion. It was reason that admonished Mr. Lincoln soon after becoming president to make this emphatic recognition of the potency of spiritual laws and influences. "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place, without the aid and enlightenment of one who is stronger and wiser than all others."

Before the Emancipation Proclamation the clergy of the North had quite generally awakened from their Rip Van Winkle slumber in regard to slavery. Early in Sept., 1862, presuming upon their having exclusive knowledge of God's purposes about that wicked institution, a delegation of nearly all the church organizations of Chicago, called on the President and urged immediate emancipation. His reply shows that he intended to rely in that matter upon his own "correspondence, fixed w/ heaven." He said:

"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and by religious men who are certain they represent the Divine will. I hope it will not be irreverent in me to say, that if it be probable that God would reveal His will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me. The subject is in my mind by day and by night. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

This is what we would expect from one "who had no reverence for great men, followed no leader with blind devotion, and yielded no opinion to mere authority, who felt that he was as great as any body, and could do what another did." The occasion prompted the implied sarcasm, yet a wise answer and worthy of the man whose unsectarian religion was that of the great reasoner, Immanuel Kant, namely: "The recognition of all our duties as commandments of God."

"Blessed are the pure in heart"—universal purity—is the only everlasting principle announced by Jesus. It is the life of Christianity and has vitalized it through all the centuries. Some equally precious apothegms of Lincoln will permeate and give life to the future religion of humanity—these, among many: "This is a world of compensation and he who would be no slave, must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." "Labor is prior to, and superior to, independent of, capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." "It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings." On releasing a rebel he said to the wife: "You say your husband is a religious man; tell him, when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion; but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which men can get to heaven."

Affecting the rights, the wrongs and the future destiny of persons, his utterances and methods were very unlike those of the Jewish chieftain and law-giver, or the "Master" and his Christian popes and saints. Listen to Arnold! "And this man when the hour of supreme victory came, made it not the hour of vengeance, but of reconciliation and forgiveness. No words of bitterness or of denunciation can be found in his writings or speeches. He had the almost divine power of separating the crime from the criminal."

Can this be said of Moses, of Jesus, the founder of Christianity, of the "brave" denying Peter with his sword and keys, at the head of the church, or of any in the long list of Peter's successors, or of the advocates of Christianity who—

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

PHASES OF MATERIALIZATION.

A Chapter of Research in the Objective Phenomena of Spiritualism.

It is now a common occurrence for Mr. Eglington to be brought out from the inner room, which serves him as a cabinet, into that in which the observers are sitting while the psychic form is visible to all. I may refer to narratives recording this crucial piece of evidence which have appeared in *Light*, and especially to that remarkable record published on February 28, 1885, which, for exactness of description, as well as for the facilities for observation granted to fourteen people, is of high value as a piece of evidence; and I may quote, as eminently germane to my argument, a narrative of very precise and remarkable character contributed by Florence Marryat.

"I wish to call the attention of the readers of *Light* to an account of two séances, at which I have had the pleasure of assisting lately, given under the mediumship of Mr. William Eglington, at 12 Old Quebec street, W. The first séance took place on Friday evening, September 5th, on which occasion the circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Colonel and Mrs. Wynon, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Russell-Davies, Colonel and Mrs. Lean, Mr. C., and Mr. Morgan. We sat in the front drawing-room in a semi-circle, with one gas-burner alight; and the doors having been properly secured against any intrusion, Mr. Eglington took up a position in the back drawing-room, which is divided by a pair of curtains from the front. He had not left us a couple of minutes before a man stepped out from the *portière* and walked into the midst of us. He was a large, stout man, and very dark, and most of the sitters noticed that he had a very peculiar smell. No one recognized him, and after appearing two or three times he left, and was immediately succeeded by a woman, not unlike him in appearance, who was also unrecognized by any present. These two spirits, before retiring, came out together, and seemed to examine the circle curiously.

"After a short interval, a much smaller and slighter man came forward, and darted in a peculiar slouching attitude round the circle. He had also a dark face, but with very refined and handsome features. Colonel Lean asked him to shake hands. He replied by seizing his hand, and nearly pulling him off his seat, on to the floor. He then darted across the room, and gave a similar proof of his muscular power to Mrs. Stuart. But when I asked him to notice me, he took my hand and squeezed it firmly between both his own. Colonel Lean asked him if he could disappear through the ceiling. He responded by mounting until the head reached the ceiling, at which time the drapery touched the floor, and then he ascended, little by little, till all that was left of him was a piece of drapery no larger than a pocket handkerchief, which he flapped for a minute or so before he drew it after him. He had scarcely disappeared before Abdulah, with his one arm, and his six feet of height, stood before us, and saluted all round. Then came my daughter Florence, a girl of nineteen years, very slight and feminine in appearance. She advanced once or twice, near enough to touch me with her hand, but seemingly fearful to venture farther, retreated again. But the next moment she re-appeared, dragging Mr. Eglington after her. He was in deep trance, breathing with difficulty, but Florence held him by the hand and brought him up to my side, when he detached my hands from those of the sitters either side of me, and making me stand up, took my daughter and placed her in my arms. As I stood enfolded in her embrace, she whispered a few words to me relative to a subject known to no one but myself, and she placed both my hands upon her heart and bosom that I might feel she was a living woman. Colonel Lean asked her to go to him. She tried and failed, but after having retired for a minute behind the curtain to gather strength, she appeared again with Mr. Eglington, and, calling Colonel Lean to her, embraced him. This is one of the most perfect instances on record of a medium being distinctly seen by ten witnesses with the spirit, under gas.

"The next materialization that appeared was for Mr. Stuart. This gentleman is newly arrived from Australia, and a stranger to Mr. Eglington. As soon as he saw the lady who called him to the *portière* to speak to her, his exclamation of genuine surprise and conviction, mingled with awe, was unmistakable. He said, 'My God! Pauline.' The spirit then whispered to him, and putting her arms round his neck, affectionately kissed him. He turned after a while and addressed his wife, telling her that the spirit bore the very features and expression of their niece, Pauline, whom they had lost the year before. Mrs. Stuart asked if she also might not advance and look at the spirit, but it was intimated she must wait for the next time, as all the power had been exhausted in producing an exact materialization, so perfectly recognizable on the first occasion of its return to earth. Mr. Stuart expressed himself as entirely satisfied of the entire identity of his niece, and said she looked just as she did before she was taken ill. I must not omit to say that the medium also appeared with this figure, making the third time of showing himself in one evening with the spirit form. The next appearance was of a little child, apparently about two years old, who supported itself (in walking by clinging to a chair. The attention of the circle was diverted from this sight by seeing Abdulah, six feet high, dart from behind the curtains at the same moment, and stand with the child in our view, whilst Mr. Eglington appeared between the two forms, making a 'triple union in one.' Thus ended the first of the séances I wish to bring before your notice.

"The second look place on Saturday, September 27th, and under very similar circumstances. The circle this time consisted of Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Woods, Miss S., Mrs. P., Mrs. Victor Stevens, Mr. Frank Marryat, Col. and Mrs. Lean, Mrs. Morgan, and the Hon. G. S., and we sat in the same order as before, and under the same conditions. Mr. Eglington appeared on this evening to find some difficulty in passing under control, and he came out into the circle so many times to gather magnetism, that I guessed we were about to enjoy some unusually good manifestations. The voice of Joey, too, requested us, under no circumstances whatever, to loose hands, as they were going to try something very difficult, and we might defeat their efforts in the very moment of victory. When the medium was at last under control in the back drawing room, a tall man with an uncovered head of dark hair, and a large beard, appeared and walked up to Mrs. P. She was very much affected by the recognition of the spirit, who was her brother. She called him by name, and kissed him, and informed us that his face was just as it had been in earth-life. Her emotion was so great, we were afraid she would faint, but after a while she

became calm again. Then a lady came forward, the mother of Miss S., and gave her some advice relative to her private affairs. We next heard the notes of a clarinet. I was aware that Mr. Woods (also a stranger; until a few days since, to Mr. Eglington) had lost a brother under peculiar circumstances (all of which had been detailed satisfactorily to him by slate-writing through Mr. Eglington), and that he had been promised and expected to see his brother this evening. It was the first time, however, that I had ever seen Mr. Woods, and yet so remarkable was the likeness between the brothers that when a spirit now appeared with a clarinet in its hand, I could not help knowing at once who it was, and saying so to my next neighbor. The spirit advanced to Mr. Woods and grasped his hand. As they appeared thus, with their profiles turned to one another, they were strikingly similar in feature and expression. This spirit's head was also bare—an uncommon occurrence—and covered with thick hair. He appeared twice, and said distinctly, 'God bless you,' more than once. Mrs. Wheeler, who had only seen the spirit once in earth-life, was startled by the tone of the voice, which she recognized at once, and Mr. Morgan, who intimately knew the deceased gentleman in Australia, confirmed the recognition by saying it was a perfect likeness of the spirit. My daughter Florence then came out, but only a little way, not far enough to reach us. I was disappointed at her want of boldness, which Joey explained by saying she was weak to-night as they wanted to reserve the strength for a manifestation by-and-by. He then said, 'Here comes a Masonic friend for Mr. S., and a man wearing the Masonic badge and scarf appeared, and made the tour of the circle, giving the Masonic grip to the Freemasons present. He was a very good-looking young man, and said he had met some of those present in Australia, but no one seemed to recognize him. He was succeeded by the same male spirit who ascended through the ceiling on the 5th September. As he appeared through the curtains, a female form, bearing a very bright light, appeared with him as if to show the way. She did not come beyond the *portière*, but everyone in the room saw her distinctly. On account of the dress and complexion of the male figure, we had wrongly called him 'the Bedouin.' Mr. Frank Marryat now discovered he was an East Indian by addressing him in Hindustani, to which he responded in a low voice. Some one asked him to take a seat amongst us, upon which he seized a heavy chair in one hand and flourished it above his head. He then squatted, native fashion, on the ground, and left us, as before, by ascending through the ceiling. Joey now announced that they were going to try the experiment of showing us how the spirits were made from the medium. This was the crowning triumph of the evening. Mr. Eglington appeared in the very midst of us, in trance. He came into the room backward, and as if fighting with the power, his eyes shut, and his breath drawn with labor. As he stood thus, holding a chair for support, a white, filmy mass was seen on his hip, his legs became illuminated with lights traveling up and down them, and a white cloud settled about his head and shoulders. The mass increased, and he breathed harder and harder, whilst invisible hands pulled the filmy drapery out of his hip in long strips that amalgamated as soon as formed, and the cloud grew thicker. All at once, in a moment, as we eagerly watched the process, the spirit, full formed, stood beside him. No one saw it had been raised in the midst of us, but it was there. Mr. Eglington then retired with his new-born spirit behind the *portière*, but in another moment he came, or was thrown out, amongst us again, and fell upon the floor. The curtains opened, and the figure of Ernest appeared and raised the medium by the hand. As he saw him Mr. Eglington fell on his knees, and Ernest drew him out of sight.

"This ended what I am sure your readers will agree with me in calling a most marvelous séance."—M. A. (OXON.) in *Light*.

THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Number Three.)

In a million rooms in this country we have the means all ready at our hand, to demonstrate the grandeur of manhood as beyond everything conceived by professor or proclaimed by priest. Wherever there is a mirror, nature is voicing this truth, and man would listen to her teaching were it not that his ear is closed by superstition, prejudice and ignorance. Take my hand, my sister, and we will stand together before your mirror, and see if we may learn some of its wondrous lessons.

For a moment we seem to see our double, and almost amused we watch the repetition of every movement—the mimicry of every expression; but we notice that it neither hears nor replies, save to that which we see and hear, so it is not an independent entity. The wise man watches our experiment, and explaining to us the nature of shadow and reflection, shows us that, as we step aside, everything has gone, save memory's dream of what we had just witnessed. Truly we might say as an echo from sacred walls, "Here endeth our first lesson."

From the time that man associated with his brother man, he pointed with scorn to the shadow-hunter as a fool who would go hungry and let his family starve; but shadow-hunting has become a profession since the discovery of photography, and has proved itself a boon and a blessing to mortal man. So I go to one of the shadow-hunters, and I contract with him to catch me your shadow just as I had seen it on yonder mirror. He puts his looking-glass into a box and sets you on a chair just where the light shall soften every angle, and mark your beauty with a dimpled cheek, and when your shadow has crept into that box, he closes the brass door and has made prisoner of that which the wise man called "only a reflection." With artificial chemistry the prisoner is not merely shackled, but set to work to give me one hundred copies of that which is called "only a reflection" of your own sweet face. Here endeth the second lesson.

So your reflection was something after all, or it could never have been captured and held prisoner. But the wise man has stopped just where I want to go on. He assures me there is and can be nothing more; that I have now got it all and should rest contented. I throw not. I hope to be disappointed through all eternity; so I begin to question that picture as it hangs upon my wall. "Listen, O picture. You were never within ten feet of my sweet friend. You had no power of creation, and I deny to you any property of attraction. How came you by that likeness, and whence that smile that is true to life?"

Since the picture, like the wise man, gives me no answer, let us try another experiment. This time you shall sit only in the open air. This time our shadow-catcher has his boxes in a huge circle everywhere around you—a

mile away if the ground permit. Again the shadow is caught in every possible variation; and again it is used as printers' type till copies are multiplied, which you have never seen nor touched. This time we have a full face and a full back view, with side features at every angle; and remember that since those cameras can neither attract nor create, something must have been passing from my lady friend in every direction. So the question now before us is: "What is this something?"

Here again we meet the scientist. With spectrum analysis he will show us that every particle has its emanation; even the iron in a drop of blood is visible to his spectrum. So he will resolve this lady into atom and molecule, or turn it into gas; and then with scientific pride he exclaims: "Behold your friend!" I can almost hear him exclaim: "A little more of this gas means 'love'; add a little to yonder red band and you have 'hate'." Set these atoms into quicker motion, and you have the ecstasy of which manhood is born; and as the tired molecule seeks repose, manhood is lost in death, merged again into the one vast whole.

His spectrum has shown him not one band to mark the presence of the man; nothing but an essence of the fragments man wears as form in mortal life. Man's soul peeps out through this earth form as best it may, with realities of power unmarked by the scientist of to-day. Let us listen to the soul as it whispers truth, and we shall hear that of which the scientist never dreams. Here and there, in your own family or your neighbor's, it may be in the prattling child; it may be in manly strength or tottering age, you will find the faculty or soul power which the genius of a Buchanan discovered, proved and named as psychometry—a faculty possessed by humanity in every age. And this is the faculty to which we will now submit the shadow we caught in yonder box.

Here is our psychometer, the lad, if you will, through whom the lamented Denton outwrought his wondrous history of "The Soul of Things." We will lay upon his hand or place upon his forehead a fragment, if you choose, of one of those printed copies of that captured shadow. Remember, the scientist is silent; the picture gave no reply, but the soul will speak through the lips of this lad. Listen!

"This is a lady of marked character; a firm friend, but a bitter foe, rendering love to life and hate to hate. She declines a quiet domestic life and demands to meet man face to face as his professional equal."

And so, word by word, the reading goes on with no uncertain sound, giving us details as to her present mental condition and physical health that stand as truth, every one.

All of you can prove the existence of this faculty if you are willing to take the trouble and exercise the patience. Remember that every truth is a key to unlock some other truth. Science acknowledges an emanation from every form invisible to mortal sense until discovered by spectrum analysis. This is an excellent starting point. Even the scientist will not claim that his instrument is perfect, for he finds its brightest revelations shading off into dreams of other truths. Each accepts the facts he can grasp and hopes for more. But the pathway of reason has its rigid limits, whilst intuition stands to him as a sealed book. In our next article we will try to ascertain what the foregoing experiment has to teach.

(To be continued.)

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A crisp, cool and sunny morning, Nov. 15th, attracted a good audience to hear Mr. J. J. Morse lecture upon the "Homes of the Hereafter." Preceding it he read with fine elocutionary effect, the inspirational poem from the spirit of Ascha W. Sprague, given through the Mediumship of Miss Lizzie Dotten, entitled "My Spirit Home." Mr. Morse is a fine reader, and the poem was an excellent prelude to the discourse which was to follow. After a fervent invocation to the All Father, the controlling spirit said in substance, Mr. Morse speaking in an unconscious trance:

There is no sweeter word in all the language of civilization than that of home. Around it clusters the most sacred memories of human life. The strongest efforts of man have been to beautify and make his earth-home an earthly paradise. Is there any one among you to-day who can conceive of the desolation in a human soul without a home, or a hope for one? Man stands upon the confines of the eternal life, and as he lays down his cares and duties, he tries to gaze into the beyond, and learn what that eternal life is to be. No home beyond the grave! Theology has taught that it is to be a heaven of rest on the bosom of God; to lie with your hands quietly across your breast, and your spiritual life to be spent in praising Deity. This may satisfy an angel, but will it satisfy you when you are called to part with a life companion, child, parent or friend? As the mortal body lies cold and stiff in death, the cry goes out from your soul, Where? Where? You ask in your inmost soul where is the life that has been with you through the years of your earth career, that had made your existence here sweet and holy.

All humanity declare, 'We would have neither heaven nor hell unless we can have our loved ones in an unbroken unity.' When the human heart has rebelled against the future as depicted by theology, it has shown its efforts to make human life here beautiful, and in the environments of home, typical of all that is noble and Godlike, blending souls together in the bonds of peace and love, is a foreshadowing of what the life in the beyond is to be. A theology is diabolical that says to you that this human love that has come to you is false and carnal because it has valued human affection and sympathy. Spiritualism comes to you in this 19th century, and gives you a better conception of God and of eternal life, and in marked contrast it stands as the solvent of this problem, and is the only faith that can grasp it intelligently.

How can you know the hereafter? Can we hope to meet these gone before? I know that the Materialist and the Scientist will argue that because we cannot, to their conception, demonstrate the fact that there is a future existence, and that this soul is an indestructible personality, that there is no future life; because with physical science and with what little may have been learned of physical laws, they argue that they cannot go out on a voyage of exploration of spiritual realms. There are many facts and experiences in human life that cannot be explained by the known laws of science. Thoughtful students are met with these puzzling facts everywhere, showing higher laws and forces which are as yet unexplained and incomprehensible; but already these revelations in this new field of thought, through spiritual phenomena and research have been marvelous. We, therefore, make that man is a spiritual being and sustains relations to the Spirit-world, and that he is connected while embodied with this Spirit-world.

"When you receive impressions which transcend the natural, it does not follow that this is supernatural, or that you cannot form an intelligent judgment as to the Spirit-world. The continuity of life remains an unbroken sequence, but you ask, 'Is the other world altogether different from this one?' We say that it is but a very little different. It is a life that is rational and of conscious individuality—a life of active labor, a better life to all who have rightly understood the duties here. But you say if the other world is to be one of work, and but a little in advance of this, it will be still a human world. Any one who expects to get beyond humanity will be disappointed. From this standpoint you will see that it is to be a life of practicalities, and not one to be employed in singing around the throne. You will live there in reunited happy and harmonious homes. As here in the earth-life you enshrine your homes with gems of art, with rare pictures and beautiful surroundings, so can you make your home in the hereafter more beautiful than what you have known here.

"You ask, 'Where are the sinful, the ignorant and the depraved?' This class are in cities or communities by themselves where they have no perception of spiritual truth, and no desire for advancement; but as the warm sunlight melts the icy barriers in the spring time, that have chilled your atmosphere here, so will the warm sunlight of truth even reach the most desolate regions in the Spirit-world. But you ask, 'Are there no homeless nor homeless ones there?' Yes; men and women who have lived selfishly here, who have had no aspirations for the good and true, no sympathy for sorrow and pity for sin, have done nothing to relieve the burdens of a, other, are very poor in the Spirit-world. But you say, 'Are they only devils or angels in the Spirit-world?' We say there are none of these, none that are hopelessly beyond redemption, and none so pure but that they can aid, help and encourage those who would gladly know how to advance.

"The influences from true, loving and harmonious homes in this life reach to the Spirit-world. As you here have longed for a fine picture, a gem, or works of art, so will those aspirations receive a full fruition in the world beyond. The Spirit-world will, when man has outgrown selfishness, ignorance and sin, be all that he aspires to reach. He will find that divine society in which all men will love their brothers as themselves; when the errors, vices and surroundings will have been supplanted by love, peace, aspiration and harmonious brotherhood. This is the view that Spiritualism gives of the 'Homes in the Hereafter.' Let it be for you an incentive to nobler lives and better deeds, more sympathy for the poor and sinful, higher and better aspirations towards God, and truer conception of this truth. Why deny such a possibility in the land of the soul? We help to build our homes in the hereafter by our lives here. You ask, 'What of those who have been tyrants here, and who have wronged and defrauded the widow and the fatherless?' Such persons are execrated and despised in the Spirit-world. So it is with hypocrites who stole the liberty of heaven to serve the devil in, they are unmasked there. Death destroys nothing. The home here where faith, love and aspiration rule, will be more beautiful there, and the loving and loyal here will be more loving and loyal there. In the Providence of God, these homes will be for natural men and women—not of seraphs nor angels—with time and opportunity to prosecute and unfold the highest attributes, blending us in a harmonious unity with the Divine. With this description of the 'Homes in the Hereafter' I leave you. May it be an incentive to a nobler and juster comprehension of life's duty, cementing you in closer bonds of fraternal brotherhood.

Our meetings continue to attract people from all parts of the country, many strangers whom we do not know personally. Among others who have visited us recently, have been Mr. A. A. Campbell, Atlanta, Ga.; Wm. Adams, Jr., San Jose, Cal.; S. J. Shaw, Sandwick Islands; Miss Phoebe Hall, New York City; Mr. R. H. Gifford, Bayonne, N. J.; Mrs. Ban, Westfield, Mass.; and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carey, Washington, D. C.

At our Mediums Meeting, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Edith E. Reynolds, of New York City, was requested to give some of her experiences, which she did in a very interesting manner. She told how she had reasoned herself out of the orthodox church; how mediumship came to her alone, and when she was ignorant of the subject. She referred to her difficulties and sufferings with evil and undeveloped spirits. The prayer went out from her soul to God that spirits of love and intelligence might come and use her powers. This prayer was granted and she had learned to trust her guides implicitly, as they never deceived her. Her heart and soul was in the work. She loved to come to our meetings.

Mr. Burnham Wardwell, the philanthropist, who has given the best years of his life to the amelioration of those confined in prisons, stated that he was the bearer of a petition from 500 women of Vineland, N. J., to the Executive of this State, praying the sentence of death for Mrs. Druso, who is to be hanged in this State on Nov. 25th, might be commuted to imprisonment for life. The speaker made an earnest appeal for the women present to unite with their sister women in this appeal.

Mr. A. C. Carey, of Washington, D. C., a rank, bona Spiritualist, who tips the scale at 300 pounds, gave some very interesting experiences, telling how spirits brought him to the full light of our faith.

Hon. A. H. Dalley gave some interesting experiences with Mrs. Maud Lord, which occurred in his own house under circumstances that were beyond question. He paid a high tribute to Mrs. Lord's powers as a medium.

Mrs. Lord followed with some very satisfactory messages and tests of spirit presence.

Our meeting was well attended and a deep interest was manifested. Mr. Morse's evening lecture was on the "Coming Church." It was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Morse continues to win golden opinions from all who hear his lectures.

S. B. NICHOLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1885.

The French Government would like to give the army the privilege of wearing beards, but feels the necessity of first consulting several high military authorities, as the opinions on the subject are contradictory. Meanwhile the press falls back on history, and finds that the conquerors of all ages were about equally divided between the shorn and unshorn.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

WELL PLEASED.

Dr. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

THE MISER'S REFORM.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

Yes, I came pretty nigh wrecking body and soul both, and I'll tell you how. Losing wife and child while I was still a young man broke me down. For a time I didn't care whether I lived or died, but I still kept on with my business, and presently I found myself beginning to love money. It became the greatest pleasure of my existence to count up my gains, and to add dollar to dollar.

The house I had furnished so prettily for Marie, and which she had taken such pride in, left to itself began to show signs of neglect. For a time I retained the old housekeeper to brighten up things and keep them tidy, but that luxury cost too much, and I dismissed her.

Then, not liking to see the pretty things that had been so dear to Marie go to decay through dust and neglect, I had them carried up to the great garret that extended the whole length of the house.

I did feel for a time very unhappy when they were all baulched, and I was left with the bare boards and two or three chairs, but I consoled myself by the reflection that some day I would have them all back again.

I turned the once cheerful room in which I had spent so many pleasant hours with my wife and little one into a sort of second office, and there I slept, ate my scanty meals and did much of my work. It was a sordid, sorry life. I denied myself every comfort, almost, but that of fire, in the dead of winter. That I would have, and of the best hickory, no matter what it cost. Meats and delicacies I could do without, books and comforts of many sorts, but a fire, that was the one link that bound me to the instincts of my kind.

I grew shabby, seedy, lean and ugly. My hair began to stand up on my head through lack of sufficient moisture, my eyes grew hollow, my cheeks were sunken, and I looked like what I was, a miser. To gather gold, to count it, to gloat over its accumulation, and that for its own worshiped sake, became the ruling passion of my life.

Not houses and lands, and friends that might have been bought, but gold, gold, gold! For this I sinned, neglected my kind, and denied God.

I shall never forget Tuesday, the 13th day of January, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. That is the way I have written it down in my day-book.

Imagine me going to my solitary house, in the lower part of the great city of New York, hemmed in by warehouses.

I say, imagine me shivering in my thin coat, buttoned over a pocketbook as plenteous as I was lean, entering the unpainted and cobwebbed front door, and walking through the large hall, solacing myself with the thought that I should soon be comfortable in front of a blazing fire, and finding, as I opened the door to my own den, a great red flame upon the hearth, and cowering over it, the thin, almost skeleton form of a child.

Shall I ever forget that unearthly look of the great dark eyes, she turned upon me, eyes that seemed to light up the very corners of the room, to my frightened, excited fancy. I came forward slowly; she never stirred, only continued to gaze at me with a strained, pitiful expression, until she spoke, seeing I came to a pause.

"O, the fire is so good." "What do you mean? Who are you? How did you get here?" I asked sternly.

"I crawled in through the bars down into the cellar. I guess I staid here all night. Oh, it was so dark and cold! But I'm used to that now. Then I found the cellar-door, and it was open, and so I came here, and there was coals on the hearth, and I made a fire."

If the child had not been pretty, I am sorry to be compelled to say pretty in spite of the grime, the rags, and marks of hard living, and perhaps brutal treatment, or if she had come there in any other fashion, at the door as a mendicant, or even been sent there by any friend, I should have expelled her on the instant, but she had thrown herself upon my bounty—the fire lit up the dark eyes that somehow made me think of those of my own little pet,—she had stood her ground without flinching,—she had prepared an agreeable surprise by making the fire, for I was very cold, and she did not seem in the least afraid of me.

"Where do you belong?" I asked.

"I don't belong anywhere."

"Well, who takes care of you? Who do you live with?"

"I don't live with anybody. I haven't got any home. Mother died and father died long ago, and I am all alone by myself."

Her words and manner touched me, but aversion was tugging at my heart. I grudgingly this poor little the little food she would require.

"Well, you've got warm now. I can't keep you any longer—there is the way to the door," I said.

She rose up, holding the rags of her shawl together, and then I saw that her arms and chest were bare, for her dress was a summer one, probably some gossamer thing that had been given her. She looked at me pleadingly, and for the life of me I could think of nothing but the eyes of my dear child.

It had over me as I followed her to the door: "Kitty if this was your own little Kitty," and my heart began to beat furiously.

As I opened the door a cold wind blew in that chilled me to the core, and the child looked pitifully up to me again. I couldn't stand it. I took her by the shoulder and led her back to the fire and, though I did not know it, the tears were rolling down my cheeks. I who hadn't wept since I laid my darlings together in their last cold bed.

The child staid that night, and was quite ready the next morning to go out and beg, but the good angel who stood at my side the night before prompted me again.

"Do you think you could do anything to pay for your keep?" I asked her.

"Oh!" and her hands came together, "I'll clean up everything, and do just what you tell me. I'm so tired of being cold and hungry!"

"Then stay," I said, my eyes suspiciously full again. That day I had something to think of besides gain. I shut up my office earlier, pulled my hat over my eyes, and went across the city to the shop of a German Jew, and there I bought what I thought the child needed, ready-made. It cost a good many twinges,—the soul of the miser was almost rent in twain. By the time I reached my own door I had called myself a fool at least twenty times, and fully expected to find the child gone off with everything she could lay her hands on. But no, there was the fire blazing, the hearth swept up, the floor washed, and the room, even with its scant furniture, so homelike and attractive that my heart began to throb with human pulses again. The girl had washed, made herself as tidy as possible with her scant opportunities, and looked really beautiful in the glow of the evening fire. That night she

Concluded on Seventh Page.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

LIFE'S LESSON.

O weary heart that throbs with bitter grief,
And seems to keep time with the aching brain,
O tired eyes that nightly vigils keep,
And pale lips shutting back the pain,—

Remember other hearts are heavy, too;
Little we know the crosses others bear;
We hear a laugh and see a happy smile,
And never dream they hide a burning tear.

The sad, sad story that our own lives tell,
Repeats itself in many a human breast;
And the impress of that face we wear,
We read their sorrows through their smiles confessed.

The sympathy we crave can come alone
From those whose feet have pressed the same
rough way;
And so we learn the lesson—hard indeed—
That darkest night may bring the brightest day.

The "House-keeper's Laboratory," devised by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in chemistry in the Woman's Laboratory of the Institute, is a neat box containing chemicals in vials, measuring glasses and printed directions for numerous tests desirable in household economy.

Miss Laura Braden, Treasurer of the Washington and Wayneburg railroad, in Pennsylvania, is the only woman railroad official in this country.

Madeline A. Garnier, the new translating clerk in Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson's department, is a niece of Joaquin Miller. She passed eight years in foreign travel, during which she learned to speak five languages with ease.

Miss Laura B. Axtell of Cleveland, a sister of Leonard Case, who founded the Case School of Applied Science, has made a will bequeathing her entire fortune, amounting to \$1,000,000, to the school.

Mrs. Mary Beneman, a sister of the famous Commodore Perry, is still living at Ames, Iowa, at the age of 112. Her health is good, and her mind vigorous and bright.

Vassar College has recently received from Mr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, the distinguished Shakespearean scholar and editor, a gift of one thousand dollars to establish a prize fund. It is named the Kate Rogers Furness Prize Fund, in memory of his deceased wife, who edited a Concordance of Shakespeare's poems a few years ago.

Two members of the first graduating class of Indianapolis Girls' Classical School, Mary Ella Colgan and Julia Harrison Moore, attended the Harvard examination for women in Cincinnati in June last, and have received from Harvard College certificates equivalent to the certificates of admission granted to boys. They are the first Indiana girls to attend these examinations.

There is excitement within the sacred precincts of Yale College. A young law student, an esteemed member of the Michigan bar, has entered the law school of that venerable institution. As the student is the first woman member of the class, and President Porter is opposed to co-education, there is no hope of her attaining a degree there, although she will be permitted to continue her studies. Like the young women in the art classes, she can attend lectures, but can neither pass examination or obtain a diploma.

M. Le Conte Stevens, in an article on the subject of the education of women, published in the *North American Review*, January, 1885, says that women are admitted to full course of instruction and are graduated from the Universities of London, Durham, Cambridge (England); Royal (Ireland); Copenhagen (Denmark); Upsala (Sweden); Zurich, Berne and Geneva (Switzerland); and all the universities of Italy. Zurich graduated a woman for the first time in 1863. The vote at Cambridge favoring the admission of women and the granting them of degrees (in 1881) was four hundred and forty to thirty-nine.

Thus the men in the prisons of the United States outnumber the women twelve to one. In other words, the better element of the nation is subordinate to the element that furnishes the great majority of criminals. It is about time a change was made.

In Nebraska and Nevada there were no female inmates at the last census; Texas had 1,713 men to 20 women; and Washington and Oregon none, while Colorado had but one. New York had more than any other State, numbering women to men as one to nine. The matron of the prison ward at Blackwell's Island, however, told the editor of this column, not long ago, that while many foreign women were sent to the Island time after time, only one native born American had fallen so low as that. It was a comforting fact on the one hand; on the other is a knowledge that these foreign women are, many of them, mothers of citizens of the United States.

Harpers' Bazar declares that: "A distinguished trait of women in general is fortitude, which is the better and nobler—yes, the essential—part of courage. Man has comparatively a slender stock. He shrinks from pain and complains bitterly of pain that he bears without a murmur, with perfect resignation, without a thought of doing aught save their duty. He is peevish, undignified, unjust, will nigh intolerable, during a sickness which they will bear with sweetness, even with grace. Reverse of fortune, calamity, affliction, anguish of body and of mind, the ruin of their last hope, they will sustain with equanimity, when a time of their suffering will drive him to loud outcry, to vicious courses, or to suicide. They will shiver and shiver when the first wave breaks over the vessel, and go down with her in a hell of water, silent, statue-like and serene. They will startle the night at the cry of fire, and perish in the flames like an Indian bound to the stake. They will scream at the prick of a needle, and walk placidly into an open grave. Not so bold as man to do wrong, they are more valiant to do right. The timid sex in some things, they are the heroes or heroines in others, and these usually the greater things." In many of the gravest trials of life they are dauntless and distinguished, when man, their boasted superior, is craven and abject.

Mr. Higginson tells this story: "One of the nearest retorts ever made in Cambridge, Massachusetts—not a bad soil for good things—was a brief response lately given by a young lady to an undergraduate who offered her, with some hesitation, his seat in the horse car. She got in with an older companion; the car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him—disgracing it, however, in German—why he did not give his place to the young lady. He answered in the same language, 'Because she is not pretty enough.' After a little reflection, however, he too rose

and surrendered his seat. The young lady took it, and thanked him—in German. Since the world began I do not think that an extinguisher was ever more effectively dropped upon an impertinent youth. A word of sarcasm would have been unladylike; but of course it was her duty to thank him, and what course more unimpeachable than to thank him in the language in which he and his friend had been speaking, and which was presumably his own? As a matter of fact, the young lady had lately been at school in Germany. Aided by such experiences, our favored youths will come to comprehend by degrees that women may know German and Greek, and possibly at last even that they may understand English."

Clara Neyman, writing from Germany to the *Woman's Journal*, said, very sensibly: "As an instance how nobility sets a good example in many ways, I will give a few facts: The Princess of Baden, now Crown Princess of Sweden, and future queen, was thoroughly instructed in all the household arts and in the direction of public institutions by her own mother, the Grand Duchess of Baden. The daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany was taught cooking. The old Empress often visits the people's kitchens in Berlin, where wholesome cooking is one of the first requisites. We in America are too apt to think that these minor duties of life can be acquired at any time. But not before we can master an occupation do we stand above it. American housewives are too often the victims of their servants; the cooking is conducted according to the servant's understanding; only in exceptional cases are women of the comfortable classes capable of instructing their domestics. We may call a German housekeeper pedantic and slow, but she is at the same time conscientious, and feels her responsibility fully. And this order and care produces smoothness and comfort, where we in America often find excitability and worry. I would never exclude the striving after a higher education among our girls, but I would make a thorough knowledge of household affairs equally imperative. For upon the orderly arrangement of our homes, upon the spirit which prevails there, depends the character of the coming citizen. The government of any State represents a clear picture and exposition of the home-life of that nation."

Magazines for November not Before Mentioned.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. (Waco, Tex.) Contents: The Origin and Credibility of the Supernatural Claims of Christianity; The American Secular Union; Agnosticism and Theosophy; Liberalism; Science and Faith; Worshiping God; Christianity and Crime; Spiritually Developed; Thoughts for the Orthodox, etc.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (H. Haulenbeck, Philadelphia.) The December issue of this popular magazine is replete with such attractions as please the ladies. The illustrations are many, including one of Miss Mary Anderson, which accompanies a sketch of this popular actress.

NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT. (Chicago.) Contents, October: Trust amid the Severities of God; Help for the Living, Hope for the Dead; A Striking representative Dream; Rejected Prophets; Letters on Spiritual Subjects, etc.

THE NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR. (Geo. Munro, New York.) The fall and winter fashions are well represented in this Bazar, there is also much reading matter comprising stories, poems, and notes.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Alexander Wilder, M. D., Newark, N. J.) Contents: Deism; The Philosophy and Ethics of the Zoroastrians; The American Akademie; Sapientibus Verbum.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (Manchester, N. H.) Answers to questions in all departments of literature are to be found in this monthly.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER. (London, Eng.) A health review and the organ of the London Society for the abolition of compulsory vaccination.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This issue is embellished by a new cover and the stories and illustrations will amuse the young readers.

THE MIND-CURE. (Prof. A. J. Swarts, Chicago.) Interesting articles will be found in this number.

THE FLORAL CABINET. (New York.) A magazine of Floriculture and Domestic Art.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

This is a series of thirteen sermons by the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, given to his congregation last winter; only one of them was written; and they are now printed from stenographer's notes.

The subjects are: "What is Religion?" "Comfort and Hope." "Religious and Ethical Sanctions." "Personal Religion." "Inner Life and Outer." "Evil and Growth." "Belief and Truth." "The Growth of Religion." "Modern Salts." "The Communion of Saints." "Contemporary Religious Changes." "The Religious Outlook." "Evolution and Immortality." These sermons were given in answer to some of the objections that educated, thoughtful, earnest people give for their not desiring to attend church; as one young man said to Mr. Savage, "Religion does not appeal to my sense of what is practical and real."

Mr. Savage is a broad, cultivated and liberal man. He gives in the preface a statement of a few of his strongly held beliefs, as follows:

"1. I believe that religion is a permanent element in human life.

"2. I believe it to be the most important of human interests.

"3. It is being neglected or opposed, because those who claim to be its special exponents and guardians identify its essence with its clothing, and so refuse to recognize the changed conditions of the modern world.

"4. I hold, then, that the grandest service a religious teacher can render his age is this: to show how religion persists through all changes of thought and life; and, instead of dwindling and dying out, how it ever expands to match the grander universe revealed by modern investigation.

"5. This is true faith. To fear that by recognizing his real universe God is in danger of being lost, this is infidelity.

"So believing, I wish to do what I can, not to save religion—truth is never in danger, but to help bewildered men and women to find it."

These sermons are all interesting, and did space permit we should like to quote some most excellent thoughts. We may do so in the future. It is a series of able and instructive discourses.

THE NAZARENE AND OTHER RHYMES FOR THE THOUGHTFUL AND HOPEFUL. By T. D. Curtis. Syracuse, N. Y.: Farmer and Dairman Print.

one's philosophy than is given from the pulpit, and the one that is destined to be finally accepted. Most of the poems are short and on a variety of subjects.

New Books Received.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN AUTHORITY AND REASON, or Artificial and Natural Religion. By Hugh James Brown. Melbourne, Australia: Geo. Robertson & Co.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE. Boston: C. M. A. Twitchell.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS. Valuable receipts for those who regard Economy as well as Excellence. Boston: Joseph Burnett & Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

THE NEW EDUCATION: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan. Third edition. Boston: Published by the author. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

INSIGHT INTO SPIRITUALISM: Exposure and Attack by the Imperial Arch-Duke Johann of Austria. Also, Logic of Facts: Reply and Defense by Baron L. B. Hellenbach. Boston: Mutual News Co.

THE GREAT DISCOVERER. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just brought out a new edition of the Portrait Catalogue of their publications. It embraces a list of all the books they publish, under the names of the authors, arranged alphabetically. It contains new portraits of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), and Richard Grant White, besides those included in previous editions.

This Catalogue, which appears in an attractive new cover, will be sent free to any one requesting it.

The lamp craze has broken out among fashionable ladies of Albany, N. Y. As soon as they see a new style they either buy it or trade an old lamp for it. Many of them make designs of their own. The prevailing style is to have a large jar mounted on a base or bronze pedestal, representing something artistic. The lamp is set in this jar or vase, which is usually of a chocolate color. The shade is made of splashed ware, is glass, of course, but looks as if some liquid gold or other material had been splashed over it.

Funk & Wagnalls announce for immediate publication a Biographical Sketch of Adelaide Neilson. The book is superbly illustrated with nine portraits by Saroni, and the author, Laura C. Holloway, has made a most interesting study of her charming subject. Miss Neilson was widely admired in this country, and a biography of her life can but be received with favor, particularly when presented with the elegance which, according to the publisher's promise, will characterize this souvenir. The book is neatly bound. Price, \$2.00.

The interesting topic of "Faith-cures" will be treated "without gloves" in the December Century, by the Rev. Mr. Schauffler, who has paid particular attention to the subject.

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

"The Tineida epigrapha," writes Alphonse Karr, "is the smallest of all mottoes, being two lines when its wings are outspread; but how magnificently it is attired! It is robed in gold and silver, and on the silvery gauze of its upper wings is traced, in letters of gold, an inscription which no one has yet succeeded in deciphering."

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HOW TO ACQUIRE LANDS. A complete and practical guide to the acquisition of land in the United States. Price, 50 cents. Published by the Western World Co., 100 West 23rd St., New York.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 28, 1885.

Can a Pious Jew be Saved?

For the past few weeks there has been a deal of solemn head-shaking—"wagging of paws" as Dominie Sampson called it—among sundry grave doctors of divinity and reverend clergymen who would like to have their divinity doctored. They have even gone beyond this and taken up their pens in serious, yet not very lucid, efforts to solve a difficult problem. The outer world—which is pretty large and weighty world in these days, and gets on reasonably well without benefit of clergy—has unanimously decided that a good Jew may go to heaven, that being the only fit and proper place for a good man of whatever faith. These orthodox clergymen would like to be as reasonable and just as the outer world, yet they must not quite break in pieces certain grim old dogmas, and are trying to see if they can't be bent a little, or at any rate look as though they would bend. But a dogma is run in a mould, shaped and fixed inflexibly and can no more bend than cast iron, hence the dilemma.

Sir Moses Montefiore, a leading European Hebrew, passed away lately a hundred years old, a man whose great wealth flowed out in many charities to Gentile as well as Jew, whose life was noble and beautiful, who was given to prayer and whose prayers stirred his pious soul to good deeds—a saintly man beloved and revered. Rev. Dr. Curry, Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Princeton College, and others are trying to make cast iron seem to be malleable, but the outer world "don't see it." The New York Independent gives them space and they are solemnly trying to be kind to the Jew, yet to save their old creed, and a hard job it is. Dr. Hedge says:

"In common with all who maintain the integrity of Catholic Christianity we firmly believe that human nature is radically and universally corrupt and guilty before God, utterly incapable of self help.... of spiritual renovation.... We therefore believe that, without exception, the acceptance of each man with God depends not on any supposed natural goodness or personal merit, but wholly upon the fact of the man's personal relation to Jesus Christ."

Two things are plain from these statements of the Presbyterian Professor: One is that the creation of man was a dismal failure. Trees and flowers are adequate to some good end, bird and beast are good after their kind, man is "radically corrupt" and, in the vast majority of cases, is an heir of eternal perdition; yet a being of infinite love and wisdom created him, Dr. Hedge would say. All other absurdities are small beside those of dogmatic theology. The other is that the chance of the pious Hebrew's salvation is poor, indeed, for he did not accept Christ as the Savior. But how nicely a theologian can turn a corner! We are told:

"The establishment of this personal relation to our Lord, so as to constitute one a beneficiary of his redemption, is generally conditioned on personal recognition and confession of Him.... But it is not absolutely essential, as is proved in the case of dying infants and idiots.... It might hold true in the case of some exceptionally enlightened heathen. The charitable formula of invincible ignorance.... has always been practically more or less recognized by orthodox Christians."

This "charitable formula" may possibly open the golden gate for a fleeting moment, long enough to give the good Hebrew entrance; but Dr. Hedge should be at hand to see it closed fast and soon, lest others might slip through.

The Andover Review takes up the question in a long editorial, such as might be expected from a magazine which speaks as from the New England school of the prophets—the theological seminary of such Puritanism as still lives in that region. It opens, after brief allusion to the occasional death of some good man outside the Christian pale, and the question, "What of his future?" in this curious way:

"Frequently the Evangelical church never denies the existence of the Christian name or the possibility of the Christian virtue. But theologically these exceptional cases are no little conclusion. The answers they call out are not to put a strain on the theological system."

This is a quaint admission, that Christian courtesy puts a sad strain on the old dogmas—so much the worse for the dogmas, we should say.

The Review says: "The intelligence and heart of the Christian church not merely decline to accept the old dogma of the perdition of the heathen—they repudiate it."

Andover feels the onward sweep of the world's thought. The whole discussion is interesting and significant. We see the clinging to the dead Past of sundry dogmatists, the impulse of the living Present felt by others, the sure gain of a charity that shall break down all walls of separation between Jew and Christian and recognize their common humanity and destiny.

What a blessing to heart and head would be the broad inclusiveness of Spiritualism to these clergymen and their disciples! Countless thousands of messages from the Spirit-world have come from those who were Christian and Pagan, Jew and Musselman, on earth, and none tell of acceptance or rejection "over there" on account of the faith they held here. The saint on earth is loved and revered in the Summer-Land. Whether his earthly home was on the Ganges or the Hudson, or whether he read Veda or Bible, Talmud or Koran, is not counted for or against him, but true life and spiritual culture open the shining upward path.

A QUERY.

Under this heading the excellent Olive Branch—"wise as a serpent" as well as "harmless as a dove"—asks:

"Can any one understand why it is that Boston is overrun with mediums, especially those that set themselves up as materializers, while other large cities have but few or none? It is said that materializing mediums have left Philadelphia. Is it a fact that there are persons who advertise confidentially to the trade or profession that they have for sale the fixings to make up bogus materializations and other spirit manifestations? Let the Spiritualists that have the true interest of the cause at heart see to it that they do not countenance persons who deal in or purchase phosphorus paint and other articles to deceive the public in spiritual manifestations? Let all honest mediums that have received circulars, soliciting their custom for these articles, come forward and expose the whole thing and its connection with themselves."

A question worth studying, and sound advice with it. We propound another query: Is *The Olive Branch* an enemy to mediums because it speaks plainly against cheats? Or, in another form: Is he who rebukes those who "steal the ivory of the court of heaven to serve the devil in" a hater of true saints? As the editor of *The Olive Branch* is a highly developed writing medium, the matter in question will assume additional importance with some.

Eternal Punishment.

Leigh Hunt said: "If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment, I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion than God monstrous; and we make him the author of eternal punishment. For God's sake let us have pity enough to believe him better."

The poet who could write that golden dream of Abou Ben Adhem could not believe in the horror and injustice of hopeless and eternal torment. He was spiritual, inspired and mediocrity. His vision of

"An angel writing in a book of gold" was an opening of his interior senses, a glimpse of glorious pictures "painted on the eternal walls," an uplifting sense of "the presence" from the life beyond. The study of the experiences and rapt utterances of poet and prophetic sage in the light of Spiritualism is full of profit and enjoyment. Read Dante in this light and a new glory gilds the pages of his marvelous poems. We learn to see through the haze of his education and beyond the darkness of his age, the celestial splendors that shone through his mediocrity and receptive being.

Emily D. Pike writes as follows from Brooklyn, N.Y., under date of Nov. 15: "Mrs. Lord took a hall on Myrtle Avenue, corner of Adelphi street, assisted by your correspondent, and held services morning and afternoon. Judge Dalley made the opening address. The audience, both morning and afternoon, was composed largely of strangers from the different churches, who, though hungering for this spiritual manna, would not have had the courage to go among any of the present spiritualistic organizations to receive it. Mrs. Lord, in her own inimitable way, went straight to their inner souls, giving from thirty to fifty tests at each session, which were acknowledged correct, even though they were strangers to both Mrs. L. and the phenomena. I predict that she has now just entered the arena of real spirit work, that will develop new energies and greater power than she has ever before manifested, and through her the world will learn of a Christ spirit that it has worshiped without knowing or possessing. My own work as a healer is progressing favorably here. Next Sunday, the 22nd, we have Adelphi Hall again at 10:30, for healing purposes, healing both body and mind."

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent free until January 1st next, to new subscribers who remit \$2.50 for one year's subscription.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Mrs. Maude K. Cobb lectures at North Collins, N. Y., Nov. 29th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Bundy's continued illness prevents his presence in the office. He desires to express thanks through the JOURNAL to numerous inquiring friends for their interest and kind words, as he is unable to write them.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

Walter Howell's subject for next Sunday evening, at 517 W. Madison st., is—"Life."

Hon. Eliza Wright, prominently allied with various liberal movements, passed to spirit-life from Medford, Mass., Nov. 21st.

Mrs. J. M. Singer, 318 Pine st., Leavenworth, Kansas, would like the address of Mrs. Carter, the spirit artist.

Maj. Thos. Gales-Forster and wife are now located at number 916 H. Street, N. W., Washington City, D. C.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan has issued the third edition of Moral Education. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

THE THEOSOPHIST, for October is at hand and contains articles on Oriental Philosophy, Occultism, Mesmerism etc. For sale at this office.

The *Carrier Dove* for November contains a portrait of Mrs. A. S. Winchester. The October number had one of Geo. B. Colby who has now gone to Victoria, B. C.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

With vol. seven, number one, October, 1885, *The Theosophist*, changes its style of form and cover, being now much easier to handle and to preserve.

The far-reaching and beneficent influence of the JOURNAL is daily evidenced in ways that would astonish our readers, could they but sit in our office and take notes from visitors and others.

Now is the time to solicit your friends to subscribe for the JOURNAL. In another column will be found a prospectus. The editor and publisher believes that the claims therein made for the paper, will be confirmed by every fair-minded reader.

Prof. Thomas Davidson lectures at Central Music Hall on the evening of the 27th, before the literary society connected with Professor Swing's church. As the lecture is free and the lecturer very able, it is therefore likely that the house will be filled.

The paper on which the historic Bancroft writes is a singular combination of yellow and green. He says that with ordinary white paper before him the composition of a single sentence is the work of 15 or 20 minutes. His thoughts will only flow when this peculiar paper is used.

Capt. H. H. Brown wishes his friends and correspondents to notice that his address till further orders is Box W, Meadville, Penn. He can be engaged as in the past by Spiritualists and Liberals for Sunday and week day lectures. His terms are reasonable. He especially desires to give lectures upon the development of the "Psychical Powers," or "Soul Culture."

A. B. French lectured at Williamstown, Conn., Nov. 16th; at Stafford the 17th and 18th; at Somerville, the 19th and 20th; at Saratoga, N. Y., the 23rd, 24th and 25th. He has an engagement for each Sunday this month at Worcester, Mass. The Sundays of December he lectures at Ottumwa, Iowa; the last three Sundays of January, 1886, at Horticultural Hall, Boston. During February he speaks at Providence and Haverhill, and the first two Sundays of March at Norwich, Conn.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has just returned home from his trip in Southern New York, and reports fair success in his work of healing the sick and lecturing. *The Weekly Ithacan* of Ithaca, New York, of 23rd ult., makes the following statement of his work at Freeville: "The lectures of Dr. J. K. Bailey at Freeville last Sunday, are spoken of very highly by several who were in attendance. Otis Wood says: 'Dr. Bailey gave us two excellent lectures on those advertised; will do the cause much good.' Address him, for engagements, as follows: box 123 Scranton, Pa."

Le Spiritisme relates the following: "Pasquier, aged sixty, ex-gamekeeper, the Comte de Tarragon writes to us, 'had for a considerable time gone about, by the help of sticks, suffering from painful and extensive ulcers of the legs, which the doctors failed to cure. Before going to the hospital, which he dreaded, he came to me, asking if I thought the spirits could not do him some good. I said they often did if their aid were invoked, and I exhorted him to do so; but that if he could come to me next day, he might consult some good doctors, who were coming to my house. I saw no more of him for eight days, when I met him, without his sticks, after the service at church. He said that he told his wife of my exhortation, and that at night they prayed together that good spirits would aid him. During the night, he said, he had a dream of seeing some one in the room, who quieted his first fear by making signs of friendship. Then the stranger took some of the herbs which were in the place for medicine, and put them into the jar containing the grease which he kept for application, and signed for them to be made into an ointment, waved his hand, and disappeared. 'I told my dream,' said he, 'to my wife, when she said she had exactly the same dream. We prepared the ointment, and kept applying it until, in eight days, my legs are quite sound and well.' He showed them to me, and I saw only the scars of large ulcers."

(Continued from First Page.)
"Send me to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And so for any grade or ill
They've done afore thee!"

Abraham Lincoln never applied to his fellow-men, even under the greatest provocation such biting words of condemnation as fell from the lips of "the meek and lowly Nazarene," in his terrible philippic against the Pharisees, with the peroration, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" When he called for "three hundred thousand more," he did not declare, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be my soldier. The capitalists of our country were not appealed to for money to pay these soldiers in "the army of the Lord" with the threat, "That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." Benjamin Franklin at eighty-five years of age, the great utilitarian philosopher, patriot, statesman and distinguished diplomat of the last century, thus formulated his religious philosophy which, it will be noted, is like that of Mr. Lincoln:

"I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion."

Critically, upon sectarian proselytizing, Franklin also wrote:

"If Christian preachers had continued to teach as Christ and his apostles did, without salaries, and as the Quakers now do, I imagine there would never have existed; for I think they were invented, not so much to secure religion itself, as the emoluments of it. When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not care to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign of its being a bad one."

Franklin's convictions regarding "Christian preachers" and of a good and bad religion are pointedly expressed in the constitution of the state of New York, adopted in 1777, thus:

"And whereas we are required by the benevolent principles of national liberty, not only to expel civil tyranny, but to also guard against that spiritual oppression and intolerance, wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes have scourged mankind, it is ordered," etc.

TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y.

Now, ye biographers and others who are endeavoring to affix Christian to the unsullied name of our late President—the uncommon man of the common people he loved so well—look at the farcical exhibition that popular Christianity made of itself on Sunday, October 25th, 1885, in the city of New York, under the lead of one of the successors of those above called "weak and wicked priests and princes." The scene is in Trinity church. It is a perpetual corporation of dangerous franchises. It owns real estate in the heart of the city worth untold millions, much of which is exempt from taxation. In that respect like all other churches in this state it has direct pecuniary help from the civil power, therefore, according to Dr. Franklin, "it" (and all others) "has the sign of a bad religion." It stands on Broadway at the head of Wall street, that whirlpool of wealth, rapacity and wickedness, that lately ruined and sent into eternity the grandest of all our valiant generals, as it has ruined thousands before and will continue to do so until its business is wiped out by popular indignation. The members of this church are conspicuous for avarice and riches. It is fitted up in keeping with the description given in the discussion upon church adornment at the congress of clergymen before referred to. A Brooklyn clergyman said:

"In speaking of the adornment of churches he maintained that the furniture should be the best and costliest that the worshippers can afford. The sacred vessels should be of the purest metal, and if practicable, adorned with jewels and precious stones; the vestment on the priest should be of the finest texture enriched with fine needlework; the books of service should be of the clearest type and of the richest border or fairest page; the altar linen should be finer and better than is ever found in domestic use. A true aesthetic spirit will ever seek to offer to God its richest and best gifts."

Its grand high priest is fossilized in fashionable conservatism, although a son of the patriot who immortalized himself by the military order, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." What took place in this palatial edifice is described in the morning paper of the following day:

"Before the chimes of Old Trinity had pealed forth the hour of eight yesterday morning people began to assemble about the church doors. By nine o'clock nearly every seat not marked 'reserved' had been taken and for two hours more crowds pressed into the building, filling all the pews, seats in the aisles, and every available foot of standing-room around the pulpit, under the choir-loft and in the doorways. Hundreds, unable to gain admittance, went away before Archdeacon Farrar ascended the pulpit steps to address the largest audience assembled at this center of wealth and fashion since Dean Stanley preached there several years ago. From 1,500 to 1,800 people listened to the sermon. Dr. Morgan Dix was assisted in the opening services by Rev. Messrs. Louis A. Arthur, J. W. Hill and Edward Warren. As the hymn for the day was being sung the archdeacon ascended the pulpit steps and bowed his head on the desk. His text was 'Little Children Keep Yourselves from Idols.'"

And the representative of the English established Christian church, entirely supported by the civil power, proceeded after this manner to fire galling words at these darling "little children" of money and fashion and innocent, playful lambs of Wall street:

"And when you talk of nothing, think of nothing, scheme after nothing, care for nothing, I had almost said prayed for nothing, but money, money, money, all the day long; hasting to be rich, and so not being innocent; ready, if not downright, to forge, or to steal in order to get it, yet ready to adulterate goods, to scamp work, to have false balances and unjust weights, to defraud others of their rights and claims, to put your whole trade or commerce or profession on a footing which, perhaps conventionally honest, yet goes to the very verge of dishonesty; toiling for money valuing it first among earthly goods, looking up to those who have won it as though they were little human gods, hoarding it, dwelling on it, measuring the sole success in life by it, marrying your sons and your daughters with main reference to it—is God the God of your worship? Of your lips, yes; of your life, no. What are you then but an idolater? a worshiper of Mammon?"

The learned canon, must, of course, be understood as speaking ironically, else he would have added the words of his "Master," "Oh! Wall street!—but ye have made it a den of

thieves." Be that as it may, after this burst of scathing eloquence at the constant iniquities of its frequenters, how the awe-struck bulls and the panicky bears must have chuckled at the "points" he skillfully gave them, how to avoid divine, if not human justice The canon said:

"God is a spirit, not confined to temples; not bound up in books, not confined in ancient creeds. If it be true that the mass of the working classes care nothing for the doctrines of Christianity, may it not be at least in part because those doctrines have been grossly misrepresented to them? The other day a young girl in a London prison was asked for what purpose she thought Christ ascended. Her answer was 'that He might punish people!' This was her notion, it is probably the notion of thousands, respecting Him who died that we might live and who ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Without doubt, every moneyed man in that worshipful audience saw the point, and made personal "intercession for us." Each one has a paid attorney for the judgment seat of earthly courts, why not for that of heaven? It may be said, however, of the "young girl in a London prison," that like Dr. Franklin she did not believe in *texts*, but did believe in "keeping herself from idols."

This high salaried official thus emphasized his point of "intercession for us."

"It was my endeavor in writing the 'Life of Christ' to give a picture of our Lord's life which He spent as a man among men. It was His human example which I wished to define, and as my book has been translated into so many languages and has been sold in so many editions I cannot but think that it has met the views of many Christians. It sometimes seems to me a danger from the Apollinarian as well as the Arian form of error that many men lose sight of the full force of our Lord's human example."

Sectarian scholars will hugely enjoy the sly thrust in this last sentence at natural religion—that of Franklin and Lincoln—and especially as it is also aimed at the canon's peer in all respect, the distinguished Max Muller of Oxford University. The faithful reporter concludes by thus disclosing the movements, for the day and the one following, of those pure and lowly disciples of the poverty stricken Jesus:

"After Archdeacon Farrar had finished his sermon he stayed to the communion service and was the first to receive the bread and wine. Later he was driven to the house of Cyrus W. Field, whose guest he is in Gramercy Park. In the afternoon Mr. Field took him to call on Mrs. Grant, and with Col. Grant they drove to the General's tomb in Riverside Park. Mr. Field and the archdeacon dined at the house of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, in Madison avenue, and then went to Brooklyn to hear Mr. Beecher. This morning the distinguished visitor will be entertained at breakfast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by E. P. Dutton. At noon the clergymen of this city and its vicinity will be presented to him at Mr. Field's house, the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, making the address of welcome. This evening he will lecture on "Dante" in Chickering Hall. Logan C. Murray, president of the United States National Bank, will entertain him at breakfast to-morrow at the Union League Club, and he will dine with Cornelius Vanderbilt in the evening."

At the time this preaching, feasting, wine drinking and boulevard riding was being carried on by this priest of the governmental church of England, the head and front of which is the Queen, this item was flashed over the cable of his host, Mr. Field.

"The Prince of Wales went to a horse race at Buda Pesth on a Sunday, and great is the scandal thereat."

This "half apparent," hardly ever free from scandal, under the rule of the "divine right of kings," on the death of his mother, becomes the "civil power" and Christian figure-head of England's established church, and thus the Protestant Pope of Canon Farrar and infallibly Pope of like churches in this country.

The stock exchanges at the moneyed capitals of civilization—Vienna, Paris, London and New York—are the sinks of the concentrated cunning and devilishness of the earth, seeking victims by dealing in the stocks of soulless and generally worthless corporations. In this respect the one in New York is unrivaled.

Carpenter, in his Six Months at the White House, relates: "Knocking his face in the intensity of his feeling, Mr. Lincoln said, 'Curbin (the Governor), what do you think of those fellows in Wall street who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?'"

"They are a set of sharks," returned Curbin.

"For my part," continued the President, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table, "I wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off!"

Across the street and under the shadow of "Old Trinity," and in the light of current events, an annex thereto, stands the Stock Exchange. Its infuriated members, with demonic yells, momentarily make men, and often women, rich or poor, in constant gambling transactions. The miasma of this deadly Upas tree is impregnating with seeds of destruction the business and morals of the entire country. The gigantic monopolies of which Cyrus W. Field is the manipulator in chief—compared to which the old U. S. Bank, the *bank note* of General Jackson, is a mere pigmy—amplify and daily furnish the stakes for much of this gambling. This man is the ostentatious host of Canon Farrar. He is the abject devotee of the "wicked priests and princes" of rotten, superannuated Old England. This adoration culminated in erecting a costly monument on the west bank of the Hudson to the British spy, John Andre, who was hung under conviction by a Board of six Major Generals and several Brigadier Generals of our army, for striving, with the traitor Benedict Arnold, to betray West Point into the hands of our English enemies—whom this monument was visited by host and his distinguished guest, by special train, October 28, 1885. Instead of blowing up this monument, as was attempted a few years ago, by some patriotic Guy Fawkes, this inscription should be chiseled upon it: "Be it remembered, that when the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln reached London, the British government sent back to its minister in Washington, by the cable of Cyrus W. Field a dispatch stigmatizing that great edict of freedom as a measure of a very questionable kind, and as 'an act of vengeance on the slave owner.'"

According to the programme given out on Sunday, the breakfast came off at the Union League Club on Fifth Avenue. The guests were Wall street bank presidents and "Christian preachers" of large salaries; among the

*At 10:20 o'clock on Tuesday night, November 3, 1885, a momentary flash of light illumined the spot on the summit of Treasury Hill, Japan, where Major Andre died as a spy 106 years ago. A deafening report followed the flash, and within the ground trembled with the shock the monument erected by Cyrus W. Field to mark the spot of Andre's execution was buried from its shattered pedestal. A dynamite cartridge, evidently used by an expert, had destroyed Mr. Field's work again. This being the second attempt.

latter, President McCosh, of Princeton college, who is certainly old enough to be ashamed of the performance. The next morning's paper, after describing the luxury and sumptuousness of this breakfast, thus turns over the surfeited and unctuous Canon into the arms of the president of this internal stock exchange:

"After the breakfast the Archdeacon went with Mr. Field over the elevated road to Mr. Field's office in the Washington Building. The objects of interest in the harbor were pointed out and then the Stock Exchange was visited. President Simmons received the Archdeacon, who later went with Mr. Field to Broadway and Thirty-fifth street to see the statue recently erected to the memory of William E. Dodge. After a luncheon at Mr. Field's he rested until evening, when a dinner was given in his honor by Cornelius Vanderbilt."

"Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." The silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips, once impressively declared:

"Understand me, I would never join one of those petty despots which usurp in our day the name of the Christian church. I would never put my neck into that yoke of ignorance and superstition led by a Yankee pope, and give my good name as a football for their spleen and bigotry. I cannot see any essential difference between the one portentous Roman pope and the thousand petty ones who ape him in our pulpits."

In the life just published of this "Archdeacon's" gifted countrywoman, George Eliot, it is said that "the chief causes of her repulsion from Christianity was the discrepancy she perceived between religious professions and practical conduct." These "little children of money, money, money, all day long," preached to by him, including the Christian octogenarian patriots of the Union League Club, own and control many thousands of millions of money, money. They on all occasions represent the Christianity of the fashionable element of the metropolis of our country. President Lincoln would have been as much at home in their Christian texts of beliefs and observances as he would be in dancing with the ballet girls in the opera which most of the Canon's performed audience gleefully attended, the nights succeeding his sensuous and ritualistic exercises. Can one not see why such men as Franklin, Emerson and Lincoln were not Christians? As to what is "good and bad religion" was not the good old wise Doctor right?

Let the millions in this country who are suffering "spiritual oppression and intolerance wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes have scourged mankind," answer. Under no circumstances should the bright name of Abraham Lincoln be clouded by Christian or Christianity.

LINCOLN'S SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

The world now knows that Mr. Lincoln was gifted with great simplicity of character—that is, love of truth. This led him to take an original outlook on everything. He must use his senses, get experience, think. Herein is seen the primitive source and methods of his intellectual development, and also of his religion or philosophy. The Irishness and unnatural system and routine of the schools bore the same relation to his education as Christianity bore to his religion. The best biographer he has had yet, Ward H. Lamont, could not have had the life work of this great man in mind when he wrote "that Abraham Lincoln was born in a condition of life not only humble and obscure, but abject and squalid, and surrounded by circumstances most unfavorable to culture, to the development of great talent and the promotion of nobility and purity of that wonderful character he afterward developed." Would he say this of Patrick Henry, of Henry Clay who followed the plow many a day, barefooted, clad only in shirt and trousers; of the thousands of other self-made men equally celebrated in the world's history? The renowned orator, Edward Everett, graduated at Harvard University with the highest honors of his class when a little more than seventeen years of age. Now look at young Lincoln when about the same age. His cousin, Dennis Hanks, being in Chicago last spring, was "interviewed," and is thus reported in a newspaper of that city, of May 30, 1885:

"Will you describe him when a boy?"

"Well, he was at this time not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was six feet four and one-half inches when grown—tall, lathy and gangling—not much appearance, not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. This kind of a fellow: if a man rode up horseback, Abe would be the first out, up on the fence and asking questions, till his father would give him a knock side of the head; then he'd go, throw at snowbirds or suthin', but ponderin' all the while."

"Was he active and strong?"

"He was that. I was ten years older, but I couldn't rattle him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms so long and strong! My, how he would chop! His ax would flash and bite into a sugar-tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fallin' trees in a clearin' you would say there were three men at work by the way trees fell. But he never was sassy or quarrelsome. I've seen him walk into a crowd of sawin' rowdies, and tell some droll yarn and bust them all up. It was the same when he was a lawyer; all eyes whenever he riz were on him; there was a suthin' peculiar about him."

"What did you teach him to write with?"

"Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the pint of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country store, and I made ink out of blackberry briar-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after a while. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather; there's good for pens. We had no geese then days. After he learned to write he was scrawlin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the creek-bank, and leave it till the freshet would blot it out. I reckon he never did a mean act. I could see he didn't know how, an' he never learned."

"Did you have any idea of his future greatness?"

"No; it was a new country and he was a raw boy; rather a bright and likely lad, but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow-go'n' folks, but he had it in him, though we never suspected it."

"Did he take to books eagerly?"

"No; we had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory—wonderful—never forgot anything."

"What church did he attend?"

"The Baptist. I'll tell you a circumstance about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor, and repeat the sermon from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

"Was he a religious man?"

"Well, he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man strictly—never went to frolics, never drank liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious; but the Bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber, or sittin' around the fire-place nights, to explain Scripture. He never joined any church or any secret order."

At the ceremonies of consecrating the national burying ground for our gallant boys who fell in the battle of Gettysburg, this same Edward Everett, long distinguished as an orator and statesman, delivered the formal oration of the day. The boy, above described by Dennis Hanks, was present as President of the United States. A large concourse of people, with many prominent men, were in attendance. After Mr. Everett had concluded, the immense assembly enthusiastically called for President Lincoln. The few memorable words which he gave in response, are now as precious in American history as the Declaration of Independence. "As the President closed," says Arnold, "and the tears, and sobs, and cheers which expressed the emotions of the people subsided, he turned to Everett, and grasping his hand, said: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The orator gratefully replied: 'Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines.'"

Mr. Lamont gives a full and graphic picture of Mr. Lincoln's career, the early portion of which can be read with profit by those who believe in the hot-house process in religion, philosophy and education. Let such remember the words of Emerson:

"The Eden of God is bare and grand; like the out-door landscape, remembered from the evening fire-side, it seems cold and desolate whilst you cower over the coals; but once abroad again, we pity those who can forego the magnificence of nature for candle light and cars."

Was not New Salem, that little hamlet on the Sangamon River, such a "garden of Eden" to the soul of young Lincoln, where he landed at the age of twenty-two, and remained during seven years? At this time he was chiefly remarkable for great strength and skill in swinging the ax and mail, in following the plow, dexterity in wrestling, and ingenuity in telling stories. It was these accomplishments of a pioneer life that at once made him a power in that now historic little village. The following vivid and picturesque description of Lincoln's life and his associates in New Salem is from Mr. Herndon's pen:

"It lies about twenty miles north-west of Springfield. It was here that Mr. L. became acquainted with a class of men the world never saw the like of before or since. They were large men—large in body and large in mind; hard to whip, and never to be fooled. They were a bold, daring, and reckless sort of men; they were men of their own minds—believed what was demonstrable; were men of great common sense. With these men Mr. Lincoln was thrown; with them he lived, and with them he moved, and almost had his being. They were skeptics all—scoffers some. These scoffers were good men, and their scoffs were protests against theology—loud protests against the follies of Christianity..... They were on all occasions, when opportunity offered, debating the various questions of Christianity among themselves; they took their stand on common sense, and their own souls; and, though their arguments were rude and rough, no man could overthrow their homely logic. They riddled all divines, and not unfrequently made them skeptics. They were a jovial, healthful, generous, social, true and manly set of people."

"There were giants in these days" and Mr. Lincoln towered above them all. In equipping him for the pursuit of truth and justice, no college in the land could favorably compare with this Socratic and natural life. This boy of the mountains, of the magnificent forests, prairies and rivers of the heart of our country, could here follow the hereditary tendencies of his mother. In the interview above alluded to, Dennis said: "Abe was a mother's boy. His kindness, humor, love of humanity, hatred of slavery, all came from her." His strong will from his father. His brain preponderated in the frontal and coronal portions of his head, hence good habits, great mentality, moral elevation, love of truth, and loyalty to reason—or God. The sturdy practical philosophers, "of large brains and bodies," were the learned professors, who educated "his strong will," "love of humanity," and taught him to know himself. These inherited tendencies impelled him to work in that largest field of action—morals and justice. The knowledge required in this field may be summed up in the couplet:

"Know, then, thyself, presume not God to span;
The proper study of mankind is man."

But it is replied, language must be used. We can only think in words. Very true. Now behold Mr. Lincoln's method of acquiring language, together with the perfect use of it, and the study of mankind so far as it can be had from books. His faithful and intuitive partner says:

"The truth about this whole matter is, that he read less and thought more than any man in his sphere in America. No man can put his finger on any great book written in the last or present century that he read. When young he read the Bible, and when of age he read Shakespeare. This latter book was scarcely ever out of his mind."

What does this mean? Why, that he lived in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, in reason and among men. In the study of the meaning and the use of words, of mankind and ethical laws, what books can compare with these just named? In fact, our ordinary and abstract thoughts have their beginnings, naturally, in what passes daily under our observations, or "in letting the world do it, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind." The contents of a book are only hear-say evidences of the truth or conclusions of some "interviewer" of Nature and Reason. A word is simply a coach for a thought to ride in—a tool to work with. What a train of thought would arise in the mind of Mr. Lincoln in the later years of his life at the word "chop." He knew its meaning by his own early experiences, and in like manner, of almost every word in his vocabulary. Hence every one understands whatever he wrote or spoke. Mr. Lamont says:

"It is a curious fact, that through all Abe's childhood and boyhood, when he seemed to have a little prospect of the Presidency as any boy that was ever born, he was in the habit of saying, and perhaps sincerely believing, that that great prize would one day be his. When Mr. Crawford reproved him for fooling..... and asked him, 'what he supposed would ever become of him' he answered that 'he was going to be President of the United States.' That he frequently made use of this expression is well known. Arnold says: 'The dream of his youth, the

Fine Pianos.
(From the Baltimore American.)

There is one branch of mechanical industry of which Baltimore has good reason to feel proud, and to lay claim to superiority over all similar manufactures in the world, and that is its pianos. Much, if not all of the credit for the rapid strides in this direction is due to the world-renowned manufacturer, Wm. Knabe & Co. Wherever a taste for music is to be cultivated, there will be found one of Knabe's celebrated pianos. It would be useless to enumerate the many exhibitions at which they have taken prizes, inasmuch as the public has been from time to time informed of the different awards. Since then there have been improvements made on the improvements, which were at the time thought to be perfection; and to-day the Knabe piano stands unsurpassed in tone and quality. Now that the interior work of the instrument has been perfected, the outer covering is receiving due attention. Among the latest styles of cases turned out at their factory are those made of rosewood and mahogany, with beautiful inlaid work, and those of mahogany, with inlaid brass and ebony, with artistic fancy work; are to be had in either square or upright piano.

Snore, snore, snore!
Now tremble the windows and door!!
O what a horrible roar!!
Resounds from ceiling to floor!!!!
I cry in my rage for gore!!!!
No sleep for mine eyes any more!!!!
Go hire a hall I implore!!!!!!

If you have a husband, wife or friend who snores, you cannot do them a kinder act than to call their attention to the advertisement of FISHER'S MOUTH BREATHING INHIBITOR, which not only prevents snoring, but all other evils which accompany mouth-breathing.

The Best Portrait of Gen'l Grant.
Parties writing to Col. Fred. Grant as to where they can obtain the best portrait of his father, GEN'L U. S. GRANT, are always referred to Messrs. Currier & Jones, Newark, N. J., who are the publishers of Marshall's New Steel Line Engraving, reproduced on celluloid. This is a rare work of art, and agents are making large sales.

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A new novel of Chicago life is promised for publication in the University next week by Charles H. Kerr, 135 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The title is announced as "Followed by a Lawyer."

DON'T SUFFER COLD TO ACCUMULATE OR COLD until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar and achieve an easy victory. Sold by all druggists at 25c, 50c, and \$1.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this company to do as they agree, and order entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1884.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c.

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MR. CHARLES DAWBARN will lecture for the Southern Branch of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 4th. Mr. Dawbarn would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such Societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 463 West 23rd St., New York City.

WHITE RIVER, W. T., (Oct. 21, 1881.)
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: My wife suffered for over twenty years with rheumatism in her hips and legs. On reading your almanac she positively believed that your Sarsaparilla would cure her. She has taken four bottles and is now as well as ever she was in her life. I feel it my duty to send you my sincere thanks. C. ENGBLOM.

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To him who desires to keep well informed, to avoid pitfalls and errors, to be abreast of the times and familiar with the latest developments and progress in spiritualism, it is necessary to take a newspaper specially devoted to the exposition of the phenomena and philosophy. In making a selection, if he be an intelligent, fair-minded investigator, one who prefers to know the truth even though it runs counter to his preconceived opinions, who investigates in a candid, receptive spirit, dealing justly, considerately, patiently yet critically and courageously with everybody and everything encountered in his researches; if he be of this sort of an investigator or strives to be, he will become a continuous reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The JOURNAL, in the estimation of a large proportion of the leading authorities on Spiritualism, stands pre-eminent as a fearless, independent, judiciously fair advocate of Spiritualism. It is admired and respected not only by reflecting, critical Spiritualists, but by the large constituency just outside the spiritualist ranks, who are looking longingly and hopefully toward Spiritualism as the beacon light which may guide to higher, broader grounds, and give a clearer insight to the soul's capabilities and destiny. It is disliked by some very good but very weak people; it is hated by all who aim to use Spiritualism as a cloak to serve their selfish purposes. The JOURNAL has received more general notice, and more frequent and higher commendations from intelligent sources, regardless of sect or party, than any other spiritualist or liberal paper ever published; the records will confirm this.

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The Journal is unsectarian, non-partisan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans.

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Continued from Second Page.

sat beside me, dressed in the warm and comfortable garments, and I quite forgot to look over my accounts. I could do nothing but look at her.

One night I came home, and was surprised at the appearance of my room. A handsome rug lay before the fire, and four faded crimson chairs and a rocker brought back the old time sense of comfort. A little table decked with a white cloth held the old fashioned china which my wife had prized. At first I looked round, almost expecting to see her. But no, there stood Alvy, as she had called herself, smiling and blushing, yet half afraid at my hasty exclamation.

"You won't be angry with me, will you? But all the things were up stairs, and they looked so sad and lonesome, just as I used to feel, that I thought I'd bring some of them down stairs. Now don't they make the room look beautiful? And oh, I found this, but I didn't dare to play with it." As she spoke she brought from another part of the room a little broken, faded faced doll.

That was too much for me; my little child with its brown tresses and blue eyes came to me in the person of the wife who had brought order and symmetry and love into my desolate home, and from that moment I said: "She shall be mine, and I will never part from her, but will be to her a father indeed."

Then I awoke from the lethargy that had bound my soul so long. I became a new man. Together we sang and worked and prattled, like two children. I ceased to think that she had ever been a stranger, and her thoughtful, womanly little ways were a constant delight to me. By degrees my home brightened more and more. The cobwebs disappeared from doors and windows; in their stead came fresh new paint and house plants. All the books were brought down from the garret, with their old racks, and nailed to the wall where my wife herself had planned for them to be placed. Every night after my work I came home to a well-ordered dinner for the child seemed to take naturally to all the mysteries of cooking, and after that I spent two happy hours in teaching her with books and slate and pencil. I was myself again. I had something to live for, something to look forward to. The flesh came again upon my bones, my old friends recognized me, and the world took on new beauty, for I saw it out of fresh young eyes, and felt it throbbing in a grateful heart.

Now, in place of the rusty lock, the spent candle, and the greed for counting money in a den thick with dirt, through whose windows the glaring sun itself looks dim—in place of the discomforts of cold and niggard meals, I sit in my pleasant, gas-lighted room, filled with the perfume of flowers. Am I sorry? my Alice reads to me. Am I sorrowful? she sits down at the piano and plays the sweet melodies of love, the songs of long ago. The gray hairs are shining on my temples, but, thank God, the rust and the canker have faded out of my heart.

A "Madman's" Legacy.

"Sir!" exclaimed a man in the homely garb of a mechanic to Richelieu, Prime Minister of France, as he was entering his palace. "Sir, I have made a discovery which shall make rich and great the nation which shall develop it. Sir, will you give me an audience?"

Richelieu, constantly importuned, finally ordered the "madman" imprisoned. Even in jail he did not desist from declaring his "delusion," which one day attracted the attention of a British nobleman, who heard De Causse's story, and developed his discovery of steam power!

All great discoveries are at first derided. Seven years ago a man yet under middle age, enriched by a business which covered the continent, found himself suddenly stricken down. When his physician said recovery was impossible, he used a new discovery, which, like all advances in science, had been opposed bitterly by the schoolmen. Nevertheless, it cured him, and out of gratitude therefor he consecrated a part of his wealth to the spreading of its merits before the world. Such is brief the history of Warner's self-cure, which has won, according to the testimony of eminent persons, the most deserved reputation ever accorded to any known compound, and which is finally winning on its merits alone the approval of the most conservative practitioners. Its fame now belies the globe.—The Herald.

Professor Marsh recently read a paper before a scientific body on the size of the brain in extinct animals, in which came out the remarkable fact that in the race for life the survival of any particular group of animals depended on the size of their brain as compared with that of their contemporaries of the same class. Then, as now, brains won the day, and the brain of animals crushed out of existence was always found to be small as compared with that of those outliving them. The law that the weakest go to the wall in the great struggle of nature seems to mean the weakest in brain power.

I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health.—C. J. COCHRAN, 928 Chestnut st., Field Manager, Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. See adv't.

The Century for December will contain the fullest account yet published of the life of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H."), with a frontispiece portrait and a group of her "Last Poems." The latter are seven in all, and were written in view of her approaching end. The anonymous writer of the article says that these remarkable poems "add a new dignity to the falling away of the flesh and a new nobility to human nature." The very last of these poems was written on August 25th; on the 12th the poet passed away.

A correspondent desires to know the best method of keeping chestnuts so as to preserve their pleasant taste. A method extensively adopted in the country for keeping chestnuts during the winter is to heat them, without roasting, so as to kill the insect germ which is in so many of them; then hang them in muslin bags in a dry place. They may be heated by exposure for a few minutes in a sieve placed in an oven.

She has the complexion of a peach. Porzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder did it. Sold by all druggists.

An international cooking match is advertised to take place in London in December, at which will be produced the favorite dishes of each nation. The Briton will present his plum pudding and roast beef, the Spaniard his olla podrida, the Italian his macaroni a la garlick, the German his bratwurst and sauerkraut, the Russian his kaposta soup, the Frenchman his fricasse, and the American his pie and roast turkey.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The Germans have nearly stamped out small-pox. In the years 1870-1874 the number of deaths from the disease per 100,000 inhabitants in London, Paris, Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburg was 101.65. In Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, Munich and Dresden during the same period it was but 1.44.

Use Dr. Pierce's "Pellé" for constipation.

An Englishman with a Chinese wife and six children lately arrived at New York from Hong Kong. The authorities were willing he should land, but would not let his family. He kicked up quite a row, and insisted that his wife on marriage with him became a British subject. He claimed that he was en route for Victoria, but scorned the idea of applying to the Chinese Consul for a transfer certificate. Seeing, however, that this was the only alternative he decided to profit by it.

A Bank

may fail, and yet, by wise management, regain its credit. So, also, if wise counsels are followed, the strength and vigor of a failing constitution may be restored. Many cases like the following could be cited: Frank L. Sprague, Salem st., Lowell, Mass., says, "After my Saraparilla cured me of boils, sores, and itches, which no other remedy could remove, I tried several other so-called 'saraparillas,' but received no benefit from them." William H. Mulvin, 122 Northampton st., Boston, Mass., writes that

Speculation

as to what will cure Dyspepsia, vanishes before the light of such evidence as that furnished by O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., who says: "For years I suffered acutely from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, until within the last few months, without enduring the most distressing pains of Indigestion. Ayer's Saraparilla saved my life. My appetite and digestion are good, and I feel like a new man." "Two bottles of

Ayer's Saraparilla

saraparilla cured me of Dyspepsia," writes Evan Jones, Nelson, N. Y. Mrs. A. M. Beach, Glover, Vt., writes: "A humor of the blood debilitated me, and caused very troublesome scrofulous bunces on my neck. Less than one bottle of Ayer's Saraparilla has restored my appetite and strength. It has also greatly lessened the swellings. I am confident they will be entirely removed by continued use of the Saraparilla." Irving Edwards, Ithaca, N. Y., was afflicted, from boyhood, with scrofulous sore throat. Four bottles of Ayer's Saraparilla cured him, and he has

Never

since been troubled with the disease.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

Failure

to get the best remedy at the outset, involves, in case of sickness, not only a waste of money, but useless suffering. John H. Ward, 9 Tilden st., Lowell, Mass., says: "Ayer's Saraparilla cured me of boils, sores, and itches, which no other remedy could remove. I tried several other so-called 'saraparillas,' but received no benefit from them." William H. Mulvin, 122 Northampton st., Boston, Mass., writes that

The Cause

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Failure

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